

T H E *The Fabulist*  
COMPLETE FABULIST:

OR, A  
CHOICE COLLECTION  
OF

MORAL and ENTERTAINING  
F A B L E S,  
In PROSE and VERSE,  
From the Best AUTHORS,  
ANCIENT and MODERN.

Designed for the Instruction of both Sexes,  
AS WELL AS  
The USE of ENGLISH SCHOOLS.

Containing 240 Fables, which are nearly as many more than have  
appeared in any Book on the Subject extant, at the Price.

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*Here all Mankind may view the Moral Glass,  
And laugh at Folly's Offspring as they pass;  
By Proxy cur'd, may here grow cheaply wise,  
And their own Faults, in others stamp'd, despise.*

---

By G. GREY, *K*  
Author of the EPITOME of the *History of England*.

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NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE:  
PRINTED for THO. SLACK.  
M. DCC. LXXX.





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# P R E F A C E.

**T**O convey instruction by Fable, is not only the easiest and most intelligible way, but also one of the politest; as it comes nearest to personal dialogue, and yet not so liable to give offence. Fables are calculated to point out to us a proper behaviour, not only in respect to our own conduct, but to that of others; and demonstrate to us every virtue which claims our best regard, and also every vice which we should be studious to avoid: Nay, they furnish us with rules for our conduct in every station of life; and may be properly called the emblems of pure morality and sound policy, expressed in the most engaging and pleasing manner.

The origin of fables is very ancient; nor can it be properly ascertained. The bulk of the fables we have in prose, we are indebted to an ingenious old gentleman for, called *Æsop*, who published them about the time the Roman empire began to rise out of obscurity. Some fables indeed have been done by other learned gentlemen since his

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time;

time; which have not only increased our stock, but improved this mode of conveying lessons of morality: And tho' of late years we have had several collections or books of this sort, yet few, if any of them, can lay any just claim to originality, further than putting old Æsop into a new dress, just as the fashion of the times prevailed. Our English poets, it must be acknowledged, have gone further; and by their most curious and valuable inventions, have greatly improved this useful branch of literature; particularly Mr Gay, Mr Moore, Mr Cunningham, and some others.

The use of fable was first established, if not originally introduced, by Æsop; a circumstance which not only manifests his shrewdness and sagacity, the quickness of his wit, and fertility of his invention, but gives us also a strong idea of his good humour.—“Advice (says a celebrated Writer) never comes with a better face, than when it comes with a laughing one:” And it is certain that fable rather pleases than offends the nicest sensibility; since the instruction it conveys is not magisterially obtruded upon us, but is obliquely derived  
by

## P R E F A C E.

by our own application, and falls from it as it were by accident.

In compiling the present collection, all or most of our Fabulists, ancient and modern, both in prose and verse, have been consulted; and great care has been taken to select such fables as are not only most easy and intelligible in the narrative, but also convey the most striking morals. The ancient fables, where the heathen mythology is introduced in the fabulous part, are mostly omitted, as being thought too mysterious. The fables in verse are excellent of their kind, and are much the best we have in our language; and as Gay's are of themselves used for a school-book, they are all retained in this, which is designed for the use of schools; and as it contains not only much more in quantity than any fable book extant, but also is sold at a lower price than most others, it will, 'tis hoped, have the preference, not only on that but other accounts.

The Editor does not expect the following collection will please all persons, as some will object to the want of cuts; in reply to this, more than double the number of fables



are given for the like price, and wood cuts in general are so badly executed, and the representations so imperfect, that little or no information or instruction can be gathered from them: Others will say, that some of the fables are not so well told or expressed in such pleasing and pertinent language as they ought to be,—but the worst will please some, and the best will not please all. He confesses some are too long; but if the humour of the narrative does not make amends, he has nothing further to advance by way of apology, but that he meant well.

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S E L E C T

# MORAL and ENTERTAINING F A B L E S.

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## I. *The BEAVER and the SLOTH.*

**T**HE Sloth is an animal of *South-America*, and is so ill formed for motion, that a few paces are often the journey of a week; and so indisposed to move, that he never changes his place, but when impelled by the severest stings of hunger. He lives upon the leaves, fruit, and flowers of trees, and often on the bark itself, when nothing besides is left for his subsistence. As a large quantity of food is necessary for his support, he generally strips a tree of all its verdure in less than a fortnight. And being then destitute of food, he drops down, like a lifeless mass, from the branches to the ground. After remaining torpid some time, from the shock received by the fall, he prepares for a journey to some neighbouring tree, to which he crawls with a motion almost imperceptible. At length arrived, he ascends the trunk, and devours, with famished appetite, whatever the branches afford. By consuming the bark, he soon destroys the life of the tree, and thus the source is lost from which his sustenance is derived.

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Such



Such is the miserable state of this slothful animal. How different are the comforts and enjoyments of the industrious Beaver? This creature is found in the northern parts of America, and is about two feet long, and one foot high. The figure of it somewhat resembles that of a rat. In the months of June and July the Beavers assemble, and form a society, which generally consists of more than two hundred. They always fix their abode by the side of a lake or river; and in order to make a dead water in that part which lies above and below, they erect, with incredible labour, a dam or pier, perhaps fourscore or a hundred feet long, and ten or twelve feet thick at the base. When this dike is completed, they build their several apartments, which are divided into three stories: The first is below the level of the mole, and is for the most part full of water. The walls of their habitations are perpendicular, and about two feet thick: If any wood project from them, they cut it off with their teeth, which are more serviceable than saws. And by the help of their tails, they plaster all their works with a kind of mortar, which they prepare of dry grass and clay mixed together. In August or September they begin to lay up their stores of food; which consist of the wood of the birch, the plane, and some other trees. Thus they pass the gloomy winter in ease and plenty.

These two American animals, contrasted with each other, afford a most striking picture of the blessings of Industry, and the penury and wretchedness of Idleness.

## II. *The TAME GEESE and WILD GEESE.*

**T**WO Geese strayed from a farm-yard, in the fens of Lincolnshire, and swam down a canal to a large morass, which afforded them an extensive range, and plenty of food. A flock of Wild Geese frequently resorted to this morass; and though at first they

they were shy, and would not suffer the tame ones to join them, by degrees they became well acquainted, and associated freely together. One evening their cackling came to the ears of a Fox, that was prowling at no great distance from the morass. The artful plunderer directed his course through a wood on the borders of it, and was within a few yards of his prey, before any of the Geese perceived him. But the alarm was given just as he was springing upon them; and the whole flock instantly ascended into the air, with loud and dissonant cries. The Wild Geese winged their flight into the higher regions, and were seen no more; but the two tame ones, unused to soar, and habituated to receive protection without any exertion of their own powers, soon dropped down, and became successively the victims of the Fox.

The faculties of every animal are impaired by disuse, and strengthened by exercise. And in man, the energy and versatility of the mind depend upon action, no less than the vigour and agility of the body.

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### III. *The TIGER and the ELEPHANT.*

**I**N one of the Deserts of Africa, a Tiger of uncommon size, agility, and fierceness, committed the most dreadful ravages. He attacked every animal he met with, and was never satiated with blood and slaughter. Resistance served only to increase his ferocity, and passive timidity to multiply his victims. When the forest afforded him no prey, he lurked near a fountain of water, and seized, in quick succession, and with indiscriminate cruelty, the various beasts that came to drink.

It happened that an Elephant stopped to quench his thirst at the stream, whilst the Tiger lay concealed in the adjoining thicket. The sight of a creature so stupendous, rather incited than restrained his rapacity. He compared his own agility with the unwieldy bulk

of the Elephant; and trusting that he should find him as unfit to fight as to fly, he bounded towards him, and snatched, with open jaws, at his proboscis. The Elephant instantly contracted it, with great presence of mind; and receiving the furious beast on his tusks, tossed him up a considerable height into the air. Stunned with his fall, the Tiger lay motionless some time; and the generous Elephant, disdaining revenge, left him to recover from his bruises. When the Tiger came to himself, (like the aggressor in every quarrel) he was enraged at the repulse, and pursuing his injured and peaceable adversary, he again assailed him, with redoubled violence. The resentment of the Elephant was now roused: He wounded the Tiger with his tusks, and then beat him to death with his trunk.

Does the ferocity of the Tiger merit the honourable appellation of courage? Or will you not rather apply that epithet to the calm intrepidity of the inoffensive Elephant?—True courage is always exerted in repelling, not in offering injuries.

#### IV. *The DRAGON and the two FOXES.*

A Treasure being hid in a deep cave, a Dragon watched it night and day. Two crafty Foxes, who had always made thieving their business, by their flatteries soon worked themselves into his favour, and so soothed the Dragon, that he made them his bosom confidants. *We must not always conclude the most complaisant the truest friends.* They talked to him with respect, admired every one of his whims, were of his opinion in every thing, and in their sleeves laughed at their cully. One day the Dragon fell asleep, and they directly strangled him, and took possession of his treasure: But now the difficulty was how to share it, for villains seldom agree but in the execution of their villainy. One of them began to moralize thus, "What good will all this money do us; a small bit of flesh would be  
more



more serviceable ; gold is too hard to be eaten or digested : Men surely must be fools to delight in riches, but let not us imitate their folly." The other pretended that these reflections had made an impression upon him, he told his companion, " That he would live as became a philosopher, and carry all his wealth about with him." In this mood they both abandoned the treasure, but soon returning, met with each other, quarrell'd, and tore one another to pieces. As they lay, side by side, expiring, a man accidentally pass'd by, who, informed of the occasion of their quarrelling, told them, " They were both fools." " And so is your whole race then," replied one of the foxes, " for it is not in your power more than ours to feed upon gold, and yet for the sake of it you put one another to death. That which was brought in amongst you for convenience sake, has proved your greatest misfortune ; and whilst you are seeking imaginary wealth, you lose what is really good."

V. *The* BEES.

**A** Young Prince, in that season of the year when all Nature shews itself in the greatest degree of perfection, took a walk one day through a delicious garden ; he heard a great noise, and looking about perceived a hive of Bees. He approached that object, which was entirely new to him, and observed, with amazement, the order, care, and business of that little commonwealth. The cells began to be formed into a regular figure, and one party of the Bees was storing them with nectar, while another was employed in supplying them with thyme, which they gathered from among all the riches of the spring. Laziness and inactivity were banished the society ; every thing was in motion, without confusion or disorder. The more considerable gave out their orders, and were obeyed by their inferiors, without any manner of murmur, jealousy,



lousy, or unwillingness. The Prince was extremely surpris'd, as having never seen any thing equal to their polity before; when a Bee, who was considered as queen of the hive, address'd him thus: "The view you have before you, young Prince, must be entertaining, but may be made instructive. We suffer nothing like disorder, nor licentiousness among us; they are most esteemed who, by their capacity and diligence, can do most for the public weal. Our first places are always bestow'd where there is most merit; and last of all, we are taking pains day and night for the benefit of man. Go, and imitate us, introduce that order and discipline among men, you so much admire in other creatures.

VI. *The BELLY and the MEMBERS.*

**M**ENENIUS AGRIPPA, a Roman Consul, being deputed by the senate to oppose a dangerous tumult and sedition of the people, who refused to pay the taxes necessary for carrying on the business of the state; convinced them of their folly, by delivering to them the following Fable.

My friends and countrymen, said he, attend to my words. It once happened that the members of the human body, taking some exception at the conduct of the belly, resolv'd no longer to grant him any more supplies. The tongue first, in a seditious speech, aggravated their grievances; and after highly extolling the activity and diligence of the hands and feet, set forth how hard and unreasonable it was, that the fruits of their labour should be squandered away upon the insatiable cravings of a fat and indolent paunch, which was entirely useless, and unable to do any thing towards helping himself. This speech was received with unanimous applause by all the members. Immediately the hands declared they would work no more; the feet determin'd to carry no farther the load of guts  
with

with which they had hitherto been oppressed ; nay, the very teeth refused to prepare a single morsel more for his use. In this distress, the belly besought them to consider maturely, and not foment so senseless a rebellion. There is none of you, says he, but may be sensible that whatsoever you bestow upon me is immediately converted to your use, and dispersed by me for the good of you all into every limb. But he remonstrated in vain ; for during the clamours of passion, the voice of reason is always unregarded. It being therefore impossible for him to quiet the tumult, he was starved for want of their assistance, and the body wasted away to a skeleton. The limbs, grown weak and languid, were sensible at last of their error, and would fain have returned to their respective duty ; but it was now too late, death had taken possession of the whole, and they all perished together.

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VII. *The FOX and the RAVEN.*

A Fox observing a Raven perched on the branch of a tree, with a fine piece of cheese in her mouth, immediately began to consider how he might possess himself of so delicious a morsel. Dear madam, said he, I am extremely glad to have the pleasure of seeing you this morning ; your beautiful shape and shining feathers are the delight of my eyes ; and would you condescend to favour me with a song, I doubt not but your voice is equal to the rest of your accomplishments. Deluded with this flattering speech, the transported Raven opened her mouth, in order to give him a specimen of her pipe, when down dropt the cheese, which the Fox immediately snatching up, bore away in triumph, leaving the Raven to lament her credulous vanity at her leisure.

VIII. *AVA-*

VIII. *AVARICE and the EARTH.*

**O**UR old mother Earth once lodged an indictment against Avarice, before the court of Jupiter, for her wicked and malicious council and advice, in tempting, inducing, persuading, and traiterously seducing the children of the plaintiff, to commit the detestable crime of parricide upon her, by mangling her body, and ransacking her very bowels for hidden treasure. The indictment was very long and verbose, but we must omit a great part of the repetitions and synonymous terms, not to tire our readers too much with our tale. Avarice being called to answer to this charge, had not much to say in her own defence. The injury was clearly proved upon her. The fact indeed was notorious, and the injury had been frequently repeated. When therefore the plaintiff demanded justice, Jupiter readily gave sentence in her favour; and his decree was to this purpose: "That since dame Avarice, the defendant, had thus grievously injured dame Earth, the plaintiff, she was hereby ordered to take that treasure, of which she had feloniously robbed the Earth, by ransacking her bosom, and in the same manner as before, opening her bosom, restore it back to her, without diminution or retention. From this sentence it shall follow, (says Jupiter to the by-standers) that in all future ages, the retainers of Avarice shall bury and conceal their riches, and thereby restore to the Earth what they took from her."

IX. *The WOLF and the SHEPHERDS.*

**H**OW apt men are to condemn in others, what they practise themselves without scruple!—A Wolf, says Plutarch, peeping into a hut, where a company of Shepherds were regaling themselves with a shoulder of mutton; Lord, said he, what a clamour would these men have raised, if they had caught me at such a banquet!

x. *The*

X. *The Miser.*

**A** MISER being dead, and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over, along with the other ghosts. Charon demands his fare, and is surprized to see the Miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river, and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All Hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. "Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus? Or tremble below the precipice in company with the Danaides? Or assist Syphilus in rolling his stone?"—"No, (says Minos) none of these; we must invent some severer punishment. Let him be sent back to the earth, to see the use his heirs are making of his riches."

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XI. *The Fox and the STORK.*

**T**HE Fox, though in general more inclined to roguery than wit, had once a strong inclination to play the wag with his neighbour the Stork. He accordingly invited her to dinner in great form; but when it came upon the table, the Stork found it consisted solely of different soups, served up in broad shallow dishes, so that she could only dip in the end of her bill, but could not possibly satisfy her hunger. The Fox lapped it up very readily, and every now and then, addressing himself to his guest, desired to know how she liked her entertainment; hoped that every thing was seasoned to her mind; and protested he was sorry to see her eat so sparingly. The Stork, perceiving she was played upon, took no notice, but pretended to like every dish extremely; and at parting pressed the Fox so earnestly to return her visit, that he could not



not in civility refuse. When the day arrived, he repaired to his appointment; but to his great mortification, when dinner appeared, he found it composed of minced meat, served up in long narrow-necked glasses; so that he was only tantalized with the sight of what it was impossible for him to taste. The Stork thrust in her long bill, and helped herself very plentifully; then turning to Reynard, who was eagerly licking the outside of a jar where some sauce had been spilled,—I am very glad, said she smiling, that you seem to have so good an appetite; I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table, as I did the other day at yours. Reynard hung down his head, and looked very much displeased.—Nay, nay, said the Stork, do not pretend to be out of humour about the matter: They that cannot take a jest, should never make one.

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X *h* XII. *The SPIDER and FLY.* *h*

**L**UCY and Emilia were admiring the structure of a Spider's web, which was formed between the branches of a tall shrub in a garden; when Eugenius, returning from his morning walk, stopped to enquire what object so much engaged their attention. The dew-drops yet bespangled the fine threads, of which the web was composed, and rendered every part of it conspicuously beautiful. A small winged insect happened, at this instant, to be caught in the toil; and the Spider, before invisible, advanced along the lines from his secret retreat, seized the prey, and killed it by instilling a venomous juice into the wound he had made. When the rapacious tyrant had almost devoured his game, another Fly, of a larger size, became entangled in the mesh. He now waited impatiently till the insect was fatigued, by struggling to obtain its liberty; and then rolling the web round it, he left the poor Fly in a state of terror and impotence, as a future repast for his returning appetite.

You

You pity the fate, said Eugenius, of this unfortunate insect, whose destruction is the natural consequence of its ignorance and want of caution. Remember that you yourselves will be exposed, in the commerce of life, to various snares, dangerous to your virtue, and subversive of your peace of mind. Flattery is the common toil laid for your sex; and when you are entangled in it, vanity, affectation, pertness, and impatience of controul, constitute the poison which is then infused into your wounded bosoms. Pleasure spreads a glittering web, which has proved fatal to thousands. Ambition catches the unwary, by power, titles, dignities, and preferments. And False Religion, under a dazzling outside of mysterious sanctity, and pompous ceremonies, conceals a net-work of priestcraft and superstition, from which it will be still more difficult to extricate yourselves.—Sophron and Alexis had now joined the little party; and Eugenius, pointing to them his discourse, bid them beware of the Cobwebs of Philosophy; those fine spun hypotheses, which involve the mind in error, and unfit it for the patient investigation of truth by observation and experiment.

XIII. *The MOUNTAIN in Labour.*

**A** Rumour once prevailed, that a neighbouring Mountain was in Labour; it was affirmed, that she had been heard to utter prodigious groans; and a general expectation had been raised, that some extraordinary birth was at hand. Multitudes flocked with much eagerness to be witnesses of the wonderful event: One expecting her to be delivered of a giant; another of some enormous monster; and all were suspended in earnest expectation of somewhat grand and astonishing. When, after waiting with great impatience a considerable time, behold, out crept a little ridiculous Mouse!—Vain men, who raise the expectation of others, and fall short in their performance, ridiculed.—Much ado about nothing.

XIV. *The*

XIV. *The two Dogs Coupled.*

**O**BERVE those two Hounds that are coupled together, said Eugenius to Lucy and Emilia, who were looking through the window. How they torment each other, by a disagreement in their pursuits ! One is for moving slowly, and the other vainly urges onward. The larger Dog now sees some object that tempts him on this side, and mark how he drags his companion along, who is exerting all his efforts to pursue a different rout ! Thus they will continue all day at variance, pulling each other in opposite directions, when they might, by mutual compliances, pass on easily, merrily, and happily.

Lucy and Emilia concurred in censuring the folly and ill-nature of these Dogs ; and Eugenius expressed a tender wish that he might never see any thing similar in their behaviour to each other. Nature has linked you together, by the near equality of age ; by your common relation to the most indulgent parents ; by the endearing ties of sisterhood ; and by all those generous sympathies, which have been fostered in your bosoms from your earliest infancy. Let these silken cords of mutual love continue to unite you in the same pursuits. Suffer no allurements to draw you different ways ; no contradictory passions to distract your friendship ; nor any selfish views or sordid jealousies to render those bonds uneasy and oppressive, which are now your ornament, your strength, and highest happiness.

XV. *The DOG and the SHADOW.*

**A**N hungry Spaniel, having stolen a piece of flesh from a butcher's shop, was carrying it across a river. The water being clear, and the sun shining brightly, he saw his own image in the stream, and fancied it to be another dog, with a more delicious morsel : Upon which, unjustly and greedily opening his jaws to snatch at the shadow, he lost the substance. — All covet, all lose.

XVI. *The*



XIV. *The DAW with borrowed FEATHERS.*

**W**HEN a pert young templar, or city apprentice, sets up for a fine gentleman, with the assistance of an embroidered waistcoat and Dresden ruffles, but without one qualification proper to the character, how frequently does it happen, that he is laughed at by his equals, and despised by those whom he presumed to imitate!

A pragmatICAL Jackdaw was vain enough to imagine, that he wanted nothing but the dress to render him as elegant a bird as the peacock. Puffed up with this wise conceit, he plumed himself with a sufficient quantity of their most beautiful feathers, and in this borrowed garb, forsaking his old companions, endeavoured to pass for a peacock. But he no sooner attempted to associate with these genteel creatures, than an affected strut betrayed the vain pretender. The offended peacocks, plucking from him their degraded feathers, soon stripped him of his gentility, reduced him to a mere Jackdaw, and drove him back to his brethren; by whom he was now equally despised, and justly punished with general derision and contempt.

XV. *The Boys and the FROGS.*

**O**N the margin of a large lake, which was inhabited by a great number of Frogs, a company of Boys happened to be at play. Their diversion was duck and drake; and whole volleys of stones were whirled into the water, to the great annoyance and danger of the poor terrified Frogs. At length, one of the most hardy, lifting his head above the surface of the lake: Ah, dear children, said he, why will ye learn so soon the cruel practice of your race? Consider, I beseech ye, that though this may be sport to you, it is death to us.



XVI. *The STAG Drinking.*

A Stag quenching his thirst in a clear lake, was struck with the beauty of his horns, which he saw reflected in the water. At the same time, observing the extreme slenderness of his legs: What pity it is, said he, that so fine a creature should be furnished with so despicable a set of spindle shanks! What a truly noble animal I should be, were my legs in any degree answerable to my horns! In the midst of this soliloquy, he was alarmed with a pack of hounds. He immediately flies over the forest, and left his pursuers so far behind, that he might probably have escaped; but taking into a thick wood, his horns were entangled in the branches, where he was held till the hounds came up, and tore him in pieces. In his last moments, he thus exclaimed: How ill do we judge of our own true advantages! the legs which I despised would have borne me away in safety, had not my favourite antlers betrayed me to ruin.

XVII. *The LION and the MOUSE.*

A Lion by accident set his paw upon a poor innocent Mouse. The frightened little creature, imagining she was just going to be devoured, begged hard for her life; urged that clemency was the fairest attribute of power, and earnestly intreated his majesty not to stain his illustrious claws with the blood of so insignificant an animal: Upon which, the Lion very generously set her at liberty. It happened a few days afterwards, that the Lion, ranging for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunter. The Mouse heard his roarings, knew the voice of her benefactor, and immediately repairing to his assistance, gnawed in pieces the meshes of the net, and by delivering her preserver, convinced him, that there is no creature so much below another, but may have it in his power to return a good office.—The Great and the Little have need of each other.

XVIII. *The*

XVIII. *The Ass and the LAP-DOG.*

**A**N Ass who lived in the same family with a favourite Lap-dog, observing the superior degree of affection which the little minion enjoyed, imagined he had nothing more to do, to obtain an equal share in their good graces, than to imitate the Lap-dog's playful and endearing caresses. Accordingly, he began to frisk about before his master, kicking up his heels and braying, in an awkward affectation of wantonness and pleasantry. This strange behaviour could not fail of raising much laughter; which the Ass mistaking for approbation and encouragement, he proceeded to leap upon his master's breast, and began very familiarly to lick his face: But he was presently convinced by the force of a good cudgel, that what is sprightly and agreeable in one, may in another be justly censured as rude and impertinent; and that the surest way to gain esteem, is for every one to act suitably to his own natural genius and character.

XIX. *The SWALLOW and other BIRDS.*

**A** Swallow observing a farmer employed in sowing hemp, called the little Birds together, informed them what he was about, and told them that hemp was the material from which the nets, so fatal to the feathered race, were composed; advising them unanimously to join in picking it up, in order to prevent the consequences. The Birds, either disbelieving his information, or neglecting his advice, gave themselves no trouble about the matter. In a little time the hemp appeared above ground: The friendly Swallow again addressed himself to them, told them it was not yet too late, provided they would immediately set about the work, before the seeds had taken too deep root. But they still rejecting his advice, he forsook their society, repaired for safety to towns and cities, and there built his habitations, and kept his residence.

One day, as he was skimming along the street, he happened to see a large parcel of those very birds, imprisoned in a cage, on the shoulders of a bird-catcher. Unhappy wretches, said he, you now feel the punishment of your former neglect: But those who, having no foresight of their own, despise the wholesome admonitions of their friends, deserve the mischiefs which obstinacy or negligence brings upon their heads.

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XX. *The OLD MAN and DEATH.*

**A** Feeble old Man, quite spent with carrying a burden of sticks, which with much labour he had gathered in a neighbouring wood, called upon Death to release him from the fatigues he endured. Death hearing the invocation, was immediately at his elbow, and asked him what he wanted. Frighted and trembling at the unexpected appearance—O good Sir! said he, my burden had like to have slipped from me, and being unable to recover it myself, I only implored your assistance to lay it on my shoulders again.—Few have courage to face Death.

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XXI. *The COUNTRYMAN and the SNAKE.*

**A**N honest Countryman observed a Snake lying under a hedge, almost frozen to death. He was moved with compassion; and bringing it home, he laid it near the fire, and gave it some new milk. Thus fed and cherished, the creature presently began to revive: But no sooner had he recovered strength enough to do mischief, than he sprung upon the countryman's wife, bit one of his children, and in short, threw the whole family into confusion and terror. Ungrateful wretch! said the man, thou hast sufficiently taught me how ill-judged it is, to confer benefits on the worthless and undeserving. So saying, he snatched up a hatchet, and cut the Snake in pieces.

XXII. *The*

XXII. *The WOLF and the LAMB.*

**W**HEN cruelty and injustice are armed with power, and determined on oppression, the strongest pleas for innocence are preferred in vain.

A Wolf and a Lamb were accidentally quenching their thirst together at the same rivulet. The Wolf stood towards the head of the stream, and the Lamb at some distance below. The injurious beast, resolved on a quarrel, fiercely demands—How dare you disturb the water which I am drinking? The poor Lamb, all trembling, replies, How, I beseech you, can that possibly be the case, since the current sets from you to me? Disconcerted by the force of truth, he changes the accusation, Six months ago, says he, you vilely slandered me. Impossible, returns the Lamb, for I was not then born. No matter, it was your father then, or some of your relations; and immediately seizing the innocent Lamb, he tore him in pieces.

XXIII. *The LARK and her YOUNG.*

**A**Lark having built her nest in a field of corn, it grew ripe before her young were well able to fly. Apprehensive of their safety, she enjoined them, while she went out in order to provide for their subsistence, to listen very attentively, if they should hear any discourse concerning the reaping of the field. At her return they told her, that the farmer and his son had been there, and had agreed to send to some of their neighbours, to assist them in cutting it down the next day. And so they depend, it seems, upon neighbours, said the mother: Very well; then I think we have no occasion to be afraid of to-morrow. The next day she went out, and left with them the same injunction as before. When she returned, they acquainted her that the farmer and his son had again been there, but as none of their neighbours came to their assistance, they had deferred reaping till the next day,



day, and intended to send for help to their friends and relations. I think we may still venture another day, says the mother; but however, be careful as before, to let me know what passes in my absence. They now inform her, that the farmer and his son had a third time visited the field; and finding that neither friend nor relation had regarded their summons, they were determined to come next morning and cut it down themselves. Nay then, replied the Lark, it is time to think of removing: For as they now depend only upon themselves for doing their own business, it will undoubtedly be performed.

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xxiv. *The FROG and the OX.*

**A** Frog being wonderfully struck with the size and majesty of an Ox that was grazing in the marshes, could not forbear endeavouring to expand herself to the same portly magnitude. After puffing and swelling for some time,—What think you, sister, said she, will this do? Far from it. Will this? By no means. But this surely will? Nothing like it. In short, after many ridiculous efforts to the same fruitless purpose, the simple Frog burst her skin, and miserably expired upon the spot.—Wretched Pride is often fatal to the possessor.

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xxv. *The COURT and COUNTRY MOUSE.*

**A** Contented Country Mouse had once the honour to receive a visit from an old acquaintance belonging to the Court. The Country Mouse, extremely glad to see her guest, very hospitably set before her the best cheese and bacon which her cottage afforded; and as to their beverage, it was the purest water from the spring. The repast was homely indeed, but the welcome hearty: They sat and chatted away the evening together very agreeably, and then retired in peace and quietness each to their little cell.

The

The next morning when the guest was to take her leave, she kindly prest her country friend to attend her; setting forth in very pompous terms, the great elegance and plenty in which they lived at court. The Country Mouse was easily prevailed upon, and they set out together. It was late in the evening when they arrived at the palace; however, in one of the rooms they found the remains of a sumptuous entertainment. There were creams, and jellies, and sweatmeats; and every thing, in short, of the most delicate kind; the cheese was Parmesan, and they wetted their whiskers in exquisite champaign. But before they had half finished their repast, they were alarmed with the barking and scratching of a lap-dog; then the mew-ing of a cat frightened them almost to death; by and by, a whole train of servants burst into the room, and every thing was swept away in an instant. Ah! my dear friend, said the Country Mouse, as soon as she had received courage enough to speak, if your fine living is thus interrupted with fears and dangers, let me return to my plain food, and my peaceful cottage: For what is elegance, without ease; or plenty, with an aching heart!

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XXVI. *The SUN and the WIND.*

**P**HŒBUS and Æolus had once a dispute, which of them could soonest prevail with a certain traveller to part with his cloak. Æolus began the attack, and assaulted him with great violence. But the man wrapping his cloak still closer about him, doubled his efforts to keep it, and went on his way. And now, Phœbus darted his warm insinuating rays, which melting our traveller by degrees, at length obliged him to throw aside that cloak, which all the rage of Æolus could not compel him to resign. Learn hence, said Phœbus to the blustering God, that soft and gentle means will often accomplish, what force and fury can never effect.

XXVII. *The*

XXVII. *The WASP and the BEES.*

**P**RETENDERS of every kind are best detected by appealing to their works.——Some honey-combs being claimed by a swarm of Wasps, the right owners protested against their demand, and the cause was referred to a Hornet. Witnesses being examined, they deposed, that certain winged creatures who had a loud hum, were of a yellowish colour, and somewhat like Bees, were observed a considerable time hovering about the place where this nest was found, But this did not sufficiently decide the question; for these characteristics, the hornet observed, agreed no less with the Bees than with the Wasps. At length, a sensible old Bee offered to put the matter upon this decisive issue; Let a place be appointed, said he, by the court, for the plaintiffs and defenders to work in; it will then soon appear which of us are capable of forming such regular cells, and afterwards of filling them with so delicious a fluid. The Wasps refusing to agree to this proposal, sufficiently convinced the Judge on which side the right lay, and he decreed the honey-comb accordingly.

XXVIII. *The WOLF and the CRANE.*

**A** Wolf having with too much greediness swallowed a bone, it unfortunately stuck in his throat; and in the violence of his pain, he applied to several animals, earnestly intreating them to extract it. None cared to hazard the dangerous experiment, except the Crane, who, persuaded by his solemn promises of gratuity, ventured to thrust her enormous length of neck down his throat, and successfully performed the operation. When claiming the recompence; See the unreasonableness of some creatures! replies the Wolf: Have I not suffered thee safely to draw thy neck out of my jaws, and hast thou conscience to demand a further reward.—'Tis a nice question, how far wicked men in their distresses ought to be relieved;—but an Ingrate is a monster!

XXIX. *The*

XXIX. *The BEAR and the TWO FRIENDS.*

**T**WO Friends, setting out together upon a journey which led through a dangerous desert, mutually promised to assist each other, in whatever manner they might be assaulted. They had not proceeded far, before they perceived a Bear making towards them with great rage. There were no hopes in flight; but one of them, being very active, sprung up into a tree; upon which, the other, throwing himself flat on the ground, held his breath, and pretended to be dead; remembering to have heard it asserted, that this creature will not prey upon a lifeless carcase. The Bear came up, and after smelling to him some time, left him, and went on. When he was fairly out of sight and hearing, the hero from the tree calls out,—Well, my Friend, what said the Bear? he seemed to whisper to you very closely. He did so, replied the other; and gave me this good piece of advice, never to associate with a wretch, who, in the hour of danger, will desert his Friend.

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XXX. *The WOLF and the MASTIFF.*

**A** Lean, half-starved Wolf inadvertently strolled in the way of a strong well-fed Mastiff. The Wolf being much too weak to act upon the offensive, thought it most prudent to accost honest Towser in a friendly manner; and among other civilities, very complaisantly congratulated him on his goodly appearance. Why, yes, returned the Mastiff, I am indeed in tolerable case; and if you will follow me, you may soon be altogether in as good plight. The Wolf pricked up his ears at the proposal, and requested to be informed what he must do to earn such plentiful meals. Very little, replied the Mastiff; only drive away beggars, caress my master, and be civil to his family. To these conditions the hungry Wolf had no objection; and readily consented to follow his new acquaintance



quaintance wherever he would conduct him. As they were trotting along, the Wolf observed that the hair was worn in a circle round his friend's neck ; which raised his curiosity to enquire what was the occasion of it ? Nothing, answered the Mastiff, or a mere trifle ; perhaps the collar to which my chain is sometimes fastened. Chain ! replied the Wolf, with much surprise ; it should seem then that you are not permitted to rove about where you please. Not always, returned Towser, hanging down his head ; but what does that signify ? It signifies so much, rejoined the Wolf, that I am resolved to have no share in your dinners : Half a meal with liberty, is in my estimation preferable to a full one without it.

xxxI. *The LION and other BEASTS hunting in Partnership.*

**A** Leopard, a Lynx, and a Wolf, were ambitious of the honour of hunting with the Lion. His savage majesty graciously condescended to their desire, and it was agreed that they should all have an equal share in whatever might be taken. They scour the forest, are unanimous in the pursuit, and, after a very fine chace, pull down a noble stag. It was divided with great dexterity by the Lynx, into four equal parts ; but just as each was going to secure his share, Hold, says the Lion, let no one presume to serve himself, till he hath heard our just and reasonable claims. I seize upon the first quarter by virtue of my prerogative ; the second is due to my superior conduct and courage ; I cannot forego the third on account of the necessities of my den ; and if any one is inclined to dispute my right to the fourth, let him speak. Awed by the majesty of his frown, and the terror of his claws, they silently withdrew, resolving never to hunt again but with their equals.

xxxII. *The*

xxxii. *The FARMER, the CRANES, and the STORK.*

A Stork was unfortunately drawn into company with some Cranes, who were just setting out on a party of pleasure, as they called it, which in truth was to rob the fish ponds of a neighbouring Farmer. Our simple Stork agreed to make one; and it so happened, that they were all taken in the fact. The Cranes having been old offenders, had very little to say for themselves, and were presently dispatched: But the Stork pleaded hard for his life; he urged that was his first fault, that he was not naturally addicted to stealing fish, that he was famous for piety to his parents, and in short, for many other virtues. Your piety and virtue said the Farmer, may, for aught I know, be exemplary; but your being in company with thieves renders it very suspicious; and you must therefore submit with patience to share the same punishment with your companions.

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xxxiii. *The ANT and the FLY.*

A N Ant and a Fly had once a ridiculous contest about precedency, and were arguing which of the two was the most honourable. Such disputes most frequently happen amongst the lowest and most worthless creatures. The Fly expressed great resentment, that such a poor, crawling insect should presume to lie basking in the same sunshine, with one so much her superior! Thou hast not surely the insolence, said she, to imagine thyself of an equal rank with me. I am none of your low mechanic creatures, who live by their industry; but enjoy in plenty, and without labour, every thing that is truly delicious. I place myself uncontrouled upon the heads of kings; I kiss, with freedom, the lips of beauties; and feast upon the choicest sacrifices that are offered to the Gods. To eat with the Gods, replied the Ant, and to enjoy the favours of the fair and powerful, would be great honour indeed,  
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to one who was an invited or a welcome guest; but an impertinent intruder, who is driven out with aversion and contempt wherever he appears, has not much reason, methinks, to boast of his privileges. And as to the honour of not labouring for your subsistence, here too your boast is only your disgrace; for hence it is, that one half of the year you are destitute even of the common necessities of life; whilst I, at the same time, retiring to the hoarded granaries, which my honest industry has filled, enjoy every satisfaction, independent of the favour either of beauties or of kings.

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XXXIV. *FORTUNE and the SCHOOL-BOY.*

A School-boy, fatigued with play, threw himself down by the brink of a deep pit, where he fell fast asleep. Fortune happening to pass by, and seeing him in this dangerous situation, kindly gave him a tap on the shoulder: My dear child, said she, if you had fallen into this pit, I should have borne the blame, though in fact the accident would have been wholly owing to your own carelessness.

Misfortune, said a celebrated Cardinal, is but another word for Imprudence. This maxim is by no means absolutely true: Certain, however, it is, that mankind suffer more evils from their own imprudence, than from events which are not in their power to controul.

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XXXV. *The OAK and the WILLOW.*

A Conceited Willow had once the vanity to challenge his mighty neighbour the Oak, to a trial of strength. It was to be determined by the next storm, and Æolus was addressed by both parties, to exert his most powerful efforts. This was no sooner asked than granted; and a violent hurricane arose: When the pliant Willow, bending from the blast, or shrinking under it, evaded all its force; while the

ge-

generous Oak, disdaining to give way, opposed its fury, and was torn up by the roots. Immediately the Willow began to exult, and to claim the victory; when thus the fallen Oak interrupted his exultation,—  
 Callest thou this a trial of strength? Poor wretch! not to thy strength, but weakness; not to thy boldly facing danger, but meanly skulking from it, thou owest thy present safety. I am an Oak, though fallen; thou still a Willow, though unhurt: But who, except so mean a wretch as thyself, would prefer an ignominious life, preserved by craft or cowardice, to the glory of meeting death in a brave contention?

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XXXVI. *The* FARMER *and the* STAG.

**A** Stag, who had left at some distance a pack of hounds, came up to a Farmer, and desired he would suffer him to hide himself in a little coppice which joined to his house. The Farmer, on condition that he would forbear to enter a field of wheat, which lay before him, and was now ready for the sickle, immediately gave him leave, and promised not to betray him. The Squire with his train instantly appeared, and enquiring whether he had not seen the Stag; No, said the Farmer, he has not passed this way, I assure you; but, in order to curry favour at the same time with his worship, he pointed sily with his finger to the place where the poor beast lay concealed. This, however, the Sportsman, intent on his game, did not observe, but passed on with his dogs across the very field. As soon as the Stag perceived they were gone, he prepared to steal off, without speaking a word. Methinks, cried the Farmer, you might thank me, at least for the refuge I have afforded you: Yes, said the Stag, and had your hands been as honest as your tongue, I certainly should; but all the return that a double-dealer has to expect, is a just indignation and contempt.



xxxvii. *The Cock and the Fox.*

**A**N experienced old Cock was setting himself to roost upon a high bough, when a Fox appeared under the tree. I am come, said the artful hypocrite, to acquaint you, in the name of all my brethren, that a general peace is concluded between us and your whole family. Descend immediately, I beseech you, that we may mutually embrace upon so joyful and unexpected an event. My good friend, replied the Cock, nothing could be more agreeable to me than this news; and to hear it from you increases my satisfaction. But I spy two Greyhounds at a distance coming this way, who are probably dispatched as couriers with the treaty; as they run very swiftly, and will certainly be here in a few minutes, I will wait their arrival, that we may all four embrace together. Reynard well knew that if this was the case, it was no time for him to remain there any longer; pretending therefore to be in great haste,—Adieu, said he, for the present; we will reserve our rejoicings to another opportunity: Upon which, he darted into the woods with all imaginable expedition. Old Chanticleer no sooner saw him depart, than he crowed abundantly in triumph of his artifice: For, by a harmless stratagem, to disappoint the malevolent intentions of those who are endeavouring to deceive us to our ruin, is not only innocent but laudable.

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xxxviii. *The Fox and the Goat.*

**A**Fox and a Goat travelling together, in a very sultry day, found themselves exceedingly thirsty; when looking round the country in order to discover a place where they might probably meet with water, they at length descried a clear spring at the bottom of a pit. They both eagerly descended, and having sufficiently allayed their thirst, it was time to consider how they should get out. Many expedients for that pur-

purpose were mutually proposed, and rejected. At last the crafty Fox cried out with great joy, I have a thought just struck into my mind, which I am confident will extricate us out of our difficulty : Do you, said he to the Goat, only rear yourself up upon your hinder legs, and rest your fore feet against the side of the pit : In this posture, I will climb up to your head, from whence I shall be able, with a spring, to reach the top ; and when I am once there, you are sensible it will be very easy for me to pull you out by the horns. The simple Goat liked the proposal well, and immediately placed himself as directed ; by means of which, the Fox without much difficulty, gained the top. And now, said the Goat, give me the assistance you promised. Thou old fool, replied the Fox, hadst thou but half as much wit as beard, thou wouldst never have believed that I would hazard mine own life to save thine : However, I will leave with thee a piece of advice, which may be of service to thee hereafter, if thou shouldst have the good fortune to make thy escape : “ Never venture into a pit again, before thou hast well considered how to get out of it.”

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xxxix. *The Dog and the CROCODILE.*

**W**E can never be too carefully guarded against a connexion with persons of a suspicious character.—As a Dog was courting the banks of the Nile, he grew thirsty ; but fearing to be seized by the monsters of that river, he would not stop to satiate his drought, but lapped as he ran. A Crocodile raising his head above the surface of the water, asked him, Why he was in such a hurry ? He had often, he said, wished for his acquaintance, and should be glad to embrace the present opportunity. You do me great honour, said the Dog, but it is to avoid such companions as you that I am in so much haste.

XL. *The Ass and his MASTER.*

**A** Diligent Ass, that had long served a severe Master, daily loaded beyond his strength, and kept but at very short commons, happened one day in his old age to be oppressed with a burthen of earthenware. His strength being much impaired, and the road deep and uneven, he unfortunately made a trip, and unable to recover himself, fell down, and broke all the vessels to pieces. His Master, transported with rage, began to beat him with great violence, and without mercy. To whom the poor Ass, lifting up his head as he lay on the ground, strongly remonstrated: Unfeeling wretch! to thy own avaricious cruelty, in first pinching me of food, and then loading me beyond my strength, thou owest the misfortune which thou so unjustly imputeest to me.—One casual slip should not overturn the faithful services of a long life.

XLI. *The WOLF in Disguise.*

**D**ESIGNING hypocrites frequently lay themselves open to discovery, by over-acting their parts.—A Wolf who, by his frequent visits to a flock of Sheep in his neighbourhood, began to be extremely well known to them, thought it expedient, for the more successfully carrying on his depredations, to appear in a new character. To this end, he disguised himself in a Shepherd's habit; and resting his forefeet upon a stick, which served him by way of crook, he softly made his approaches towards the fold. It happened that the Shepherd and his Dog were both of them extended on the grass, fast asleep; so that he would certainly have succeeded in his project, if he had not imprudently attempted to imitate the Shepherd's voice. The horrid noise awakened them both; when the Wolf, encumbered with his disguise, and finding it impossible either to resist or to flee, yielded up his life an easy prey to the Shepherd's dog.

XLII. *The*

XLII. *The BOY and the FILBERTS.*

A Certain Boy, as Epictetus tells the Fable, put his hand into a pitcher, where great plenty of figs and filberts were deposited; he grasped as many as his fist could possibly hold, but when he endeavoured to pull it out, the narrowness of the neck prevented him. Unwilling to lose any of them, but unable to draw out his hand, he burst into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honest fellow who stood by, gave him this wise and reasonable advice: "Grasp only half the quantity, my boy, and you will easily succeed."

XLIII. *The MIMIC and the COUNTRYMAN.*

MEN often judge wrong from some foolish prejudice; and whilst they persist in the defence of their mistakes, are sometimes brought to shame by incontestible evidence.

A certain rich Patrician, intending to treat the Roman people with some theatrical entertainments, published a reward to any one who could furnish out a new or uncommon diversion. Excited by emulation, the artists assembled from all parts; among whom, a Mimic well known for his arch wit, gave out that he had a kind of entertainment that had never yet been produced upon any stage.

This report being spread about, brought the whole city together. The theatre could hardly contain the number of spectators. And when the Artist appeared alone upon the stage, without any apparatus, without any prompter or assistant, curiosity and suspense kept the spectators in a profound silence.—On a sudden, the Performer thrust down his head into his bosom, and mimicked the squeaking of a young pig so naturally, that the audience insisted upon it he had a real pig under his cloak, and ordered him to be searched;



Which being done, when nothing appeared, they loaded the man with encomiums, and honoured him with the most extravagant applause.

A Country Fellow observing what passed,—Faith, says he, I can do this better than he; and immediately gave out that he would perform the same thing much better the next day. Accordingly, greater crowds assembled; prepossessed however in favour of the first Artist, they sit prepared to laugh at the Clown, rather than judge fairly of his performance.

They both came out upon the stage. The Mimic grunts away first, is received with vast applause, and the loudest acclamations. Then the Countryman, pretending that he concealed a little pig under his cloaths, (which in fact he did) plucked the ear of the animal, and by the pain forced him to utter his natural cry. The people exclaimed aloud that the first performer had imitated the pig much more naturally, and would have hissed the Countryman off the stage; but producing the real pig from his bosom, and convincing them by a visible proof of their ridiculous error,—See, gentlemen, says he, what sort of judges you are!

#### XLIV. MINERVA'S OLIVE.

THE Gods, say the heathen mythologists, have each of them their favourite Tree. Jupiter preferred the Oak, Venus the Myrtle, and Phœbus the Laurel; Cybele the Pine, and Hercules the Poplar. Minerva, continues the mythologist, surprized that they should choose barren trees, asked Jupiter the reason. It is, said he, to prevent any suspicion that we confer the honour we do them, for the sake of their fruit. Let folly suspect what it pleases, returned Minerva; I shall not scruple to acknowledge, that I make choice of the Olive for the usefulness of its fruit. O Daughter, replied the Father of the Gods, it is with justice that men esteem thee wise; for nothing is truly valuable that is not useful.

XLV. *The*

XLV. *The BEE and the SPIDER.*

**T**HE Bee and the Spider once entered into a warm debate which was the better artist. The Spider urged her skill in the mathematics; and asserted, that no one was half so well acquainted as herself with the construction of lines, angles, squares, and circles; that the web she daily wove was a specimen of art inimitable by any other creature in the universe; and besides that her works were derived from herself alone, the product of her own bowels; whereas the boasted honey of the Bee was stolen from every herb and flower of the field; nay, that she had obligations even to the meanest weeds. To this the Bee replied, that she was in hopes the art of extracting honey from the meanest weeds, would at least have been allowed her as an excellence; and that as to her stealing sweets from the herbs and flowers of the field, her skill was there so conspicuous, that no flower ever suffered the least diminution of its fragrance from so delicate an operation. Then, as to the Spider's vaunted knowledge in the construction of lines and angles, she believed she might safely rest the merits of her cause on the regularity alone of her combs; but since she could add to this, the sweetness and excellence of her honey, and the various purposes to which her wax was employed, she had nothing to fear from a comparison of her skill with that of a weaver of a flimsy cobweb; for the value of every art, she observed, is chiefly to be estimated by its use.

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XLVI. *The LION, the TYGER, and the FOX.*

**A** Lion and a Tyger jointly seized on a young fawn, which they immediately killed. This they had no sooner performed, than they fell to fighting, in order to decide whose property it should be. The battle was so bloody, and so obstinate, that they were both compelled, through weariness and loss of blood, to desist; and lay down by mutual consent, totally

tally disabled. At this instant, a wily Fox unluckily came by; who, perceiving their situation, made bold to seize the contested prey, and bore it off unmolested. As soon as the Lion could recover breath,—How foolish, said he, has been our conduct! Instead of being contented as we ought, with our shares; our senseless rage has rendered us unable to prevent this rascally Fox from defrauding us of the whole.—When Fools fall out, Knaves often run off with the prize.

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XLVII. *The FARMER and the SONS.*

A Wealthy old Farmer, who had, for some time, been declining in his health, perceiving that he had not many days to live, called his Sons together to his bed side. My dear children, said the dying man, I leave it with you, as my last injunction, not to part with the farm which has been in our family these hundred years: For, to disclose to you a secret which I received from my father, and which I now think proper to communicate to you, there is a treasure hid somewhere in the grounds; though I never could discover the particular spot where it lies concealed. However, as soon as the harvest is got in, spare no pains in the search, and I am well assured you will not lose your labour. The wise old Man was no sooner laid in his grave, and the time he mentioned arrived, than his Sons went to work, and with great alacrity turned up again and again every foot of ground belonging to their farm: The consequence of which was, although they did not find the object of their pursuit, that their land yielded a far more plentiful crop than those of their neighbours. At the end of the year, when they were settling their accounts, and computing their extraordinary profits, I would venture a wager, said one of the brothers, more acute than the rest, that this was the hidden wealth my father meant; I am sure, at least, we have found by experience, that, “Industry is itself a treasure.”

XLVIII. *The*

XLVIII. *The EAGLE and the CROW.*

**T**O mistake our own talents, or over-rate our abilities, is always ridiculous, and sometimes dangerous.——An Eagle, from the top of a high mountain, made a stoop at a Lamb, pounced it, and bore it away to her young. A Crow, who had built her nest in a cedar near the foot of the rock, observing what passed, was ambitious of performing the same exploit; and darting from her nest, fixed her talons in the fleece of another Lamb. But neither able to move her prey, nor disentangle her feet, she was taken by the Shepherd, and carried away for his children to play with; who eagerly enquiring what bird it was, —An hour ago, said he, she fancied herself an Eagle; however, I suppose she is by this time convinced that she is but a Crow.

XLIX. *The HORSE and the STAG.*

**B**EFORE the use of Horses was known in the world, one of those noble animals, having been insulted by a Stag, and finding himself unequal to his adversary, applied to a man for assistance. The request was easily granted, and the man putting a bridle in his mouth, and mounting upon his back, soon came up with the Stag, and laid him dead at his enemy's feet. The Horse having thus gratified his revenge, thanked his auxiliary: And now will I return in triumph, said he, and reign the undisputed lord of the forest. By no means, replied the man; I shall have occasion for your services, and you must go home with me. So saying, he led him to his hovel, where the unhappy Steed spent the remainder of his days in laborious servitude; sensible too late, "that how pleasing soever revenge may appear, it always costs more to a generous mind than the purchase is worth."

L. *The*



L. *The SATYR and the TRAVELLER.*

A Poor man travelling in the depth of winter, through a dreary forest, no inn to receive him, no human creature to befriend or comfort him, was in danger of being starved to death. At last, however, he came to the cave of a Satyr, where he intreated leave to rest a while, and shelter himself from the inclemency of the weather. The Satyr very civilly complied with his request. The man had no sooner entered than he began to blow his fingers. His host, surprized at the novelty of the action, was curious to know the meaning of it. I do it, said the Traveller, to warm my frozen joints, which are benumbed with cold. Presently afterwards, the Satyr having prepared a mess of hot gruel to refresh his guest, the man found it necessary to blow his porridge too. What, enquired the Satyr, is not your gruel hot enough? Yes, replied the Traveller, too hot; and I blow it to make it cooler. Do you so? quoth the Satyr; then get out of my cave as fast as you can; for I desire to have no communication with a person, that blows hot and cold with the same breath.—It indicates want of principle.

LI. *The MISER and his TREASURE.*

A Miser having scraped together a considerable sum of money, by denying himself the common necessities of life, was much embarrassed where to lodge it most securely. After many perplexing debates with himself, he at length fixed upon a corner in a retired field, where he deposited his treasure, and with it his heart, in a hole which he dug for that purpose. His mind was now for a moment at ease; but he had not proceeded many paces in his way home, when all his anxiety returned; and he could not forbear going back to see that every thing was safe. This he repeated again and again; till he was at last observed by a labourer who was mending a hedge in an adjacent meadow.

meadow. The fellow, concluding that something extraordinary must be the occasion of these frequent visits, marked the spot; and coming in the night in order to examine it, he discovered the prize, and bore it off unmolested. Early the next morning, the Miser again renewed his visit; when finding his treasure gone, he broke out into the most bitter exclamations. A traveller, who happened to be passing by at the same time, was moved by his complaints to enquire into the occasion of them. Alas! replied the Miser, I have sustained the most cruel and irreparable loss! some villain has robbed me of a sum of money, which I buried under this stone no longer ago than yesterday. Buried! returned the traveller with surprize; a very extraordinary method truly of disposing of your riches! Why did you not rather keep them in your house, that they might be ready for your daily occasions? Daily occasions! resumed the Miser, with an air of much indignation, do you imagine I so little know the value of money, as to suffer it to be run away with by occasions? on the contrary, I had prudently resolved not to touch a single shilling of it. If that was your wise resolution, answered the traveller, I see no sort of reason for your being thus afflicted; it is but putting this stone in the place of your treasure, and it will answer all your purposes full as well.

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LII. *The TRUMPETER.*

**A** Trumpeter in a certain army happened to be taken prisoner. He was ordered immediately to execution, but pleaded in excuse for himself, that it was unjust a person should suffer death, who, far from an intention of mischief, did not even wear an offensive weapon. So much the rather, replied one of the enemy, shalt thou die; since, without any design of fighting thyself, thou excitest others to the bloody business: For he that is the abettor of a bad action, is at least equally guilty with him that commits it.

LIII. *The*

LIII. *The LION and the GNAT:*

**A** VAUNT! thou paltry, contemptible insect! said the proud Lion one day to a Gnat that was frisking about in the air near his den. The Gnat, enraged at this unprovoked insult, vowed revenge, and immediately settled upon the Lion's neck. After having sufficiently teased him in that quarter, she quitted her station and retired under his belly; and from thence made her last and most formidable attack in his nostrils, where stinging him almost to madness, the Lion at length fell down, utterly spent with rage, vexation, and pain. The Gnat having thus abundantly gratified her resentment, flew off in great exultation: But in the heedless transports of her success, not sufficiently attending to her own security, she found herself in her retreat unexpectedly entangled in the web of a spider; who rushing out instantly upon her, put an end at once to her triumph and her life.

This Fable instructs us, never to suffer success so far to transport us, as to throw us off our guard against a reverse of fortune.

LIV. *The BEAR and the BEES.*

**A** Bear happened to be stung by a Bee, and the pain was so acute, that in the madness of revenge he ran into the garden and overturned the hive. This outrage provoked their anger to a high degree, and brought the fury of the whole swarm upon him. They attacked him with such violence, that his life was in danger, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he made his escape, wounded from head to tail. In this desperate condition, lamenting his misfortune, and licking his sores, he could not forbear reflecting, how much more adviseable it had been to have patiently acquiesced under one injury, than thus, by an unprofitable resentment, to have provoked a thousand.

LV. *The SNAKE and the HEDGE-HOG.*

**I**T is by no means prudent to join interests with such as have it in their power to subject us to their own conditions.——By the intreaties of a Hedge-hog, half-starved with cold, a Snake was once persuaded to receive him into her cell. He was no sooner entered, than his prickles began to be very uneasy to his companion: Upon which, the Snake desired him to provide himself another lodging, as she found her apartment was not large enough to accommodate both. Nay, said the Hedge-hog, let them that are uneasy in their situation exchange it; for my own part, I am very well contented where I am; and if you are not, you are welcome to remove whenever you think proper.

LVI. *The MILLER, his SON, and the Ass.*

**A** Miller and his Son were driving their Ass to market, in order to sell him. That he might get thither fresh and in good condition, they drove him on gently before them. They had not gone far, when they met a company of travellers. Sure, say they, you are mighty careful of your Ass: Methinks one of you might as well get up and ride, as let him walk on at his ease, while you trudge after him on foot. In compliance with his advice, the old Man set his Son upon the beast. They had scarce advanced a quarter of a mile further, when they met another company. You lazy booby, said one of the party, why do not you get down, and let your poor Father ride? Upon this, the old Man made his Son dismount, and got up himself. In this manner they had not marched many furlongs, when a third company began to insult the Father. You hard hearted, unnatural wretch, say they, how can you suffer that poor lad to wade through the dirt, while you, like an Alderman,



derman, ride at your ease? The good-natured Miller stood corrected, and immediately took his Son up behind him. And now the next man they met exclaimed with more vehemence and indignation than all the rest. Was there ever such a couple of lazy boobies! to overload, in so unconscionable a manner, a poor dumb creature, who is far less able to carry them than they are to carry him! The good old Man, perplexed with variety of opinions, was half inclined to make the experiment, but was sufficiently convinced by this time, that there cannot be a more fruitless attempt, than to endeavour to please all mankind.

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LVII. *The CAMELION.*

**T**WO Travellers happened on their journey to be engaged in a warm dispute about the colour of the Camelion. One of them affirmed that it was blue; that he had seen it with his own eyes upon the naked branch of a tree, feeding on the air, in a very clear day. The other strongly asserted that it was green, and that he had viewed it very closely and minutely on the broad leaf of a fig-tree. Both of them were positive, and the dispute was rising to a quarrel; but a third person luckily coming by, they agreed to refer the question to his decision. Gentlemen, said the arbitrator, with a smile of great self-satisfaction, you could not have been more lucky in your reference, as I happen to have caught one of them last night: But indeed you are both mistaken, for the creature is totally black. Black! cried they both; impossible! Nay, quoth the umpire, with great assurance, the matter may soon be decided; for I immediately inclosed my Camelion in a little paper box, and here he is. So saying, he drew it out of his pocket, opened his box, and behold it was as white as snow. The positive disputants looked equally surprized, and equally confounded; while the sagacious reptile, assuming the  
air

air of a philosopher, thus admonished them : Ye children of men, learn diffidence and moderation in your opinions. It is true, you happen, in the present instance, to be all in the right, and have only considered the subject under different circumstances : But pray, for the future, allow other men to have eye-sight as well as yourselves ; nor wonder if every one prefers the testimony of his own senses, to that of another.

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LVIII. GENIUS, VIRTUE, and REPUTATION.

GENIUS, Virtue, and Reputation, three great Friends, agreed to travel over the island of Great-Britain, to see whatever might be worthy of observation. But as some misfortune, said they, may happen to separate us ; let us consider before we set out, by what means we may find each other again. Should it be my ill fate, said Genius, to be severed from my friends, which Heaven forbid ! you may find me kneeling in devotion before the tomb of Shakespear ; or wrapt in some grove where Milton talked with Angels ; or musing in the grotto where Pope caught inspiration. Virtue, with a sigh, acknowledged that her friends were not very numerous ; but were I to lose you, she cried, with whom I am at present so happily united ; I should chuse to take sanctuary in the temples of Religion, in the palaces of royalty, or in the stately domes of ministers of state ; but as it may be my ill fortune to be there denied admittance, enquire for some cottage where Contentment has a bower, and there you will certainly find me. Ah, my dear friends, said Reputation very earnestly, you, I perceive, when missing, may possibly be recovered ; but take care, I intreat you, always to keep sight of me ; for if I am once lost, I am never to be retrieved.

LIX. *The WOLF and the LAMB.*

A Flock of Sheep were feeding in a meadow, while their dogs were asleep, and their shepherd at a distance playing on his pipe beneath the shade of a spreading elm. A young unexperienced Lamb, observing a half-starved Wolf peeping through the pales of the enclosure, entered into conversation with him. Pray, what are you seeking for here, said the Lamb? I am looking, replied the Wolf, for some tender grass; for nothing, you know, is more pleasant than to feed in fresh pasture, and to slake one's thirst in a crystal stream; both which, I perceive, you enjoy within these pales in their utmost perfection. Happy creature! continued he, how much I envy your lot! who are in possession of the utmost I desire; for I have long been taught by philosophy, to be satisfied with a little. It seems then, returned the simple Lamb, that those who say you feed on flesh, accuse you falsely, since a little grass will easily content you. If this be true, let us for the future live like brethren, and feed together. So saying, the simple Lamb crept through the fence, and became at once a prey to our pretended philosopher, and a sacrifice to her own inexperience and credulity.—Prudence bids us take great care whom we put our trust in.

LX. *The COUNTRY MAID and her MILK-PAIL.*

WHEN men suffer their imagination to amuse them with the prospect of distant and uncertain improvements of their condition and circumstance; they frequently sustain real losses, by their inattention to those affairs in which they are immediately concerned.

A Country Maid was walking very deliberately with a Pail of Milk upon her head, when she fell into the following train of reflections. The money for which I shall sell this milk, will enable me to increase

crease my flock of eggs to three hundred. These eggs, allowing for what may prove addled, and what may be destroyed by vermin, will produce at least two hundred and fifty chickens. The chickens will be fit to carry to market about Christmas, when poultry always bears a good price; so that by May-day I cannot fail of having money enough to purchase a new gown. Green—let me consider,—yes, green becomes my complexion best, and green it shall be. In this dress I will go to the fair, where all the young fellows will strive to have me for a partner; but I shall perhaps refuse every one of them, and with an air of disdain toss from them.—Transported with this triumphant thought, she could not forbear acting with her head what thus passed in her imagination, when down came the Pail of Milk, and all her imaginary happiness vanished like a dream.

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LXI. *The CORMORANT and the FISHES.*

**I**T is very imprudent to trust an enemy, or even a stranger, so far as to put one's self in his power.—A Cormorant, whose eyes were become so dim by age, that he could not discern his prey at the bottom of the waters, bethought himself of a stratagem to supply his wants. Hark you, friend, said he to a Gudgeon, whom he observed swimming near the surface of a certain canal, if you have any regard for yourself or your brethren, go this moment, and acquaint them from me, that the owner of this piece of water is determined to drag it a week hence. The Gudgeon immediately swam away, and made his report of this terrible news to a general assembly of the Fish; who unanimously agreed to send him back as ambassador to the Cormorant. The purport of his commission was to return him their thanks for the intelligence; and to add their intreaties, that as he had been so good as to inform them of their danger, he



would be graciously pleased to put them into a method of escaping it. That I will, most readily, returned the artful Cormorant, and assist you with my best services into the bargain. You have only to collect yourselves together at the top of the water, and I will undertake to transport you safely, one by one, to my own residence, by the side of a solitary pool, to which no creature but myself ever found the way. The project was perfectly well approved by the unwarly Fish, and with great expedition executed by the deceitful Cormorant; who having placed them in a shallow water, the bottom of which his eye could easily discern, they were all devoured by him in their turns, as his hunger or his luxury required.

LXII. *The FALCON and the HEN.*

**D**IFFERENT circumstances and situations make the same actions right or wrong, a virtue or a vice. — Of all the creatures I ever knew, said a Falcon to a Hen, you are certainly the most ungrateful. What instance of ingratitude, replied the Hen, can you justly charge upon me? The greatest, returned the Falcon; ingratitude to your highest benefactors, men. Do they not feed you every day, and shelter you every night? Nevertheless, when they endeavour to court you to them, you ungratefully forget all their kindness, and fly from them as from an enemy. Now I, who am wild by nature, and no way obliged to them; yet upon the least of their caresses, suffer myself to be taken, and go or come at their command. All this is very true, replied the Hen, but there may be a sufficient reason both for my fear, and your familiarity: I believe you never saw a single Falcon roasting at the fire; whereas I have seen a hundred Hens trussed for the spit.

LXIII. *The*

LXIII. *The TORTOISE and the two DUCKS.*

**V**ANITY and idle curiosity are qualities which generally prove destructive to those who suffer themselves to be governed by them.——A Tortoise, weary of passing her days in the same obscure corner, conceived a wonderful inclination to visit foreign countries. Two Ducks, whom the simple Tortoise acquainted with her intention, undertook to oblige her upon the occasion. Accordingly they told her, that if she would fasten her mouth to the middle of a pole, they would take the two ends and transport her wherever she chose to be conveyed. The Tortoise approved of the expedient; and every thing being prepared, the Ducks began their flight with her. They had not travelled far in the air, when they were met by a crow, who enquiring what they were bearing along, they replied, *The Queen of the Tortoises.* The Tortoise, vain of the new and unmerited appellation, was going to confirm the title, when opening her mouth for that purpose, she let go her hold, and was dashed to pieces by her fall.

LXIV. *The CAT and the old RAT.*

**A** Certain Cat had made such unmerciful havock among the vermin of his neighbourhood, that not a single Rat or Mouse dared venture to appear abroad. Puss was soon convinced, that if affairs remained in their present situation, he must be totally unsupplied with provision. After mature deliberation therefore, he resolved to have recourse to stratagem. For this purpose, he suspended himself from a shelf with his head downwards, pretending to be dead. The Rats and Mice observing him, as they peeped from their holes, in this dangling attitude, concluded he was hanged for some misdemeanor; and with great joy sallied forth in quest of their prey. Puss, as soon as a sufficient number were collected together, quitting her

her hold, dropped into the midst of them; and very few had the fortune to make good their retreat. This artifice having succeeded so well, he was encouraged to try the event of a second. Accordingly, he whitened his coat all over, by rolling himself in a heap of flour, and in this disguise lay concealed in the bottom of a meal tub. This stratagem was executed in general with the same effect as the former. But an old experienced Rat, altogether as cunning as her adversary, was not so easily ensnared. I do not much like, said she, that white heap yonder; something whispers me, there is mischief concealed under it. It is true, it may be meal; but it may likewise be something that I shall not relish quite so well. There can be no harm, at least, in keeping at a distance: For caution, I am sure, is the parent of security.

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LXV. *The TWO SPRINGS.*

**T**WO Springs, which issued from the same fountain, began their course together: One of them took her way in a silent and gentle stream, while the other rushed along with a sounding and rapid current. Sister, said the latter, at the rate you move, you will probably be dried up before you advance much farther; whereas, for myself, I will venture a wager, that within two or three hundred furlongs I shall become navigable, and after distributing commerce and wealth wherever I flow, I shall majestically proceed to pay my tribute to the ocean; so farewell, dear Sister, patiently submit to your fate. Her Sister made no reply; but calmly descending to the meadows below, increased her stream by numberless little rills, which she collected in her progress, till at length she was enabled to rise into a considerable river: Whilst the proud stream, who had the vanity to depend solely upon her own sufficiency, continued a shallow brook, and was glad at last to be helped forward, by throwing herself into the arms of her despised Sister.—  
Self-sufficiency often proves our ruin.

LXVI. *The*

LXVI. *The Discontented Ass.*

**I**N the depth of winter, a poor Ass prayed heartily for the spring, that he might exchange a cold lodging, and a heartless truss of straw, for a little warm weather, and a mouthful of fresh grass. In a short time, according to his wish, the warm weather and the fresh came on; but brought with them so much toil and business, that he was soon as weary of the spring as before of the winter: and he now became impatient for the approach of summer. Summer arrives; but the heat, the harvest-work, and other drudgeries and inconveniences of the season, set him as far from happiness as before; which he now flattered himself would be found in the plenty of autumn. But here too he is disappointed; for, what with the carrying of apples, roots, fuel for the winter, and other provisions, he was in autumn more fatigued than ever. Having thus trod round the circle of the year, in a course of restless labour, uneasiness, and disappointment; and found no season, nor station of life, without its business and its trouble; he was forced at last to acquiesce in the cold comfort of winter, where his complaint began; convinced that in this world there is no true happiness.

LXVII. *The ATHEIST and the ACORN.*

**I**T was the Fool who said in his heart, *There is no God*: Into the breast of a wise man such a thought could never have entered. One of those refined reasoners, commonly called minute philosophers, was sitting at his ease, beneath the shade of a large oak, while at his side the weak branches of a Pumpkin were trailed upon the ground. This put our Logician into his old train of reasoning against Providence. Is it consistent with common sense, said he, that infinite wisdom should create so large and stately a tree, with branches



branches of such a prodigious strength, to bear so small and insignificant a fruit as an Acorn? Or that so weak a stem, as that of a Pumpion, should be loaded with so disproportioned a weight? A child may see the absurdity of it. In the midst of this curious speculation, down dropt an Acorn from one of the highest branches of the Oak, full upon his head. How small a trifle may overturn the systems of fallible men! Struck with the accident, he could not help crying out, "How providential it is that this was not a Pumpion!"

LXVIII. *The SPIDER and the SILKWORM.*

**T**HOSE Arts are most valuable, which are of the greatest use.——A Spider busied in spreading his web from one side of the room to the other, was asked by an industrious Silkworm, to what end he spent so much labour, in making such a number of lines and circles? The Spider angrily replied, do not disturb me, thou ignorant thing: I transmit my ingenuity to posterity, and fame is the object of my wishes. Just as he had spoken, Susan the chambermaid, coming into the room to feed her Silkworms, saw the Spider at his work; and with one stroke of her broom, sweeps him away, and destroys at once his labours and his hopes of fame.

LXIX. *The BEE and the FLY.*

**A** Bee observing a Fly frisk about her hive, asked him, in a very passionate tone, what he did there? Is it for such scoundrels as you, said she, to intrude into the company of the queens of the air? You have great reason truly, replied the Fly, to be out of humour; I am sure they must be mad, who would have any concern with so quarrelsome a nation. And why so? thou saucy malapert, returned the enraged Bee; we have the best laws, and are governed by the best

best policy in the world. We feed upon the most fragrant flowers, and all our business is to make honey: Honey, which equals nectar, thou unfavoury wretch, who livest upon nothing but putrefaction and excrement. We live as we can, rejoined the Fly: Poverty, I hope, is no crime; but passion is, I am sure. The honey you make is sweet, I grant you; but your heart is all bitterness: For, to be revenged on an enemy, you will destroy your own life; and are so inconsiderate in your rage, as to do more mischief to yourself than to your adversary. Take my word for it, one had better have less considerable talents, and use them with more discretion.

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LXX. *The LYNX and the MOLE.*

**U**NDER the covert of a thick wood, at the foot of a tree, as a Lynx lay whetting his teeth, and waiting for his prey; he espied a Mole, concealed under a hillock of her own raising. Alas, poor creature, said the Lynx, how much I pity thee! Surely Jupiter has been very unkind, to debar thee from the light of the day, which rejoices the whole creation. Thou art certainly not above half alive; and it would be doing thee a service to put an end to so inanimated a being. I thank you for your kindness, replied the Mole, but I think I have full as much vivacity as my state and circumstances require. For the rest, I am perfectly well contented with the faculties which Jupiter has allotted me, who, I am sure, wants not our direction in distributing his gifts with propriety. I have not, it is true, your piercing eyes; but I have ears which answer all my purposes as well. Hark! for example, I am warned by a noise which I hear behind you, to fly from danger. So saying, he flunk into the earth, while a javelin from the arm of a hunter, pierced thi quick-sighted Lynx to the heart.——Nature fits the senses for self-preservation.

LXXI. *The*

LXXI. *The ROSE and the BUTTERFLY.*

**A** Fine powdered Butterfly fell in love with a Rose, who expanded her charms in a neighbouring parterre. Matters were soon adjusted between them, and they mutually vowed eternal fidelity. The Butterfly, perfectly satisfied with the success of his amour, took a tender leave of his mistress, and did not return till noon. What! said the Rose, when she saw him approaching, is the ardent passion you vowed so soon extinguished? It is an age since you paid me a visit. But no wonder; for I observed you courting by turns every flower in the garden. You little coquet, replied the Butterfly, it well becomes you truly to reproach me with my gallantries, when in fact I only copy the example which you yourself have set me. For, not to mention the satisfaction with which you admitted the kisses of a fragrant zephyr; did I not see you displaying your charms to the bee, the fly, the wasp, and in short, encouraging and receiving the addresses of every buzzing insect that fluttered within your view?—If you will be a coquet, you must expect to find me inconstant.

LXXII. *The FOX and the BRAMBLE.*

**A** Fox, closely pursued by a pack of dogs, took shelter under the covert of a Bramble. He rejoiced in this asylum, and for a while was very happy; but soon found, that if he attempted to stir, he was wounded by thorns and prickles on every side. However, making a virtue of necessity, he forbore to complain; and comforted himself with reflecting, that no bliss is perfect; that good and evil are mixed, and flow from the same fountain. These briars indeed, said he, will tear my skin a little, yet they keep off the dogs. For the sake of the good then, let me bear the evil with patience; each bitter has its sweet, and these Brambles, though they wound my flesh, preserve my life from danger.

LXXIII. *The*

LXXIII. *The BLIND MAN and the LAME.*

**I**T is from our wants and infirmities that almost all the connections of society take their rise.— A blind Man being stopped in a bad piece of road, met with a lame Man, and intreats him to guide him through the difficulty he was got into. How can I do that, replied the lame Man, since I am scarce able to drag myself along? But as you appear to be very strong, if you will carry me, we will seek our fortunes together. It will then be my interest to warn you of any thing that may obstruct your way; your feet shall be my feet, and my eyes yours. With all my heart, returned the blind Man; let us render each other our mutual services. So taking his lame companion on his back, they, by means of their union, travelled on with safety and pleasure.

LXXIV. *The Fox and the CAT.*

**N**OTHING is more common than for men to condemn the very same actions in others, which they practise themselves whenever occasion offers.

A Fox and a Cat having made a party to travel together, beguiled the tediousness of their journey by a variety of philosophical conversation. Of all the moral virtues, exclaimed Reynard, mercy is sure the noblest! What say you, my sage friend, is it not so? Undoubtedly, replied the Cat, with a most demure countenance; nothing is more becoming, in a creature of any sensibility, than a compassionate disposition. While they were thus philosophizing, mutually complimenting each other on the wisdom of their respective reflections; a Wolf darted out from a wood upon a flock of sheep which were feeding in an adjacent meadow, and without being the least affected by the moving lamentations of a poor Lamb, devoured it before their eyes. Horrible cruelty! exclaimed



claimed the Cat; why does he not feed on vermin, instead of making his barbarous meals on such innocent creatures? Reynard agreed with his friend in the observation; to which he added several very pathetic remarks on the odiousness of a sanguinary temper. Their indignation was rising in its warmth and zeal, when they arrived at a little cottage by the wayside; where the tender-hearted Reynard immediately cast his eye upon a fine Cock that was strutting about in the yard. And now adieu moralizing: He leaped over the pales, and without any sort of scruple demolished his prize in an instant. In the mean while, a plump Rat which ran out of the stable, totally put to flight our Cat's philosophy, who fell to the repast without the least commiseration.

LXXV. *The TWO HORSES.*

**T**WO Horses were travelling the road together; one loaded with a sack of flour, the other with a sum of money. The latter, proud of his splendid burden, tossed his head with an air of conscious superiority, and every now and then cast a look of contempt upon his humble companion. In passing through a wood, they were met by a gang of highwaymen, who immediately seized upon the Horse that was carrying the treasure; but the spirited steed, not being altogether disposed to stand so quietly as was necessary for their purpose, they beat him most unmercifully, and after plundering him of his boasted load, left him to lament at his leisure the cruel wounds he had received. Friend, said his despised companion to him, who had now reason to triumph in his turn, distinguished posts are often dangerous to those who possess them: If you had served a Miller, as I do, you might have travelled the road unmolested.

LXXVI. *The*

LXXVI. *The ANT and the CATERPILLAR.*

**A**S a Caterpillar was creeping very slowly along one of the alleys of a beautiful garden, he was met by a pert lively Ant, who, tossing up her head with a scornful air, cried, Prithee get out of the way, thou poor creeping animal, and do not presume to obstruct the paths of thy superiors, by crawling along the road, and besmearing the walks appropriated to their footsteps. Poor creature! thou lookest like a thing half made, which Nature not liking threw by unfinished. I could almost pity thee, methinks; but it is beneath one of my quality to talk to such little mean creatures as thee; and so, poor creeping wretch, adieu.—The humble Caterpillar, struck dumb with this disdainful language, retired, went to work, wound himself up in a silken cell, and at the appointed time came out a beautiful butterfly. Just as he was issuing forth, he observed the scornful Ant passing by. Stop a moment, Madam, said he, and listen to what I shall say. Let me advise you never to despise any one for his condition, as there are none so mean but they may one day change their fortune. You behold me now exalted in the air, whereas you must creep as long as you live.

LXXVII. *The TWO FOXES.*

**T**WO Foxes formed a stratagem to enter a hen-roost; which having successfully executed, and killed the cock, the hens, and the chickens, they began to feed upon them with singular satisfaction. One of the Foxes, who was young and inconsiderate, was for devouring them all upon the spot: the other, who was old and covetous, proposed the reserving some of them for another time: For experience, child, said he, has made me wise, and I have seen many unexpected events since I came into the world. Let us

provide, therefore, against what may happen, and not consume all our store at one meal. All this is wonderful wise, replied the young Fox; but for my own part, I am resolved not to stir till I have eaten as much as will serve me a whole week; for who would be mad enough to return hither, when it is certain the owner of these fowls will watch for us, and if he should catch us, would infallibly put us to death!—After this short discourse, each pursued his own fancy; the young Fox eat till he burst himself, and had scarcely strength to reach his hole before he died. The old one, who thought it much better to deny his appetite for the present, and lay up provision for the future, returned the next day, and was killed by the farmer.—Thus every age has its peculiar vice: The Young suffer by their insatiable thirst after pleasure; and the Old by their inordinate avarice.

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LXXVIII. *The PASSENGER and the PILOT,*

**I**T had blown a violent storm at sea, and the whole crew of a vessel were in imminent danger of shipwreck. After the rolling of the waves was somewhat abated, a certain passenger who had never been at sea before, observing the Pilot to have appeared wholly unconcerned even in their greatest danger, had the curiosity to ask what death his father died. What death? said the Pilot; why he perished at sea, as my grandfather did before him. Are not you afraid of trusting yourself to an element that has proved thus fatal to your family? Afraid! by no means; why, we must all die: Is not your father dead? Yes, but he died in his bed. And why then are not you afraid of trusting yourself to your bed? Because I am there perfectly secure. It may be, replied the Pilot; but if the hand of Providence is equally extended over all places, there is no more reason for me to be afraid of going to sea, than for you to be afraid of going to bed.

LXXIX. *The*

LXXIX. *The DOVE and the ANT.*

**W**E should always be ready to do good offices, even to the meanest of our fellow-creatures; as there is no one to whose assistance we may not, upon some occasion or other, be greatly indebted.

A Dove was sipping from the banks of a rivulet, when an Ant, who was at the same time trailing a grain of corn along the edge of the brook, inadvertently fell in. The Dove, observing the helpless insect struggling in vain to reach the shore, was touched with compassion; and plucking a blade of grass, dropped it into the stream; by means of which, the poor Ant, like a ship-wrecked sailor upon a plank, got safe to land. She had scarcely arrived there, when she perceived a fowler just going to discharge his piece at her deliverer: Upon which, she instantly crept up his foot and stung him on the ankle. The sportsman starting, occasioned a rustling among the boughs, which alarmed the Dove, who immediately sprang up, and by that means escaped the danger with which she was threatened.

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LXXX. *The NOBLEMAN and his SON.*

**A** Certain Nobleman, much infected by superstition, dreamed one night his only Son, a youth about fifteen years of age, was thrown from his horse as he was hunting, and killed upon the spot. This idle dream made so strong an impression upon the weak and credulous Father, that he formed a resolution never more to suffer his Son to partake of this his favourite amusement. The next morning that the hounds went out, the young man requested permission to follow them; but instead of receiving it, as usual, his Father acquainted him with his dream, and peremptorily enjoined him to forbear the sport. The youth, greatly mortified at this unexpected refusal,



left the room much disconcerted, and it was with some difficulty that he restrained his passion from indecently breaking out in his Father's presence. But upon his return to his own apartment, passing through a gallery of pictures, in which was a piece representing a company of gypsies telling a country girl her fortune;—It is owing, said he, to a ridiculous superstition of the same kind with that of this simple wench, that I am debarred from one of the principal pleasures of my life; at the same time, with great emotion striking his hand against the canvas, a rusty old nail behind the picture run far into his wrist. The pain and anguish of the wound threw the youth into a violent fever, which proved too powerful for the skill of the physicians, and in a few days put an end to his life: Illustrating an observation, that an over-cautious attention to avoid evils, often brings them upon us; and that we frequently run headlong into misfortunes by the very means we pursue to avoid them.

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LXXXI. *The* PARTIAL JUDGE.

A Farmer came to a neighbouring Lawyer, expressing great concern for an accident which he said had just happened. One of your oxen, continued he, has been gored by an unlucky bull of mine, and I should be glad to know how I am to make you reparation. Thou art a very honest fellow, replied the Lawyer, and wilt not think it unreasonable that I expect one of thy oxen in return. It is no more than justice, quoth the Farmer, to be sure; but what did I say?—I mistake—it is your bull that has killed one of my oxen. Indeed! says the Lawyer, that alters the case: I must enquire into the affair; and if——And *if!* said the Farmer,—the business I find would have been concluded without an *if*, had you been as ready to do justice to others, as to exact it from them.

LXXXII. *The*

LXXXII. *The HERMIT and the BEAR.*

**A**N imprudent friend often does as much mischief by his too great zeal, as the worst enemy could effect by his malice.—A certain Hermit having done a good office to a Bear, the grateful creature was so sensible of his obligation, that he begged to be admitted as the guardian and companion of his solitude. The Hermit willingly accepted his offer; and conducting him to his cell, they passed their time together in an amicable manner. One very hot day, the Hermit having laid him down to sleep, the officious Bear employed himself in driving away the flies from his friend's face. But in spite of all his care, one of the flies perpetually returned to the attack, and at last settled upon the Hermit's nose. Now I shall have you, most certainly, said the Bear; and with the best intentions imaginable, gave him a violent blow on the face; which very effectually indeed demolished the fly, but at the same time mangled, in a most shocking manner, his benefactor's face.

LXXXIII. *The SICK LION, the FOX, and the WOLF.*

**A**Lion having surfeited himself with feasting too luxuriously on the carcase of a wild boar, was seized with a violent and dangerous disorder. The beasts of the forest flocked in great numbers to pay their respects to him upon the occasion, and scarce one was absent except the Fox. The Wolf, an ill-natured and malicious beast, seized this opportunity to accuse the Fox of pride, ingratitude, and disaffection to his Majesty. In the midst of his invective, the Fox entered; who, having heard part of the Wolf's accusation, and observing the Lion's countenance to be kindled into wrath, thus adroitly excused himself, and retorted upon his accuser. With a tone of zealous loyalty he addressed the assembly thus:  
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May the King live for ever! then turning to the Lion,—I see many here, who with mere lip service have pretended to shew you their loyalty; but, for my part, from the moment I heard of your Majesty's illness, neglecting useless compliments, I employed myself day and night to enquire among the most learned physicians, an infallible remedy for your disease, and have at length happily been informed of one. It is a plaister made from part of the skin of a Wolf, taken warm from his back, and laid to your Majesty's stomach. This remedy was no sooner proposed, than it was determined that the experiment should be tried: And whilst the operation was performing, the Fox, with a sarcastic smile, whispered this useful maxim in the Wolf's ear:—If you would be safe from harm yourself, learn for the future not to meditate mischief against others.

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LXXXIV. *INDUSTRY and SLOTH.*

**H**OW many live in the world, as useless as if they had never been born! They pass through life like a bird through the air, and leave no track behind them; waste the prime of their days in deliberating what they shall do; and bring them to a period, without coming to any determination.

An indolent young man, being asked why he lay in bed so long, jocosely and carelessly answered: Every morning of my life I am hearing long causes. I have two fine girls, their names are Industry and Sloth, close at my bed side, as soon as ever I awake, pressing their different suits. One intreats me to get up, the other persuades me to lie still; and then they alternately give me various reasons, why I should rise, and why I should not. In the mean time, as it is the duty of an impartial judge to hear all that can be said on either side; before the pleadings are over it is time to go to dinner.

LXXXV. *The*

LXXXV. *The OWL and the EAGLE.*

**A**N Owl sat blinking in the trunk of a hollow tree, and arraigned the brightness of the sun. What is the use of its beams, said she, but to dazzle one's eyes so that one cannot see a mouse. For my part, I am at a loss to conceive for what purpose so glaring an object was created. We had certainly been much better without it. O fool! replied an Eagle, who was perched on a branch of the same tree, to rail at excellence which thou canst not taste; and not to perceive that the fault is not in the sun, but in thyself. All, it is true, have not faculties to understand, or powers to enjoy the benefit of it: But must the business and the pleasures of the world be obstructed, that an Owl may catch mice?

LXXXVI. *The EAGLE and the OWL.*

**A**N Eagle and an Owl having entered into a league of mutual amity, one of the articles of their treaty was, that the former should not prey upon the younglings of the latter. But tell me, said the Owl, should you know my little ones if you were to see them? Indeed I should not, replied the Eagle; but if you describe them to me, it will be sufficient. You are to observe then, returned the Owl, in the first place, that the charming creatures are perfectly well shaped; in the next, that there is a remarkable sweetness and vivacity in their countenances; and then there is something in their voices so peculiarly melodious—It is enough, interrupted the Eagle; by these marks I cannot fail of distinguishing them; and you may depend upon their never receiving any injury from me. It happened not long afterwards, as the Eagle was upon the wing in quest of his prey, that he discovered, amidst the ruins of an old castle, a nest of grim-faced, ugly birds, with gloomy countenances,



tenances, and a voice like that of the Furies. These undoubtedly, said he, cannot be the offspring of my friend, and so I shall venture to make free with them. He had scarce finished his repast and departed, when the Owl returned; who finding nothing of her brood remaining but the mangled carcases, broke out into the most bitter exclamations against the cruel and perfidious author of her calamity. A neighbouring Bat, who over-heard her lamentations, and had been witness to what had passed between her and the Eagle, very gravely told her, that she had no body to blame for this misfortune but herself; whose blind prejudices in favour of her children, had prompted her to give such a description of them, as did not resemble them in any one single feature or quality.

Parents should very carefully guard against that weak partiality towards their children, which renders them blind to their failings and imperfections; as no disposition is more likely to prove prejudicial to their future welfare.

#### LXXXVII. *The COURT of DEATH.*

**D**EATH, the King of Terrors, on the anniversary of his coronation, was determined to chuse his prime minister. His pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned, and each preferred his claim to the honour of this illustrious office. Fever urged the number he destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions, by shaking all his limbs; and Dropsy, by his swelled, unwieldy carcase. Gout hobbled up, and alledged his great power in racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak, was a strong, though silent argument in favour of his claim. Stone and Cholic pleaded their violence; Plague, his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, though slow, insisted that he was sure. In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music,

music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immediately entered a Lady, with a bold lascivious air, and a flushed and jovial countenance: She was attended on one hand by a troop of cooks and bacchanals; and on the other, by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half-naked to the softest musical instruments: Her name was INTemperance. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the crowd of diseases: Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this great monarch. Am not I your parent? The author of your beings? Do you not derive your power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who then so fit as I myself, for this important office? The grisly monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her at his right hand, and she immediately became his *prime* favourite, and *principal* minister.—Intemperance cuts down all,—as a deadly poison.

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LXXXVIII. *The CAT, the COCK, and the Young MOUSE.*

A Young Mouse, who had seen very little of the world, came running one day to his mother in great haste:—O mother, said he, I am frightened almost to death! I have seen the most extraordinary creature that ever was. He has a fierce angry look, and struts about upon two legs. A strange piece of flesh grows on his head, and another under his throat, as red as blood. He flapped his arms against his sides, as if he intended to rise into the air; and stretching out his head, he opened a sharp-pointed mouth so wide, that I thought he was preparing to swallow me up; then he roared at me so horribly, that I trembled every joint, and was glad to run home as fast as I could. If I had not been frightened away by this terrible monster, I was just going to scrape acquaintance with the prettiest creature you ever saw. She had a soft fur skin, thicker than ours, and all beautifully waved

waved with black and grey; with a modest look, and a demeanour so humble and courteous, that methought I could have fallen in love with her. Then she had a fine long tail, which she waved about so prettily, and looked so earnestly at me, that I believe she was just going to speak to me, when the horrid monster frightened me away. Ah, my dear child, said the mother, you have indeed escaped being devoured, but not by that monster you was so much afraid of; which in truth was only a bird, and would have done you no manner of harm. Whereas the sweet creature, of which you seem so fond, was no other than a Cat; who, under that hypocritical countenance, conceals the most inveterate hatred to all our race, and subsists entirely by devouring Mice. Learn from this incident, my dear, never whilst you live to rely on outward appearances.

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LXXXIX. *The FARMER and his DOG.*

A Farmer, who had just stepped into his field to mend a gap in one of his fences, found at his return the cradle, where he had left his only child asleep, turned upside down, the cloaths all torn and bloody, and his dog lying near it besmeared also with blood. Immediately conceiving that the creature had destroyed his child, he instantly dashed out his brains with the hatchet in his hand; when turning up the cradle, he found his child unhurt, and an enormous serpent lying dead on the floor, killed by that faithful Dog, whose courage and fidelity in preserving the life of his Son, deserved another kind of reward. These affecting circumstances afforded him a striking lesson, how dangerous it is, too hastily, to give way to the blind impulse of a sudden passion.

XC. *The GNAT and the BEE.*

**A** Gnat, half starved with cold and pinched with hunger, came early one morning to a beehive, begged the relief of charity, and offered to teach music in the family, on the humble terms of diet and lodging. The Bee received her petitioner with a cold civility, and desired to be excused. I bring up all my children, said she, to my own useful trade, that they may be able, when they grow up, to get an honest livelihood by their industry. Besides, how do you think I could be so imprudent as to teach them an art, which I see has reduced its professor to indigence and beggary?

XCI. *The OSTRICH and the PELICAN.*

**T**HE Ostrich one day met the Pelican, and observing her breast all bloody,—Good God! says she to her, what is the matter? What accident has befallen you! You certainly have been seized by some savage beast of prey, and have with difficulty escaped from his merciless claws. Do not be surprized, friend, replied the Pelican; no such accident, nor indeed any thing more than common hath happened to me. I have only been engaged in my ordinary employment of tending my nest, of feeding my dear little ones, and nourishing them with the vital blood from my bosom. Your answer, returned the Ostrich, astonishes me still more than the horrid figure you make. What, is this your practice, to tear your own flesh, to spill your own blood, and to sacrifice yourself in this cruel manner to the importunate cravings of your young ones? I know not which to pity most, your misery or your folly. Be advised by me; have some regard for yourself; and leave off this barbarous custom of mangling your own body: As for your children, commit them to the care of Providence, and

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make



make yourself quite easy about them. My example may be of use to you. I lay eggs upon the ground, and just cover them lightly over with sand; if they have the good luck to escape being crushed by the tread of man or beast, the warmth of the sun broods upon, and hatches them; and in due time my young ones come forth: I leave them to be nursed by nature, and fostered by the elements; I give myself no trouble about them, and I neither know nor care what becomes of them. Unhappy wretch, says the Pelican, who hardenest thyself against thy own offspring, and through want of natural affection renderest thy travail fruitless to thyself! who knowest not the sweets of a parent's anxiety; the tender delight of a mother's sufferings! It is not I, but thou, that art cruel to thine own flesh. Thy insensibility may exempt thee from a temporary inconvenience, and an inconsiderable pain; but at the same time it makes thee inattentive to a most necessary duty, and incapable of relishing the pleasure that attends it: A pleasure the most exquisite that nature hath indulged to us; in which pain itself is swallowed up and lost, or only serves to heighten the enjoyment.

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XCII. *The SENSITIVE PLANT and the THISTLE.*

**A** Thistle happened to spring up very near to a Sensitive Plant. The former observing the extreme bashfulness and delicacy of the latter, addressed her in the following manner: Why are you so modest and reserved, my good neighbour, as to withdraw your leaves at the approach of strangers? Why do you shrink as if you were afraid, from the touch of every hand? Take example and advice from me: If I liked not their familiarity, I would make them keep their distance, nor should any saucy finger provoke me unrevenge. Our tempers and qualities, replied the other, are widely different: I have neither the ability  
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nor inclination to give offence: You, it seems, are by no means destitute of either. My desire is to live peaceably in the station wherein I am placed; and though my humility may now and then cause me a moment's uneasiness, it tends on the whole to preserve my tranquility. The case is otherwise with you, whose irritable temper, and revengeful disposition, will probably one time or other be the cause of your destruction. While they were thus arguing the point, the Gardener came with his little spaddle, in order to lighten the earth round the stem of the Sensitive Plant; but perceiving the Thistle, he thrust his instrument through the root of it, and directly tossed it out of his garden.

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XCIII. *The REDBREAST and the SPARROW.*

AS a Redbreast was singing on a tree by the side of a rural cottage, a Sparrow, perched upon the thatch, took occasion thus to reprimand him: And dost thou, said he, with thy dull autumnal note, presume to emulate the birds of spring? Can thy weak warblings pretend to vie with the sprightly accents of the thrush and blackbird? with the various melody of the lark or nightingale? whom other birds, far thy superiors, have been long content to admire in silence. Judge with candour at least, replied the Robin; nor impute those efforts to ambition solely, which may sometimes flow from the love of art. I reverence indeed, but by no means envy, the birds whose fame has stood the test of ages. Their songs have charmed both hill and dale; but their season is past, and their throats are silent. I feel not, however, the ambition to surpass or equal them; my efforts are of a much humbler nature; and I may surely hope for pardon, while I endeavour to cheer these forsaken valleys, by an attempt to imitate the strains of love.

XCIV. *The MISER and the MAGPIE.*

**A**S a Miser sat at his desk, counting over his heaps of gold, a Magpie eloping from his cage, picked up a guinea, and hopped away with it. The Miser, who never failed to count his money over a second time, immediately missed the piece, and rising up from his seat in the utmost consternation, observed the felon hiding it in a crevice of the floor. And art thou, cried he, that worst of thieves, who hast robbed me of my gold, without the plea of necessity, and without regard to its proper use; but thy life shall atone for so preposterous a villainy. Soft words, good master, quoth the magpie. Have I then injured you, in any other sense than you defraud the public? And am I not using your money in the same manner you do yourself? If I must lose my life for hiding a single guinea, what do you, I pray, deserve, who secret so many thousands?

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XCV. *The TWO BEES.*

**O**N a fine morning in May, two Bees set forward in quest of honey; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs; the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them; the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter; the other, revelling in sweets without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, in spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong in-

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to the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution, but being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to enquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave, as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

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XCVI. PYTHAGORAS *and the* CRITIC.

PYTHAGORAS was one day very earnestly engaged in taking an exact measure of the Olympic course. One of these conceited Critics, who aim at every thing, and are ready to interpose with their opinion upon all subjects, happened to be present; and could not help smiling to himself to see the philosopher so employed, and to observe what great attention and pains he bestowed upon such a business. And pray, says he, accosting Pythagoras, may I presume to ask with what design you have given yourself this trouble? Of that, replied the Philosopher, I shall very readily inform you. We are assured, that Hercules, when he instituted the Olympic games, himself laid out this course by measure, and determined it to the length of six hundred feet, measuring it by the standard of his own foot. Now, by taking an exact measure of the same number of feet now in use, we can find how much the foot of Hercules, and in proportion his whole stature, exceeded that of the present generation. A very curious speculation! says the



Critic, and of great use and importance, no doubt. And so you will demonstrate to us, that the bulk of this fabulous hero was equal to his extravagant enterprises and his marvellous exploits. And pray, Sir, what may be the result of your enquiry at last? I suppose, you can now tell me exactly to a hair's breadth, how tall Hercules was. The result of my enquiry, replied the Philosopher, is this; and it is a conclusion of greater use and importance than you seem to expect from it; that if you will always estimate the labours of the philosopher, the designs of the patriot, and the actions of the hero, by the standard of your own narrow conceptions, you will ever be greatly mistaken in your judgment concerning them.

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xcvii. *The two Dogs.*

**H**ASTY and inconsiderate connexions are generally attended with great disadvantages: And much of every man's good or ill fortune depends upon the choice he makes of his friends.

A good-natured Spaniel overtook a surly Mastiff, as he was travelling upon the road. Tray, although an entire stranger to Tyger, very civilly accosted him: And if it would be no interruption, he said, he should be glad to bear him company on his way. Tyger, who happened not to be altogether in so growling a mood as usual, accepted the proposal; and they very amicably pursued their journey together. In the midst of their conversation they arrived at the next village; where Tyger began to display his malignant disposition, by an unprovoked attack upon every dog he met. The villagers immediately sallied forth with great indignation to rescue their respective favourites; and falling upon our two friends without distinction or mercy, poor Tray was most cruelly treated, for no other reason but from being found in bad company.

xcviii. *The CAT and the BAT.*

A Cat having devoured a favourite bulfinch of her master, overheard him threatening to put her to death the moment he could find her. In this distress, she preferred a prayer to Jupiter; vowing, if he would deliver her from her present danger, that never while she lived would she eat another bird. Not long afterwards, a Bat most invitingly flew into the room where Puss was purring in the window. The question was, how to act upon so tempting an occasion? Her appetite pressed hard on one side; and her vow threw some scruples in her way on the other. At length she hit upon a most convenient distinction to remove all difficulties, by determining that as a *bird* indeed it was unlawful prize, but as a *mouse* she might very conscientiously eat it; and accordingly without further debate fell to the repast.

Thus it is that men are apt to impose upon themselves by vain and groundless distinctions, when conscience and principle are at variance with interest and inclination.

xcix. *The HOUNDS in COUPLES.*

A Huntsman was leading forth his Hounds one morning to the chace, and had linked several of the young Dogs in couples, to prevent their following every scent, and hunting disorderly, as their own inclinations and fancy should direct them. Among others, it was the fate of Jowler and Vixen to be thus yoked together. Jowler and Vixen were both young and unexperienced; but had for some time been constant companions, and seemed to have entertained a great fondness for each other; they used to be perpetually playing together, and in any quarrel that happened, always took one another's part; it might have been expected therefore that it would not be disagreeable

agreeable to them to be still more closely united. However in fact it proved otherwise: They had not been long joined together, before both parties began to express uneasiness at their present situation. Different inclinations and opposite wills began to discover and exert themselves: If one chose to go this way, the other was as eager to take the contrary; if one was pressing forward, the other was sure to lag behind; Vixen pulled back Jowler, and Jowler dragged along Vixen: Jowler growled at Vixen, and Vixen snapped at Jowler; till at last it came to a downright quarrel between them: And Jowler treated Vixen in a very rough and ungenerous manner, without any regard to the inferiority of her strength, or the tenderness of her sex. As they were thus continually vexing and tormenting one another, an old Hound, who had observed all that passed, came up to them, and thus reproved them: "What a couple of silly puppies you are, to be perpetually worrying yourselves at this rate! What hinders your going on peaceably and quietly together? Cannot you compromise the matter between you, by each consulting the other's inclination a little? At least, try to make a virtue of necessity, and submit to what you cannot remedy: You cannot get rid of the chain; but you may make it sit easy upon you. I am an old Dog, and let my age and experience instruct you: When I was in the same circumstances with you, I soon found that thwarting my companion was only tormenting myself; and my yokefellow happily came into the same way of thinking. We endeavoured to join in the same pursuits, and to follow one another's inclinations; and so we jogged on together, not only with ease and quiet, but with comfort and pleasure. We found by experience, that mutual compliance not only compensates for liberty, but is even attended with a satisfaction and delight, beyond what liberty itself can give."

C. The

C. *The* BEAR.

A Bear, who was bred in the savage deserts of Siberia, had an inclination to see the world. He travelled from forest to forest, and from one kingdom to another, making many profound observations in his way. Among the rest of his excursions, he came by accident into a farmer's yard, where he saw a number of poultry standing to drink by the side of a pool. Observing that at every sip they turned up their heads towards the sky, he could not forbear enquiring the reason of so peculiar a ceremony. They told him that it was by the way of returning thanks to Heaven for the benefits they received; and was indeed an ancient and religious custom, which they could not, with a safe conscience, or without impiety, omit. Here the Bear burst into a fit of laughter, at once mimicking their gestures, and ridiculing their superstition, in the most contemptuous manner. On this, the Cock, with a spirit suitable to the boldness of his character, addressed him in the following words: As you are a stranger, Sir, you perhaps may be excused the indecency of this behaviour; yet give me leave to tell you, that none but a Bear would ridicule any religious ceremonies whatsoever, in the presence of those who believe them of importance.

CI. DEATH *and* CUPID.

JUPITER sent forth Death and Cupid to travel round the world, giving each of them a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows at his back. It was ordered by the disposer of human affairs, that the arrows of Love should only wound the young, in order to supply the decays of mortal men; and those of Death were to strike old age, and free the world from useless charge. Our travellers being one day extremely fatigued with their journey, rested themselves under the covert of a wood, and throwing down their arrows in



a promiscuous manner before them, they both fell fast asleep. They had not reposed themselves long, before they were awaked by a sudden noise; when hastily gathering up their arms, each in the confusion took by mistake some of the darts that belonged to the other. By this means it frequently happened that Death vanquished the young, and Cupid subdued the old. Jupiter observed the error, but did not think proper to redress it; foreseeing that some good might arise from their unlucky exchange. And in fact, if men were wise, they would learn from this mistake to be apprehensive of death in their youth; and to guard against the amorous passions in their old age.

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CII. *The* SPECTACLES.

**H**OW strangely all mankind differ in their opinions! and how strongly each is attached to his own!—Jupiter one day, enjoying himself over a bowl of nectar, and in a merry humour, determined to make mankind a present. Momus was appointed to convey it to them; who, mounted on a rapid car, was presently on earth. Come hither, says he, ye happy mortals; great Jupiter has opened for your benefit his all-gracious hands. It is true, he made you somewhat short-sighted, but to remedy that inconvenience, behold how he has favoured you! So saying, he unloosed his portmanteau; an infinite number of spectacles tumbled out, and mankind picked them up with great eagerness; there was enow for all, every man had his pair. But it was soon found that these spectacles did not represent objects to all mankind alike: For one pair was *purple*, another *blue*; one was *white*, and another *black*; some of the glasses were *red*, some *green*, and some *yellow*. In short, there were all manner of colours, and every shade of colour. However, notwithstanding this diversity, every man was charmed with his own, as believing it the best; and enjoyed in *opinion*, all the satisfaction of *truth*.

CIII. *The*

CIII. *The POET and the DEATHWATCH.*

AS a Poet sat in his closet, feasting his imagination on the hopes of fame and immortality, he was startled on a sudden with the ominous sound of a Deathwatch. However, immediately recollecting himself,—Vain insect, said he, cease thy impertinent forebodings, sufficient indeed to frighten the weakness of women or of children; but far beneath the notice of a Poet and Philosopher. As for me, whatever accident may threaten my life, my fame, spite of thy prognostics, shall live to future ages. May be so, replied the insect, I find at least thou hadst rather listen to the maggot in thy head, than to the worm beneath thy table: But know, that the suggestions of Vanity are altogether as deceitful as those of Superstition.

CIV. *The TWO LIZARDS.*

AS two Lizards were basking under a south wall, how contemptible, said one of them, is our condition! We exist, it is true, but that is all; for we hold no sort of rank in the creation, and are utterly unnoticed by the world. Cursed obscurity! Why was I not rather born a stag, to range at large, the pride and glory of some forest? It happened that in the midst of these unjust murmurs, a pack of hounds was heard in full cry after the very creature he was envying, who being quite spent with the chace, was torn in pieces by the dogs in sight of our two Lizards. And is this the lordly stag, whose place in the creation you wished to hold? replied the wiser Lizard to his complaining friend. Let his sad fate teach you to bless Providence for placing you in that humble situation, which secures you from the dangers of a more elevated rank.

CV. *The*

CV. *The LITIGIOUS CATS.*

**T**WO Cats having stolen some cheese, could not agree about dividing their prize. In order therefore to settle the dispute, they consented to refer the dispute to a monkey. The proposed arbitrator very readily accepted the office, and producing a balance, put a part into each scale. "Let me see, (said he) ay—this lump outweighs the other;" and immediately bit off a considerable piece, in order to reduce it (he observed) to an equilibrium. The opposite scale was now become the heavier; which afforded our conscientious judge an additional reason for a second mouthful. Hold, hold, said the two Cats, who began to be alarmed for the event, give us our respective shares, and we are satisfied. If *you* are satisfied, returned the monkey, justice is not; a case of this intricate nature is by no means so soon determined. Upon which, he continued to nibble first one piece and then the other, till the poor Cats, seeing their cheese gradually diminishing, intreated him to give himself no farther trouble, but to deliver to them what remained. Not so fast, I beseech ye, friends, replied the monkey; we owe justice to ourselves as well as to you; what remains is due to me in right of my office. Upon which, he stuffed the whole into his mouth, and with great gravity dismissed the court.

CVI. *The STORK and the CROW.*

**A** Stork and a Crow had once a strong contention, which of them stood highest in the favour of Jupiter. The Crow alledged his skill in omens, his infallibility in prophecies, and his great use to the priests of that deity, in all their sacrifices and religious ceremonies. The Stork urged only his blameless life, the care he took to preserve his offspring, and the  
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assistance he lent his parents under the infirmities of age. It happened, as it generally does in religious disputes, that neither of them could confute the other; so they both agreed to refer the decision to Jupiter himself. On their joint application, the God determined thus between them: Let none of my creatures despair of my regard: I know their weakness; I pity their errors; and whatever is well meant, I accept as it was intended. Yet sacrifices or ceremonies are in themselves of no importance, and every attempt to penetrate the counsels of the Gods, is altogether as vain as it is presumptuous: But he who pays to Jupiter a just honour and reverence, who leads the most temperate life, and who does the most good in proportion to his abilities; as he best answers the end of his creation, will assuredly stand highest in the favour of his creator.

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CVII. *The TUBEROSE and the SUNFLOWER.*

**A** Tuberoſe in a bow-window on the north ſide of a ſtately villa, addreſſed a Sunflower which grew on a ſlope that was contiguous to the houſe. Pray, ſays he, neighbour Turnſole, to what purpoſe do you pay all this devotion to that fictitious deity of yours, the Sun? Why are you continually diſtorting your body, and caſting up your eyes to that glaring luminary? What ſuperſtition induces you to think, that we flowers exiſt only through his influence? Both you and I are ſurely indebted to the hot-bed, and to the diligence of the gardener, for our production and ſupport. For my part, I ſhall reſerve my homage, together with my ſweets, for that benevolent maſter who is continually watering and reſreſhing me: Nor do I deſire ever to ſee the face of that ſun you ſo vainly idolize, while I can enjoy the cool ſhade of this magnificent ſaloon. Truce with thy blaſphemies, replied the Sunflower: Why doſt thou

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revile that glorious being, who dispenses life and vigour, not only to us, but to every part of the creation? Without this, alas! how ineffectual were the skill and vigilance of thy boasted master, either to support thy tender frame, or even to preserve his own! But this must ever be the case with such contracted understandings: Sufficient, indeed, to point out our more immediate benefactors, without regarding that original source, from which all beneficence proceeds.

CVIII. *ECHO and the OWL.*

**T**HE Vain hear the flatteries of their own imagination, and fancy them to be the voice of fame. — A solemn Owl, puffed up with vanity, fate repeating her screams at midnight, from the hollow of a blasted oak. And whence, cried she, proceeds this awful silence, unless it be to favour my superior melody? Surely the groves are hushed in expectation of my voice, and when I sing, all nature listens. An Echo resounding from an adjacent rock, replied immediately, “all nature listens.” The Nightingale, resumed she, has usurped the sovereignty by night: Her note, indeed, is musical, but mine is sweeter far. The voice confirming her opinion, replied again, “is sweeter far.” Why then am I diffident? continued she: Why do I fear to join the tuneful choir? The Echo, still flattering her vanity, repeated, “join the tuneful choir.” Roused by this empty phantom of encouragement, she on the morrow mingled her hootings with the harmony of the groves. But the tuneful songsters, disgusted with her noise, and affronted by her impudence, unanimously drove her from the society, and still continue to pursue her wherever she appears.

CIX. *The*

CIX. *The* SNIPE SHOOTER.

**A**S a Sportsman ranged the fields with his gun, attended by an experienced old Spaniel, he happened to spring a Snipe; and, nearly at the same instant, a covey of partridges. Surprised at the accident, and divided in his aim, he let fly too indeterminately, and by this means missed them both. Ah, my good master, said the Spaniel, you should never have two aims at once. Had you not been dazzled and seduced by the extravagant hope of Partridge, you would most probably have secured your Snipe.

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CX. *The* BUTTERFLY, *the* SNAIL, and *the* BEE.

**A** Butterfly, proudly perched on the gaudy leaves of a French marygold, was boasting the vast extent and variety of his travels. I have ranged, said he, over the majestic scenes of Hagley, and have feasted my eyes with elegance and variety at Leasowes. I have wandered through regions of eglantine and honeysuckle, I have revelled in kisses on beds of violets and cowslips, and have enjoyed the delicious fragrance of roses and carnations. In short, my fancy unbounded, and my flights unrestrained, I have visited, with perfect freedom, all the flowers of the field or garden, and must be allowed to know the world in a superlative degree.

A Snail, who hung attentive to his wonders on a cabbage-leaf, was struck with admiration; and concluded him, from all his experience, to be the wisest of animal creatures.

It happened that a Bee pursued her occupation on a neighbouring bed of marjoram, and having heard our ostentatious vagrant, reprimanded him in this manner. Vain, empty flutterer, said she, whom instruction cannot improve, nor experience itself enlighten! Thou hast rambled over the world; wherein does thy know-

ledge of it consist? Thou hast seen variety of objects; what conclusion hast thou drawn from them? Thou hast tasted of every amusement; hast thou extracted any thing for use? I too am a traveller: Go and look into my hive; and let my treasures shadow out to thee, that the intent of travelling is, to collect materials either for the use and emolument of private life, or for the advantage of the community.

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CXI. *The MAGPIE and the RAVEN.*

**T**HERE was a certain Magpie, more busy and more loquacious than any of his tribe. His tongue was in perpetual motion, and himself continually upon the wing; fluttering from place to place, and very seldom appearing twice together in the same company.

Sometimes you saw him with a flock of pigeons, plundering a field of new-sown corn; anon, perched upon a cherry-tree with a parcel of tomtits; the next moment, you would be surprized to find the same individual bird engaged with a flight of crows, and feasting upon a carcase.

He took it one day into his head to visit an old Raven, who lived retired among the branches of a venerable oak; and there, at the foot of a lonely mountain, had passed near half a century.

I admire, says the prating bird, your most romantic situation, and the wildness of these rocks and precipices around you: I am absolutely transported with the murmur of that water-fall: Methinks it diffuses a tranquillity, surpassing all the joys of public life. What an agreeable sequestration from worldly bustle and impertinence! What an opportunity of contemplating the divine beauties of Nature! I shall most certainly, my dear, quit the gaieties of the town, and for the sake of these rural scenes, and my good friend's conversation, pass the remainder of my days in the solitude he has chosen.

Well,

Well, Sir, replies the Raven, "I shall be at all times glad to receive you in my old-fashioned way; but you and I should certainly prove most unsuitable companions. Your whole ambition is to shine in company, and to recommend yourself to the world by universal complaisance: Whereas my greatest happiness consists in ease and privacy, and the select conversation of a few whom I esteem. I prefer a good heart to the most voluble tongue; and though, questionless obliged to you for the politeness of your professions, yet I see your benevolence divided among so numerous an acquaintance, that a very slender share of it can remain for those you are pleased to honour with the name of friends.

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CXII. *The Discontented BEE.*

**A** Bee complained to Jupiter of the numerous evils to which her condition exposed her. Her body, she said, was weak and feeble, yet was she condemned to get her living by perpetual toil; she was benumbed by the cold of winter, and relaxed by the heat of summer. Her haunts were infected with poisonous weeds, and her flights obstructed by storms and tempests. In short, what with danger from without, and diseases from within, her life was rendered one continual scene of anxiety and wretchedness. Behold now, said Jupiter, the frowardness and folly of this unthankful race! The flowers of the field I have spread before them as a feast, and have endeavoured to regale them with an endless variety. They now revel on odoriferous beds of thyme and lavender, and now on the still more fragrant banks of violets and roses. The business they complain of is the extraction of honey; and, to alleviate their toil, I have allowed them wings, which readily transport them from one delicious banquet to another. Storms, tempests, and noxious weeds, I have given them sagacity to



shun; and if ever they are misled, it is through the perverseness of their inclinations. But thus it is with Bees, and thus with Men: They misconstrue the benevolence of my designs, and they complain that my decrees are rigid; they ungratefully overlook all the advantages, and magnify all the inconveniences of their station. But let my creatures pursue their happiness, through the paths marked out by Nature, and they will then feel no pains which they have not pleasures to compensate.

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CXIII. *The DIAMOND and the LOADSTONE.*

A Diamond of great beauty and lustre, observing not only many other gems of a lower class ranged together with him in the same cabinet, but a Loadstone likewise placed not far from him, began to question the latter, how he came there; and what pretensions he had to be ranked among the precious stones; he, who appeared to be no better than a mere flint; a sorry, coarse, rusty-looking pebble; without any the least shining quality to advance him to such an honour: And concluded with desiring him to keep his distance, and pay a proper respect to his superiors. I find, said the Loadstone, that you judge by external appearance; and it is your interest, that others should form their judgment by the same rule. I must own I have nothing to boast of in that respect; but I may venture to say, that I make amends for my outward defects, by my inward qualities. The great improvement of navigation in these latter ages is entirely owing to me. It is owing to me, that the distant parts of the world are known and accessible to each other; that the remotest nations are connected together, and all in a manner united into one common society; that by a mutual intercourse they relieve one another's wants, and all enjoy the several blessings peculiar to each. Great-Britain is indebted to me  
for

for her wealth, her splendor, and her power; and the arts and sciences are in a great measure obliged to me for their late improvements, and their continual increase. I am willing to allow you your due praise in its full extent; you are a pretty bauble; I am mightily delighted to see you glitter and sparkle; I look upon you with pleasure and surprise: But I must be convinced that you are of some sort of use, before I acknowledge that you have any real merit, or treat you with that respect which you seem to demand.

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CXIV. *The BEGGAR and the DOG.*

A Beggar and his Dog sat at the gate of a noble courtier, and were preparing to make a meal on a bowl of fragments from the kitchen-maid. A proper dependent of his lordship's, who had been sharing a singular favour of a dinner at the steward's table, was struck with their appearance, and stopped a little to observe them. The Beggar, hungry and voracious as any courtier in Christendom, seized with greediness the choicest morsels, and swallowed them himself; the rest was divided into portions for his children. A scrag was thrust into one pocket for honest Jack, a crust into another for bashful Tom, and a luncheon of cheese wrapt up with care for the little favourite of his hopeful family. In short, if any thing was thrown to the Dog, it was a bone so closely picked, that it scarce afforded a pittance to keep life and soul together. How exactly alike, said the dependent, is this poor Dog's case and mine! He is watching for a dinner from his master who cannot spare it; I for a place from a needy Lord, whose wants perhaps are greater than my own, and whose relations more clamorous than any of this Beggar's brats. Shrewdly was it said, by an ingenious writer, a Courtier's Dependent is a Beggar's Dog.

CXV. *The*

CXV. *The MONSTER in the SUN.*

**A**N Astronomer was observing the Sun through a telescope, in order to take an exact draught of the several spots which appear upon the face of it. While he was intent upon his observations, he was on a sudden surprized with a new and astonishing appearance; a large portion of the surface of the Sun was at once covered by a Monster of enormous size, and horrible form; it had an immense pair of wings, a great number of legs, and a long and vast proboscis; and that it was alive, was very apparent, from his quick and violent motions, which the observer could, from time to time, plainly perceive. Being sure of the fact, (for how could he be mistaken in what he saw so clearly?) our Philosopher began to draw many surprising conclusions from premises so well established. He calculated the magnitude of this extraordinary animal; and found that he covered about two square degrees of the Sun's surface; that placed upon the earth he would spread over half of one hemisphere of it; and that he was seven or eight times as big as the moon. But what was most astonishing, was the prodigious heat that he must endure: It was plain that he was something of the nature of the salamander, but of a far more fiery temperament; for it was demonstrable from the clearest principles, that in his present situation he must have acquired a degree of heat two thousand times exceeding that of red hot iron. It was a problem worth considering, whether he subsisted upon the gross vapours of the Sun, and so from time to time cleared away those spots which they are perpetually forming, and which would otherwise wholly obscure and incrustate its face; or whether it might not feed on the solid substance of the orb itself, which by this means, together with the constant expence of light, must soon be exhausted and consumed; or whether he was not now and then supplied by the falling of some eccentric comet into the Sun. However this might

might be, he found by computation that the earth would be but short allowance for him for a few months: And farther, it was no improbable conjecture, that, as the earth was destined to be destroyed by fire, this fiery flying monster would remove hither at the appointed time, and might much more easily and conveniently effect a conflagration than any comet, hitherto provided for that service.

In the earnest pursuit of these, and many the like deep and curious speculations, the astronomer was engaged, and was preparing to communicate them to the public. In the mean time, the discovery began to be much talked of; and all the virtuosi gathered together to see so strange a sight. They were equally convinced of the accuracy of the observations, and of the conclusions so clearly deduced from it. At last, one more cautious than the rest, was resolved, before he gave a full assent to the report of his senses, to examine the whole process of the affair, and all the parts of the instrument: He opened the telescope, and behold! a small fly was inclosed in it, which having settled on the center of the object-glass, had given occasion to all this marvellous theory.

How often do men, through prejudice and passion, through envy and malice, fix upon the brightest and most exalted characters, the grossest and most improbable imputations! It behoves us upon such occasions to be upon our guard, and to suspend our judgments; the fault perhaps is not in the object, but in the mind of the observer.

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CXVI. *The ELM TREE and the VINE.*

**A**N extravagant young Vine, vainly ambitious of independency, and fond of rambling at large, despised the alliance of a stately Elm that grew near, and courted her embraces. Having risen to some small height without any kind of support, she shot forth



forth her flimsy branches to a very uncommon and superfluous length; calling on her neighbour to take notice how little she wanted his assistance. Poor infatuated shrub, replied the Elm, how inconsistent is thy conduct! Wouldst thou be truly independent, thou shouldst carefully apply those juices to the enlargement of thy stem, which thou lavishest in vain upon unnecessary foliage. I shortly shall behold thee groveling on the ground; yet countenanced, indeed, by many of the human race, who intoxicated with vanity, have despised œconomy; and who, to support for a moment their empty boast of independence, have exhausted the very source of it in frivolous expences.

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cxvii. *The TOAD and the EPHEMERON.*

**A**S some workmen were digging marble in a mountain of Scythia, they discerned a Toad of an enormous size in the midst of a solid rock. They were very much surprized at so uncommon an appearance, and the more they considered the circumstances of it, the more their wonder increased. It was hard to conceive by what means this creature had preserved life and nourishment in so narrow a prison; and still more difficult to account for his birth and existence in a place so totally inaccessible to all of his species. They could conclude no other, than that he was formed together with the rock in which he had been bred, and was coeval with the mountain itself. While they were pursuing these speculations, the Toad sat swelling and bloating, till he was ready to burst with pride and self-importance; to which at last he thus gave vent:—Yes, says he, you behold in me a specimen of the antedeluvian race of animals. I was begotten before the flood; and who is there among the upstart race of mortals, that shall dare to contend with me in nobility of birth or dignity of character? An Ephemeron, sprung that morning from the river

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Hypanis, as he was flying about from place to place, chanced to be present, and observed all that passed with great attention and curiosity. Vain boaster, says he, what foundation hast thou for pride, either in thy descent, merely because it is ancient,—or thy life because it has been long? What good qualities hast thou received from thy ancestors? Insignificant even to thyself, as well as useless to others, thou art almost as insensible as the block in which thou wast bred. Even I, that had my birth only from the scum of the neighbouring river, at the rising of this day's sun, and who shall die at its setting, have more reason to applaud my condition, than thou hast to be proud of thine. I have enjoyed the warmth of the sun, the light of the day, and the purity of the air: I have flown from stream to stream, from tree to tree, and from the plain to the mountain: I have provided for posterity, and shall leave behind me a numerous offspring to people the next age of to-morrow: In short, I have fulfilled all the ends of my being, and I have been happy. My whole life, it is true, is but of twelve hours; but even one hour of it is to be preferred to a thousand years of mere existence; or that have been spent, like thine, in sloth, ignorance, and stupidity.

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CXVIII. *The Boy and the BUTTERFLY.*

A Boy, greatly smitten with the colours of a Butterfly, pursued it from flower to flower with indefatigable pains. First, he aimed to surprise it among the leaves of a rose; then to cover it with his hat, as it was feeding on a daisy; now hoped to secure it as it rested on a sprig of myrtle; and now grew sure of his prize, perceiving it loiter on a bed of violets. But the fickle Fly, continually changing one blossom for another, still eluded his attempts. At length, observing it half-buried in the cup of a tulip, he

he rushed forward, and snatching it with violence, crushed it all to pieces. The dying insect, seeing the poor boy somewhat chagrined at his disappointment, addressed him with all the calmness of a Stoic, in the following manner:—Behold now the end of thy unprofitable solicitude! And learn, for the benefit of thy future life, that all Pleasure is but a painted Butterfly; which, although it may serve to amuse thee in the pursuit, if embraced with too much ardour, will perish in thy grasp.

CXIX. *The ECLIPSE.*

ONE day when the Moon was under an Eclipse, she complained thus to the Sun of the discontinuance of his favours. My dearest friend, said she, why do not you shine upon me as you used to do? Do I not shine upon thee? said the Sun; I am very sure that I intend it. O no, replies the Moon, but I now perceive the reason: I see that dirty planet, the Earth, is got between us.

The good influences of the Great would perhaps be more diffusive, were it not for their mischievous Dependents, who are so frequently suffered to interpose.

CXX. *The TULIP and the ROSE.*

A Tulip and a Rose happened to be near neighbours in the same garden. They were both extremely beautiful; yet the Rose engaged considerably more than an equal share of the Gardener's attention. Enamoured, as in truth he was, of the delicious odour it diffused; he appeared, in the eye of the Tulip, to be always kissing and caressing it. The Tulip, vain of its external charms, and unable to bear the thought of being forsaken for another, remonstrated in these words against the Gardener's partiality: Why are my beauties

beauties thus neglected? Are not my colours more bright, more various, and more inviting, than any which that red faced thing has to display? Why then is she to engross your whole affection, and thus for ever to be preferred? Be not dissatisfied, my fair Tulip, said the Gardener; I acknowledge thy beauties, and admire them as they deserve. But there are found in my favourite Rose such attractive odours, such internal charms, that I enjoy a banquet in their fragrance, which no mere beauty can pretend to furnish.

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CXXI. *The SENSITIVE PLANT and the PALM-TREE.*

**T**HE Sensitive Plant being brought out of the green-house on a fine summer's day, and placed in a beautiful grove adorned with the finest forest trees and most curious plants, began to give himself great airs, and to treat all that were about him with much petulance and disdain. Lord! says he, how could the Gardener think of setting me among a parcel of trees; gross, inanimate things, mere vegetables, and perfect stocks! Sure he does not take me for a common plant, when he knows that I have the sense of feeling in a more exquisite degree than he has himself. It really shocks me to see into what wretched low company he has introduced me: It is more than the delicacy of my constitution, and the extreme tenderness of my nerves can bear. Pray, Mr Acacia, stand a little farther off, and do not presume quite so much upon your idle pretence of being my cousin. Good Mr Citron, keep your distance, I beseech you; your strong scent quite overpowers me. Friend Palm-tree, your offensive shade is really more than I am able to support. The lofty Palm-tree, though little moved by so unmannerly an attack, condescended to rebuke the impertinent creature in the following manner. Thou vegetable fribble! learn to know thyself, and

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thy



thy own worthlessness and insignificancy. Thou va-  
luest thyself on a vicious softness, a false delicacy, the  
very defect and imbecility of thy nature. What art  
thou good for, that shrinkest at the touch, and droop-  
est at a breath of air; feeble and barren, a perpetual  
torment to thyself, and wholly useless to others.  
Whereas we, whom thou treatest with such disdain,  
make a grateful return to man for his care of us:  
Some of us yield him fruit; others are serviceable to  
him by their strength and firmness; we shade him  
from the heat of the sun, and we defend him from the  
violence of the winds. I am particularly distinguish-  
ed for my hardness and perseverance, my steadiness  
and constancy: And on account of those very qua-  
lities which thou wantest and affectest to despise, I  
have the honour to be made the emblem of conquest,  
and the reward of the conqueror.

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CXXII. *The LAURUSTINUS and the ROSE TREE.*

**I**N the quarters of a shrubbery, where deciduous  
plants and evergreens were intermingled with an  
air of negligence, it happened that a Rose grew not  
far from a Laurustinus. The Rose, enlivened by the  
breath of June, and attired in all its gorgeous blos-  
soms, looked with much contempt on the Laurustinus,  
who had nothing to display but the dusky verdure of  
its leaves. What a wretched neighbourhood, cried  
she, is this! and how unworthy to partake the ho-  
nour of my company! Better to bloom and die in the  
desart, than to associate myself here with such low and  
dirty vegetables. And is this my lot at last, whom  
every nation has agreed to honour, and every Poet  
conspired to reverence, as the undoubted sovereign of  
the field and garden? If I am really so, let my sub-  
jects at least keep their distance, and let a circle re-  
main vacant round me, suitable to the state my rank  
requires. Here, Gardener, bring thy hatchet; prithee  
cut

cut down this Laurustinus; or at least remove it to its proper sphere. Be pacified, my lovely Rose, replied the Gardener; enjoy thy sovereignty with moderation, and thou shalt receive all the homage which thy beauty can require. But remember that in winter, when neither thou nor any of thy tribe produce one flower or leaf to cheer me, this faithful shrub, which thou despisest, will become the glory of my garden. Prudence therefore, as well as gratitude, is concerned, in the protection of a friend that will shew his friendship in adversity.

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CXXIII. *The HERMIT.*

A Certain Hermit had scooped his cave near the summit of a lofty mountain, from whence he had the opportunity of surveying a large extent both of sea and land. He sat one evening contemplating with pleasure on the various objects that lay diffused before him. The woods were drest in the brightest verdure; the thickets adorned with the gayest blossoms. The birds carolled beneath the branches; the lambs frolicked around the meads; the peasant whistled beside his team; and the ships, driven by gentle gales, were returning safely into their proper harbours. In short, the arrival of Spring had doubly enlivened the whole scene before his eye; and every object yielded a display either of beauty or of happiness.

On a sudden arose a violent storm. The winds mustered all their fury, and whole forests of oak lay scattered on the ground. Darkness instantly succeeded; hailstones and rain were poured forth in cataracts, and lightning and thunder added horror to the gloom. And now the sea, piled up in mountains, bore aloft the largest vessels, while the horrid uproar of its waves drowned the shrieks of the wretched mariners. When the whole tempest had exhausted its fury, it was instantly followed by the shock of an earthquake.

The poor inhabitants of the neighbouring villages flocked in crouds to our Hermit's cave; fully convinced, that his well-known sanctity would be able to protect them in their distress. They were, however, not a little surprized at the profound tranquillity that appeared in his countenance. "My friends, said he, be not dismayed. Terrible to me, as well as to you, would have been the war of elements we have just beheld; but that I have meditated with so much attention on the various works of Providence, as to be persuaded that his Goodness is equal to his Power."

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CXXIV. *The FARMER and his THREE ENEMIES.*

A Wolf, a Fox, and a Hare, happened one evening to be foraging in different parts of a Farmer's yard. Their first effort was pretty successful, and they returned in safety to their several quarters: However, not so happy as to be unperceived by the Farmer's watchful eye; who, placing several kinds of snares, made each of them his prisoner in the next attempt. He first took the Hare to task, who confessed she had eaten a few turnip tops, merely to satisfy her hunger; besought him piteously to spare her life, and promised never to enter his grounds again. He then accosted the Fox; who, in a fawning, obsequious tone, protested that he came into his premises through no other motive than pure good-will, to restrain the Hares and other vermin from the plunder of his corn; and that, whatever evil tongues might say, he had too great a regard both for him and for justice, to be in the least capable of any dishonest action. He last of all examined the Wolf, what business brought him within the purlieus of a Farmer's yard. The Wolf very impudently declared, it was with a view of destroying his lambs, to which he had an undoubted right: That the Farmer himself was the only felon, who robbed the community of Wolves of what was meant

meant to be their proper food. That this, at least, was his opinion ; and whatever fate attended him, he should not scruple to risque his life in the pursuit of his lawful prey.

The Farmer having heard their pleas, determined the cause in the following manner : The Hare, said he, deserves compassion, for the penitence he shews, and the humble confession he has made : As for the Fox and Wolf, let them be hanged together ; their crimes themselves alike deserve it, and are equally heightened by the aggravations of hypocrisy and of impudence.

CXXV. *The STARS and the SKY-ROCKET.*

**A**S a Rocket, on a rejoicing night, ascended through the air, and observed the stream of light that distinguished his passage, he could not forbear exulting in his elevation, and calling upon the stars to do him reverence. Behold, said he, what gazing multitudes admire the lustre of my train, whilst all your feeble sparks of light pass unobserved, or disregarded ! The Stars heard his empty boast with silent indignation : The Dog-star only vouchsafed to answer him. How erroneous, said he, are their conclusions who listen to the voice of popular applause ! It is true, the novelty of thy appearance may procure to thee more admiration than is allotted to our daily course, although indeed a lasting miracle. But do not estimate thy importance by the capricious fancy of misguided men. Know thyself to be the useless pageant, the frail production of a mortal hand. Even while I speak, thy blaze is extinguished, and thou art sunk into oblivion. We, on the other hand, were lighted up by Heaven for the advantage of mankind, and our glory shall endure for ever.



CXXVI. *The TWO TROUTS and the GUDGEON.*

**A** Fisherman in the month of May, stood angling on the banks of Thames, with an artificial fly. He threw his bait with so much art, that a young Trout was rushing towards it, when she was prevented by her mother. Never, said she, my child, be too precipitate, where there is a possibility of danger. Take due time to consider, before you risk an action that may be fatal. How know you whether yon appearance be indeed a fly, or the snare of an enemy? Let some one else make the experiment before you. If it be a fly, he very probably will elude the first attack; and then the second may be made, if not with success, at least with safety. She had no sooner uttered this caution, than a Gudgeon seized upon the pretended fly, and became an example to the giddy daughter, of the great importance of her mother's counsel.

CXXVII. *The TENTYRITES and the ICHNEUMON.*

**A** Crocodile of prodigious size, and uncommon fierceness, infested the banks of the Nile, and spread desolation through all the neighbouring country. He seized the shepherd together with the sheep, and devoured the herdsmen as well as the cattle. Emboldened by success, and the terror which prevailed wherever he appeared, he ventured to carry his incursions even into the island of Tentyra, and to brave the people who boast themselves the only tapers of his race. The Tentyrites themselves were struck with horror, at the appearance of a monster so much more terrible than they had ever seen before: Even the boldest of them dared not to attack him openly; and the most experienced long endeavoured with all their art and address to surprize him but in vain. As they were consulting together, what they should do in  
these

these circumstances, an Ichneumon stepped forth, and thus addressed them. I perceive your distress, neighbours : And though I cannot assist you in the present difficulty, yet give me leave to offer you some advice that may be of use to you for the future. A little prudence is worth all your art and your courage : It may be glorious to overcome a great evil, but the wisest way is to prevent it. You despise the Crocodile while he is small and weak ; and do not sufficiently consider, that as he is a long-lived animal, so it is his peculiar property to grow as long as he lives. You see I am a poor, little, feeble, creature ; yet am I much more terrible to the Crocodile, and more useful to the country, than you are. I attack him in the egg ; and while you are contriving for months together, how to get the better of one Crocodile, and all to no purpose, I effectually destroy fifty of them in a day.

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CXXVIII. *The DOVE.*

A Dove that had a mate and young ones, happening to spy her cage door open, was driven by a sudden impulse to fly out into an adjacent grove. There, perched upon the bough of a sycamore, she sat as it were wrapt in deep contemplation ; not recovering from her reverie, until the owner drew nigh unseen, and brought her back to her little family.

Art thou not ashamed then, says her mate, thus to desert thy helpless offspring ? Art thou not base to abandon me, for the company of birds to whom thou art a stranger ? Could I have harboured such a thought ? I, who have been ever constant to our first engagement ? and must have died of mere despair, hadst thou not returned to my embraces ? But how, alas, returned ! Not, as it seems, by choice ; but ensnared by dint of artifice, and brought hither by constraint.

Have

Have patience, replied the rambler, and hear the plea of thy repentant mate. Witness, all ye powers of wedlock, ye that know what passes in the hearts of doves, if ever, before this unhappy moment, I happened to decide amiss! When removed to yonder wood, the air of liberty breathed so sweet, that, with horror I speak it, I felt a suspense about returning to the cage. Pardon, I pray thee, this one crime, and be well assured I will relapse no more. And that thou mayst be the more induced to pardon it, know that the love of liberty burns ever the strongest in bosoms that are most prone to conjugal affection and the love of young.

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CXXIX. *The FIGHTING COCKS and the TURKEY.*

**T**WO Cocks of the genuine game breed met by chance upon the confines of their respective walks. To such great and heroic souls, the smallest matter imaginable affords occasion for dispute. They approach each other with pride and indignation; they look defiance; they crow a challenge; and immediately commence a long and bloody battle. It was fought on both sides with so much courage and dexterity,—they gave and they received such deep and desperate wounds; that they both lay down upon the turf utterly spent, blinded, and disabled. While this was their situation, a Turkey that had been a spectator of all that passed between them, drew near to the field of battle, and reproved them in this manner. “How foolish and absurd has been your quarrel, my good neighbours! A more ridiculous one could scarce have happened, among the most contentious of all creatures, men. Because you have crowed perhaps in each other’s hearing, or that one of you has picked up a grain of corn upon the territories of his rival, you have both rendered yourselves miserable for the remainder of your days.

CXXX. *The*

CXXX. *The NIGHTINGALE and the BULLFINCH.*

A Nightingale and a Bullfinch occupied two cages in the same apartment. The Nightingale perpetually varied her song, and every effort she made afforded fresh entertainment. The Bullfinch always whistled the same dull tune that he had learnt, till all the family grew weary of the disgustful repetition. What is the reason, said the Bullfinch one day to his neighbour, that your songs are always heard with peculiar attention, while mine, I observe, are almost as wholly disregarded? The reason, replied the Nightingale, is obvious; your audience are sufficiently acquainted with every note you have been taught, and they know your natural abilities too well, to expect any thing new from that quarter. How then can you suppose they will listen to a songster, from whom nothing native or original is to be expected?

CXXXI. *The TOAD and the GOLD-FISH.*

AS a Gold-Fish, newly brought from the warm regions of the East, displayed his beauties in the sun; a toad, who had long eyed him with no small degree of envy, broke out into this exclamation. How partial and how fantastic is the favour of mankind! Regardless of every excellence that is obvious and familiar; and only struck with what is imported from a distant climate at a large expence! What a pompous bason is here constructed, and what extreme fondness is here shewn, for this insignificant stranger! when a quadruped of my importance is neglected, shunned, and even persecuted. Surely were I to appear in China, I should receive the same, or perhaps greater honours than are lavished here upon this tinsel favourite.

The



The Gold-Fish, conscious of his real beauty, and somewhat angry to be thus insulted by so very unsightly and deformed a creature, made this rational reply. It must be confessed, that the opinions of men are sometimes guided by the caprice you mention. Yet, as for me and the rest of my tribe, it is well known, that if we are admired in England, we are not less admired at home: Being there esteemed by the greatest mandarins, fed by state officers, and lodged in basons, as superb as any your nation has to boast. Perhaps then, notwithstanding your sage remark, there are some virtues and some qualities that please or disgust almost universally; and as innocence joined to beauty seldom fails to procure esteem, so malice added to deformity will cause as general a detestation.

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CXXXII. *The SNAIL and the STATUE.*

A Statue of the Medicean Venus was erected in a grove sacred to beauty and the fine arts. Its modest attitude, its elegant proportions, assisted by the situation in which it was placed, attracted the regard of every delicate observer.—A Snail, who had fixed himself beneath the moulding of the pedestal, beheld with an evil eye the admiration it excited. Wherefore, watching his opportunity, he strove, by trailing his filthy slime over every limb and feature, to obliterate those beauties which he could not endure to hear so much applauded. An honest Linnet however, who observed him at his dirty work, took the freedom to assure him that he would infallibly lose his labour: For although, said he, to an injudicious eye, thou mayst fully the perfections of this finished piece, yet a more accurate and close inspector will admire its beauty through all the blemishes with which thou hast endeavoured to disguise it.

CXXXIII. *The*

CXXXIII. *The BEE and the SPIDER.*

ON the leaves and flowers of the same shrub, a Spider and Bee pursued their several occupations; the one covering her thighs with honey; the other distending his bag with poison. The Spider, as he glanced his eye obliquely at the Bee, was ruminating with spleen on the superiority of her productions. And how happens it, said he, in a peevish tone, that I am able to collect nothing but poison from the self-same plant that supplies thee with honey? My pains and industry are not less than thine; in those respects, we are each indefatigable. It proceeds only, replied the Bee, from our opposite tempers and constitution. The benevolence and sweetness of my disposition gives a similar flavour to every thing I touch; whereas thy malignity turns even that to poison, which by a different process had been the purest honey.

CXXXIV. *The WOLF and the SHEPHERD'S DOG.*

A Wolf, ranging over the forest, came within the borders of a sheep-walk; when meeting with the Shepherd's Dog, that with a surly sort of growl demanded his business there, he thought proper to put on as innocent an appearance as he could, and protested upon his honour that he meant not the least offence. I am afraid, said the Dog, the pledge of your honour is but a poor deposit for your honesty; you must not take it amiss, if I object to the security. No slur upon my reputation, replied the Wolf, I beg of you. My sense of honour is as delicate, as my great achievements are renowned. I would not leave a stain upon my memory for the world. The fame of what are commonly called great achievements is very precious, to be sure, returned the Dog; almost equal to the character of an excellent butcher, a gal-  
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lant highwayman, or an expert assassin. While the Dog was yet speaking, a lamb happened to be within reach of our hero. The temptation was stronger than he was able to resist; he sprung upon his prey, and was scouring hastily away with it. However, the Dog seized, and held him till the arrival of the Shepherd, who took measures for his execution. Just as he was going to dispatch him; I observe, says the Dog, that one of your noble achievements is the destruction of the innocent. You are welcome to the renown, as you are also to the reward of it. As for me, I shall prefer the credit of having honestly defended my master's property, to any fame you have acquired by thus heroically invading it.

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CXXXV. *The KING-FISHER and the SPARROW.*

**A**S a King-fisher was sitting beneath the shade, upon the banks of a river, she was surprised on a sudden by the fluttering of a Sparrow that had eloped from the neighbouring town to visit her. When the first compliments were over,—“How is it possible, said the Sparrow, that a bird so finely adorned can think of spending all her days in the very depth of retirement! The golden plumage of your breast, the shining azure of your pinions, were never given you to be concealed, but to attract the wonder of beholders. Why then should you not endeavour to know the world, and be at the same time yourself both known and admired?” You are very complainant at least, replied the King-fisher, to conclude that my being admired would be the consequence of my being known. But it has sometimes been my lot, in the lonesome valleys that I frequent, to hear the complaint of beauty that has been neglected; and of worth that has been despised. Possibly it does not always happen, that even superior excellence is found to excite admiration, or to obtain encouragement.

ment. I have learned besides, not to build my happiness upon the opinion of others; so much as upon my own conviction, and the approbation of my own heart. Remember, I am a King-fisher; these woods and streams are my delight; and so long as they are free from winds and tempests, believe me, I am perfectly content with my situation. Why therefore should I court the noise and bustle of the world, which I find so little agreeable to my native disposition? It may be the joy of a Sparrow to indulge his curiosity, and to display his eloquence. I, for my part, love silence, privacy, and contemplation; and think that every one should consult the native bias of his temper, before he chuses the way of life in which he expects to meet with happiness.

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CXXXVI. *The TRAVELLERS and the MONEY-BAG.*

**A**S two Men were travelling on the road, one of them espied a Bag of Money lying on the ground, and picking it up, I am in luck, said he, I have found a Bag of Money. Yes, replied the other; though, methinks, you should not say *I*, but *We* have found it; for when two friends are travelling together, they ought equally to share in any accidental good fortune that may happen to attend them. No, replied the former, it was I that found it, and I must insist upon keeping it. He had no sooner spoken the words, than they were alarmed with a hue and cry after a thief, who had that morning taken a purse upon the road. Lord, says the finder, this is extremely unfortunate, we shall certainly be seized. Good Sir, replied the other, be pleased not to say *We*, but *I*: As you would not allow me to share in the prize, you have no right to make me a partner in the punishment.

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CXXXVII. *The*



CXXXVII. JUPITER *and the* HERDSMAN.

**A** Herdsman missed a young Heifer out of his grounds, and, after having diligently sought for it in vain, when he could by no other means gain intelligence of it, betook himself at last to his prayers. Great Jupiter, said he, shew me but the villain who has done me this injury, and I will give thee in sacrifice the finest kid from my flock. He had no sooner uttered his petition, than turning the corner of a wood, he was struck with the sight of a monstrous Lion, preying on the carcase of his Heifer. Trembling and pale, O Jupiter, cried he, I offered thee a Kid if thou wouldst grant my petition: I now offer thee a Bull, if thou wilt deliver me from the consequence of it.

CXXXVIII. *The* HARE *and the* TORTOISE.

**A** Hare and a Tortoise agreed to run a race of five miles, and the Fox was to determine it: But the Hare, by her exceeding swiftness, so vastly outran the Tortoise, that she made such a jest of it, as to take a nap in a tuft of fern that grew by the way, thinking, that if the Tortoise went by, she could easily overtake her: At last the Tortoise came jogging in, with a slow, but continued motion; and the Hare oversleeping herself, the other arrived at the end of the race first.——Industry and application to business make amends for the want of a quick and ready wit: Hence, the victory is not always to the strong, nor the race to the swift. We often see men of wit and fire, as they are called, mere sots, slovens, and lazy fellows: They are generally proud and conceited, and in the main not so fit for conversation or business. The man who would gain the esteem of others, and make his own fortune, must pursue his course without loitering.

CXXXIX. *The*

CXXXIX. *The Horse and the Ass.*

A Horse adorned with warlike accoutrements, came thundering and neighing along the way, where he overtook an Ass with a heavy burthen, moving slowly on; he immediately in a haughty, imperious tone, threatened to trample him in the dirt, if he did not break the way for him: The poor Ass quietly got out of his way, and let him pass by. Soon after the Horse, in an engagement with the enemy, lost one of his eyes, which rendering him unfit for shew, or any military business, he was stripped of his ornaments, and sold to a Carrier: The Ass meeting him in this forlorn condition, Hey, Friend, says he, is it you? Well, I always thought that Pride of yours would one day have a fall.—Pride is a most unaccountable vice; many are led into it by motives, which, did they rightly consider, would make them abhor it. Whoever thinks well of himself, desires others should do so too: It is an affectation of appearing considerable, that makes men proud and insolent; and their being so, infallibly renders them little and inconsiderable.

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CXL. PROMETHEUS.

PROMETHEUS formed Man of the finest clay, and animated his work with all the faculties that are to be found amongst the animal creation: He gave him the courage of the lion, the subtilty of the fox, the providence of the ant, and the industry of the bee; and he enabled him, by the superiority of his understanding, to subdue them all, and to make them subservient to his use and pleasure. He discovered to him the metals hidden in the bowels of the earth, and shewed him their several uses. He instructed him in every thing that might tend to cultivate and civilize human life: He taught him to till the ground, and to

improve the fertility of nature; to build houses, to cover himself with garments, and to defend himself against the inclemencies of the air and seasons; to compound medicines of salutary herbs, to heal wounds and to cure diseases; to construct ships, to cross the seas, and to communicate to every country the riches of all. In a word, he endued him with sense and memory, with sagacity and invention, with art and science; and to crown all, he gave him an insight into futurity. But, alas! this latter gift, instead of improving, wholly destroyed the proper effect of all the former. Furnished with all the means and instruments of happiness, Man nevertheless was miserable; through the knowledge and dread of future evil, he was incapable of enjoying present good. Prometheus saw, and immediately resolved to remedy this inconvenience: He effectually restored Man to a capacity of happiness, by depriving him of prescience, and giving him Hope in its stead.

CXLI. *The Boy and the NETTLE.*

A Little Boy, playing in the fields, chanced to be stung by a Nettle, and came crying to his father: He told him, he had been hurt by that nasty weed several times before; that he was always afraid of it; and that now he did but just touch it, as lightly as possible, when he was so severely stung. Child, says he, your touching it so gently and timorously is the very reason of its hurting you. A Nettle may be handled safely, if you do it with courage and resolution: If you seize it boldly, and grip it fast, depend upon it, it will never sting you: And you will meet with many sorts of persons, as well as things in the world, which ought to be treated in the very same manner.

CXLII. *The*

CXLII. JUPITER'S LOTTERY.

**J**UPITER, in order to please mankind, directed Mercury to give notice that he had established a Lottery, in which there were no Blanks; and amongst a variety of other valuable chances, Wisdom was the highest prize. It was Jupiter's command, that in this Lottery some of the Gods should also become Adventurers. The Tickets being disposed of, and the wheels placed, Mercury was employed to preside at the drawing. It happened that the best prize fell to Minerva: Upon which a general murmur ran through the assembly, and hints were thrown out that Jupiter had used some unfair practices to secure this desirable lot to his daughter. Jupiter, that he might at once both punish and silence these impious clamours of the human race, presented them with Folly in the place of Wisdom; with which they went away perfectly well satisfied: And from that time, the greatest Fools have always looked upon themselves as the wisest Men.

CXLIII. *The Ass in the LION'S SKIN.*

**A**N Ass put on the Skin of a Lion, and going into the woods and pastures, he put the flocks and herds into a sad consternation: At last, meeting his owner, he would have frightened him also; but presently knowing him by his long ears, he with a good cudgel made him sensible he was still an Ass, though dressed in a Lion's Skin.—All affectation tends to expose and make man ridiculous. To assume any character, to which the person is not equal, is extreme folly; therefore, he who puts on a shew of Learning, of Religion, of any Virtue or Knowledge, to which he has no claim, is, and ever will be esteemed, *An Ass in a Lion's Skin.*



CXLIV. *The MUSHROOM and the ACORN.*

**A**N Acorn fell from the top of an old venerable Oak, full on the head of a Mushroom that unhappily sprung up beneath it. Wounded by the blow, the Mushroom complained of the incivility. Impertinent upstart, replied the Acorn, why didst thou, with familiar boldness, approach so near to thy superiors? Shall the wretched offspring of a dunghill presume to raise its head upon a spot ennobled by my ancestor for so many generations? I do not mean, returned the Mushroom, to dispute the honour of thy birth, or to put my own in competition with it. On the contrary, I must acknowledge that I hardly know from whence I sprung: But sure it is merit, and not mere ancestry, that obtains the regard of those, whose approbation is truly valuable. I have little perhaps to boast, but surely thou who hast thus insulted me, canst have no pretence to any. I please the palates of mankind, and give a poignant flavour to their most elegant entertainments; while thou, with all thy boasted ancestry, art only fit to fatten hogs upon.

CXLV. *The THIEF and the DOG.*

**A** Thief attempting to rob a house, was disturbed by the barking of a vigilant Dog; the Thief thought to stop his mouth with a piece of bread, but the Dog with indignation refused it, telling him, that as he was entrusted with the care of his master's house, he would not cease barking while such a rogue was lurking about it — It is a known maxim to suspect an enemy the more for his endeavouring to convince us of his friendship or benevolence; and we ought to be upon our watch against indifferent people, when they are uncommonly forward in their civility and kindness.

CXLVI. *The*

CXLVI. *The OWL and the NIGHTINGALE.*

**A** Formal, solemn Owl had many years made his habitation in a grove amongst the ruins of an old monastery, and had pored so often on some mouldy manuscripts, the stupid reliicks of a monkish library, that he grew infected with the pride and pedantry of the place; and mistaking gravity for wisdom, would sit whole days with his eyes half shut, fancying himself profoundly learned. It happened as he sat one evening, half buried in meditation and half in sleep, that a Nightingale, unluckily perching near him, began her melodious lays. He started from his reverie, and with a horrid screech interrupted her song:—Begone, cried he, thou impertinent minstrel, nor distract with noisy dissonance my sublime contemplations; and know, vain songster, that harmony consists in truth alone, which is gained by laborious study; and not in languishing notes, fit only to soothe the ear of a love-sick maid. Conceited pedant, returned the Nightingale, whose wisdom lies only in the feathers that muffle up thy unmeaning face; music is a natural and rational entertainment; and, though not adapted to the ears of an Owl, has ever been relished and admired by the best formed minds.

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CXLVII. *The SHEEP-BITER.*

**A** Shepherd had a Dog, on whose fidelity he so much relied, as, in his absence, to commit the care of his flock to his charge; and to encourage the Dog in his duty, he fed him with curds and whey, and other good things: But no sooner was the Shepherd's back turned, than the treacherous Cur fell to devouring the Sheep, instead of guarding and defending them. The Shepherd hearing of this, resolved to hang him; and when the rope was about his neck, says

says the Dog, why are you so cruel to me, your servant, who have only committed one or two crimes, and do not rather execute the Wolf, who is an open, declared enemy? Nay, says the Shepherd, for that very reason you ten times more deserve death; because I knew his enmity, and could have guarded against him,—but you I depended on as a faithful servant, and fed you accordingly, so that your treachery is the more notorious, and your ingratitude the more unpardonable.——No injuries are so bitter and inexcusable as what we receive from those we trusted and confided in as Friends or Servants: An open enemy may overpower and destroy us, but that is no surprize, because we expected it; nor can it give us so much uneasiness, as to be wronged by the falseness of a Friend or Servant.

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CXLVIII. *THE WOODCOCK and the MALLARD.*

**A** Woodcock and a Mallard were feeding together in some marshy ground at the tail of a mill-pond. Lard, says the squeamish Woodcock, in what a voracious and beastly manner do you devour all that comes before you! Neither snail, frog, toad, nor any kind of filth, can escape the fury of your enormous appetite. All alike goes down, without measure and without distinction. What an odious vice is gluttony!

Good lack! replied the Mallard, pray how came you to be my accuser? And whence has your excessive delicacy a right to censure my plain eating? Is it a crime to fill one's belly? Or is it not indeed a virtue rather, to be pleased with the food which Nature offers us? Surely I would sooner be charged with gluttony, than with that finical and sickly appetite, on which you are pleased to ground your superiority of taste. What a silly vice is daintiness!

Thus endeavouring to palliate their respective passions, our Epicures parted with mutual contempt:

The

The Mallard hasting to devour some garbage, which was in reality a bait, immediately gorged a hook through mere greediness and oversight; while the Woodcock, flying through a glade, in order to seek his favourite juices, was entangled in a net, spread across it for that purpose: Falling each of them a sacrifice to their different, but equal, foibles.

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CXLIX. *ÆSOP at PLAY.*

**A**N Athenian finding Æsop at play with some Boys, began to jeer and laugh at him for it; the old Fellow, though a wag himself, not liking to be thus ridiculed, took a bow unstrung, and laying it on the ground, asked the Athenian philosopher, if he could tell what the unstrained bow implies? The Man after racking his brains, and scratching his pate, confessed he did not know. Why, says Æsop, laughing, a bow always bent will soon break; but let it go slack, it will be better for use, when wanted.—The mind of man, in this respect, is like a bow; for if it be always intent on business, it will either break and be good for nothing, or lose that spring and energy which are necessary for one who would appear to advantage.

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CL. *The BROTHER and SISTER.*

**A** Man had two children, a Son and Daughter, the Boy beautiful, but not the Girl: They played one day near the looking-glass, and the Boy viewing himself therein, took notice to the Girl how handsome he was; which she taking as an affront to her, immediately went to her Father to complain of her Brother for looking in the glass, which only belonged to women. The Father, embracing them with much tenderness, told them he should like if they both looked in the glass every day; to the intent, says he to the Boy, that if you think your face handsome, you



you may not disgrace and spoil it by an ill temper and behaviour; and that you, speaking to the Girl, may make up any defects of your person, by the sweetness of your manners and conversation.——This Fable teaches a doctrine worthy of every stage and degree of life, from the child to the old man. Let each of us take a glass and view ourselves. The vain and self-conceited, will find beauties in every feature, and a shape without fault. Be it so, yet to be compleat, he must be careful that the inward man does not disgrace the outward; that ill manners, and a bad behaviour, do not render his person odious and detestable.

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CLI. *The EAGLE, the CAT, and the Sow.*

**A**N Eagle had her nest on the top of an old oak, a Wild-Cat inhabited a hole in the middle, and a Sow with a litter of pigs lived in the hollow part at the bottom; and all three might have long continued a happy neighbourhood, had it not been for the Cat, who was set upon mischief. She crept to the Eagle, and told her, the filthy Sow intended to grub up the tree, in order to come at her young ones. She then visited the Sow, and persuaded her not to go abroad that day, for she overheard the Eagle tell her young ones, that she would soon treat them with a pig; though perhaps she may first take up with a kitten; so I must take care of mine. The Cat, thus seeming under great concern, made such impressions on the Eagle and the Sow, that neither daring to venture abroad, the young ones were all starved, and made prize of by the treacherous Cat and her Kittens.

This shews the ill consequence of giving ear to a double-tongued neighbour; the mischiefs thereby arising are innumerable; many sociable, well-disposed families have been set at variance and enmity by such wicked *Go-betweens*.

CLII. *The*

CLII. *The WANTON CALF.*

**A** Wanton Calf insulted an Ox at the plow. Says he, What a sorry drudge and dull slave are you? Whereas I lead a happy life, go where I please, and can quench my thirst in a sweet brook at pleasure; when you must perish for want of a little dirty water to refresh you. The Ox unmoved, continued his work, and at night was unyoked. Soon after which he saw the Calf led to be sacrificed; oh! says the Ox, "Behold the end of your insolence and arrogance; now whose condition is best, yours or mine."

To insult people in distress, is cruel and extremely imprudent, for as Fortune is very uncertain, we may the next turn of the wheel be thrown down to their condition, and they exalted to ours.

CLIII. *The OLD LION.*

**A**N old Lion, in the struggles of death, was observed by several other beasts, who then thought to avenge themselves; the Boar drove at him with his tusks; the Bull gored him with his horns; and even an Ass came, and threw his heels in the Lion's face: Upon which, the expiring Tyrant said, alas! how grievous is it, to suffer insults from the brave and valiant; but to be despised by an Ass, is the disgrace of nature, and worse than ten thousand deaths!

He that would be revered and respected, must have some sort of merit to deserve it; for few will pay deference and esteem for nothing.

SELECT





S E L E C T

# FABLES in VERSE,

F R O M

GAY, MOORE, and OTHERS.

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FABLES by Mr JOHN GAY.

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I. *The SHEPHERD and the PHILOSOPHER.*

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,  
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain.  
His head was silver'd o'er with age,  
And long experience made him sage;  
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,  
He fed his flock, and pen'd the fold;  
His hours in chearful labour flew,  
Nor envy—nor ambition knew;  
His wisdom and his honest fame,  
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules  
Of moral life were drawn from schools)  
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,  
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.



Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil  
 O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?  
 Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,  
 And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?  
 Has Socrates thy soul refin'd?  
 And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?  
 Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown  
 By various fates on realms unknown,  
 Hast thou through many cities stray'd,  
 Their customs, laws, and manners, weigh'd?

The Shepherd modestly reply'd:  
 I ne'er the paths of learning try'd,  
 Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,  
 To read mankind, their laws and arts;  
 For man is practis'd in disguise,  
 He cheats the most discerning eyes:  
 Who by that search shall wiser grow,  
 When we ourselves can never know?  
 The little knowledge I have gain'd,  
 Was all from simple Nature drain'd;  
 Hence my life's maxims took their rise,  
 Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the Bee  
 Awake my soul to industry.  
 Who can observe the careful Ant,  
 And not provide for future want?  
 My Dog (the trustiest of his kind)  
 With gratitude enflames my mind:  
 I mark his true, his faithful way,  
 And in my service copy Tray.  
 In constancy, and nuptial love,  
 I learn my duty from the Dove.  
 The Hen, who from the chilly air  
 With pious wing protects her care;  
 And ev'ry fowl that flies at large  
 Instructs me in a parent's charge.  
 From Nature too I take my rule,  
 To shun contempt and ridicule.

I never with important air,  
In conversation overbear;  
Can grave and formal pass for wise,  
When men the solemn Owl despise?  
My tongue within my lips I rein,  
For who talks much must talk in vain:  
We from the wordy torrent fly;  
Who listens to the chattering Pye?  
Nor would I with felonious flight  
By stealth invade my neighbour's right;  
Rapacious animals we hate:  
Kites, Hawks, and Wolves deserve their fate.  
Do not we just abhorrence find  
Against the Toad and Serpent kind?  
But envy, calumny, and spite,  
Bear stronger venom in their bite.  
Thus every object of creation  
Can furnish hints to contemplation;  
And from the most minute and mean  
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the Sage replies,  
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise;  
Pride often guides the Author's pen,  
Books as affected are as Men;  
But he who studies Nature's laws,  
From certain Truth, his maxims draws;  
And those, without our Schools, suffice  
To make Men moral, good, and wise.

To his HIGHNESS

WILLIAM, DUKE of CUMBERLAND.

II. *The LION, the TIGER, and the TRAVELLER.*

ACCEPT, young Prince, the moral lay,  
And in these Tales mankind survey;  
With early virtues plant your breast,  
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth,  
Are strangers to the voice of truth;  
Learn to condemn all praise betimes,  
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:  
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown,  
(A virtue never near a throne);  
In courts such freedom must offend,  
There none presumes to be a friend;  
To those of your exalted station  
Each courtier is a dedication;  
Must I too flatter like the rest,  
And turn my morals to a jest?  
The Muse disdains to steal from those  
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.

But shall I hide your real praise,  
Or tell you what a nation says?  
They in your infant bosom trace  
The virtues of your royal race;  
In the fair dawning of your mind  
Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind;  
They see you grieve to hear distress,  
And pant already to redress.  
Go on, the height of good attain,  
Nor let a nation hope in vain:  
For hence we justly may presage  
The virtues of a riper age.  
True courage shall your bosom fire,  
And future actions own your fire.  
Cowards are cruel; but the brave  
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A Tiger, roaming for his prey,  
Sprung on a Trav'ler in the way;  
The prostrate game a Lion spies,  
And on the greedy tyrant flies:  
With mingled roar resounds the wood,  
Their teeth, their claws distil with blood  
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,  
The spotted foe extends his length.  
The Man besought the shaggy lord,  
And on his knees for life implor'd:  
His life the gen'rous hero gave.  
Together walking to his cave,  
The Lion thus bespoke his guest.

What hardy beast shall dare contest  
My matchless strength? You saw the fight,  
And must attend my pow'r and right.  
Forc'd to forego their native home,  
My starving slaves at distance roam.  
Within these woods I reign alone,  
The boundless forest is my own;  
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,  
Have dy'd the regal den with blood;  
These carcases on either hand,  
Those bones that whiten all the land;  
My former deeds and triumphs tell,  
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

True, says the Man, the strength I saw,  
Might well the brutal nation awe;  
But shall a monarch, brave like you,  
Place glory in so false a view?  
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.  
Be lov'd. Let justice bound your might.  
Mean are ambitious heroes boasts  
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts;  
Pirates their power by murders gain,  
Wise kings by love and mercy reign;  
To me your clemency hath shewn  
The virtue worthy of a throne;



Heav'n gives you power above the rest,  
Like Heav'n, to succour the distressed.

The case is plain, the monarch said,  
False glory hath my youth misled;  
For beasts of prey, a servile train,  
Have been the flatt'ers of my reign.  
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,  
Did ever you in courts attend?  
For all my fawning rogues agree,  
That human heroes rule like me.

III. *The SPANIEL and the CAMELEON.*

**A** Spaniel, bred with all the care  
That waits upon a favourite heir,  
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand;  
Indulg'd to disobey command,  
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent;  
He never knew what learning meant;  
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,  
Were sure to win his lady's heart.  
Each little mischief gain'd him praise;  
How pretty were his fawning ways!

The wind was south, the morning fair,  
He ventures forth to take the air;  
He ranges all the meadow round,  
And rolls upon the softest ground;  
When near him a Cameleon seen  
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,  
What, live with clowns, a genius lost!  
To cities and the court repair,  
A fortune cannot fail thee there;  
Preferment shall thy talents crown:  
Believe me, friend, I know the town.

Sir, says the sycophant, like you,  
Of old, politer life I knew;  
Like you, a courtier born and bred,  
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said;

My

My whisper always met success,  
The ladies prais'd me for address;  
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,  
And flatter'd every vice in fashion.  
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,  
At once cut short my prosp'rous days,  
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,  
Transform'd me to this crawling creature;  
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,  
I wander in the sylvan scene.  
For Jove the heart alone regards,  
He punishes what man rewards.  
How diff'rent is thy case with mine!  
With men at least you sup and dine,  
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,  
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

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IV. *The MOTHER, the NURSE, and the FAIRY.*

**G**IVE me a Son! The blessing sent,  
Were ever parents more content?  
How partial are their doating eyes!  
No child is half so fair and wise.

Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,  
The Mother rose, and sought her heir;  
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,  
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast,

Sure some disaster has befall;  
Speak, Nurse; I hope the Boy is well?

Dear Madam, think not me to blame,  
Invisible the Fairy came,  
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,  
And in the place a changeling laid;  
Where are the father's mouth and nose,  
The mother's eyes as black as sloes?  
See here, a shocking aukward creature,  
That speaks a fool in every feature.

The

The woman's blind, the Mother cries,  
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.  
Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer!  
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a pigmy Sprite  
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light,  
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,  
And thus her folly reprimands.

Whence sprung the vain, conceited lie,  
That we the world with fools supply?  
What! give our sprightly race away,  
For the dull, helpless sons of clay?  
Besides, by partial fondness shown,  
Like you, we doat upon our own.  
Where yet was ever found a mother,  
Who'd give her booby for another?  
And should we change with human breed,  
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

v. *The EAGLE and the ASSEMBLY of ANIMALS.*

**A**S Jupiter's all-seeing eye  
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,  
From this small speck of earth were sent  
Murmurs and sounds of discontent;  
For every thing alive complain'd  
That he the hardest life sustain'd.

Jove calls his Eagle. At the word,  
Before him stands the royal bird.  
The bird, obedient, from heaven's height  
Downward directs his rapid flight;  
Then cited every living thing,  
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise  
These murmurs which offend the skies?  
Why this disorder? say the cause,  
For just are Jove's eternal laws:  
Let each his discontent reveal;  
To yon sour Dog I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the Hound replies :  
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies,  
While I with weary step and slow,  
O'er plains, and vales, and mountains go ;  
The morning sees my chace begun,  
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,  
My game is lost or caught in view,  
Beyond my sight the prey's secure :  
The Hound is slow, but always sure ;  
And had I his sagacious scent,  
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art,  
The Fox the Lion's force and heart ;  
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,  
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light ;  
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,  
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd.  
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain,  
The Beasts to skim beneath the main.  
Thus, envious of another's state,  
Each blam'd the partial hand of fate.

The Bird of Heav'n then cry'd aloud,  
Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd,  
The God rejects your idle prayers.  
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,  
Entirely change your name and nature,  
And be the very envy'd creature ?  
What, silent all, and none consent !  
Be happy then, and learn content ;  
Nor imitate the restless mind,  
And proud ambition of mankind.



VI. *The WILD BOAR and the RAM.*

**A** GAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd  
 The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;  
 The patient flock, in silent fright,  
 From far beheld the horrid sight;  
 A savage Boar, who near them stood,  
 Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood.

All cowards should be serv'd like you:  
 See, see, your murd'rer is in view;  
 With purple hands, and reeking knife,  
 He strips the skin yet warm with life:  
 Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,  
 The dying bleat of harmless lambs,  
 Call for revenge. O stupid race!  
 The heart that wants revenge is base.

I grant, an ancient Ram replies,  
 We bear no terror in our eyes;  
 Yet think us not of soul so tame,  
 Which no repeated wrongs inflame,  
 Insensible of every ill,  
 Because we want thy tusks to kill.  
 Know, those who violence pursue  
 Give to themselves the vengeance due;  
 For in these massacres they find  
 The two chief plagues that waste mankind.  
 Our skin supplies the wrangling bar,  
 It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war:  
 And well revenge may rest contented,  
 Since drums and parchment were invented.

VII. *The MISER and PLUTUS.*

**T**HE wind was high,—the window shakes,  
 With sudden start the Miser wakes;  
 Along the silent room he stalks,  
 Looks back, and trembles as he walks;  
 Each lock and every bolt he tries,  
 In every creek and corner pries,

Then

Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,  
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.  
But now with sudden qualms possess'd,  
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;  
By conscience stung, he wildly stares,  
And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,  
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.  
But virtue's fold. Good Gods, what price  
Can recompence the pangs of vice?  
O bane of good! seducing cheat!  
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?  
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,  
And only left the name behind:  
Gold sow'd the world with every ill;  
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill;  
'Twas Gold instructed coward hearts,  
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.  
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?  
Virtue resides on earth no more!  
He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,  
Plutus, his God, before him stood:  
The Miser trembling lock'd his chest,  
The Vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

Whence is this vile, ungrateful rant?  
Each fordid rascal's daily cant:  
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?  
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.  
Because my blessings are abus'd,  
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?  
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made  
A cloak to carry on the trade;  
And power, when lodg'd in their possession,  
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.  
Thus when the villain crams his chest,  
Gold is the canker of the breast:  
'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,  
And every shocking vice beside.

But

But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,  
 It blesses, like the dews of heaven;  
 Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,  
 And wipes the tears from widows eyes.  
 Their crimes on Gold shall Misers lay,  
 Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?  
 Let bravos then, when blood is spilt,  
 Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

VIII. *The LION, the FOX, and the GEESE.*

A Lion, tir'd with state affairs,  
 Quite sick with pomp, and worn with cares,  
 Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)  
 In peace to pass his latter life.  
 It was proclaim'd,—the day was set;  
 Behold the gen'ral council met.  
 The Fox was viceroy nam'd. The crow'd  
 To the new regent humbly bow'd:  
 Wolves, bears, and mighty tygers bend,  
 And strive who most shall condescend.  
 He straight assumes a solemn grace,  
 Collects his wisdom in his face;  
 The crowd admire his wit, his sense,  
 Each word hath weight and consequence;  
 The flatt'rer all his art displays:  
 He who hath power is sure of praise.  
 A fox stept forth before the rest,  
 And thus the servile throng address:  
     How vast his talents, born to rule,  
 And train'd in virtue's honest school!  
 What clemency his temper sways!  
 How uncorrupt are all his ways!  
 Beneath his conduct and command  
 Rapine shall cease to waste the land;  
 His brain hath stratagem and art,  
 Prudence and mercy rule his heart.  
 What blessings must attend the nation,  
 Under this good administration!

He

He said. A Goose, who distant stood,  
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood.  
Whene'er I hear a knave commend,  
He bids me shun his worthy friend.  
What praise! what mighty commendation!  
But 'twas a fox who spoke th' oration.  
Foxes this government may prize,  
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;  
If they enjoy these sweets, 'tis plain,  
We Geese must feel a tyrant reign.  
What havock now shall thin our race,  
When every petty clerk in place,  
To prove his taste, and seem polite,  
Will feed on Geese both noon and night,

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IX. *The LADY and the WASP.*

**W**HAT whispers must the Beauty bear!  
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!  
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,  
Impertinence around her swarms.  
Did not the tender nonsense strike,  
Contempt and scorn might look dislike,  
Forbidding airs might thin the place;  
The slightest flap a fly can chase;  
But who can drive the num'rous breed?  
Chase one, another will succeed.  
Who knows a fool, must know his brother;  
One fop will recommend another;  
And with this plague she's rightly curst,  
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris at her toilette's duty,  
Sat meditating on her beauty,  
She now was pensive, now was gay,  
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,  
A giddy Wasp around her flies,

L

He



He now advances, now retires,  
 Now to her neck and cheek aspires;  
 Her fan in vain defends her charms,  
 Swift he returns, again alarms;  
 For by repulse he bolder grew,  
 Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good God, she cries,  
 Protect me from these teasing flies!  
 Of all the plagues that Heav'n hath sent,  
 A Wasp is most impertinent.

The hov'ring insect thus complain'd:  
 Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd?  
 Can such offence your anger wake?  
 'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.  
 Those cherry lips that breathe perfume,  
 That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,  
 Made me with strong desire pursue  
 The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,  
 Nor murder Wasps, like vulgar flies,  
 For tho' he's free, (to do him right)  
 The creature's civil and polite.

In extasies away he posts,  
 Where'er he came the favour boasts;  
 Brags how her sweetest tea he sips,  
 And shews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew;  
 Sure of success, away they flew:  
 They share the dainties of the day,  
 Round her with music airy play;  
 And now they flutter, now they rest,  
 Now soar again, and skim her breast.  
 Nor were they banish'd, 'till she found  
 That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

x. *The BULL and the MASTIFF.*

**S**E EK you to train your fav'rite boy?  
 Each caution, ev'ry care employ;  
 And 'ere you venture to confide,  
 Let his preceptor's heart be try'd;  
 Weigh well his manners, life, and scope,  
 On these depend thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,  
 A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain.  
 A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,  
 His eye-balls shot indignant fire,  
 He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood,  
 Spurning the ground the monarch stood,  
 And roar'd aloud: Suspend the fight,  
 In a whole skin go sleep to-night;  
 Or tell me, 'ere the battle rage,  
 What wrongs provoke thee to engage?  
 Is it ambition fires thy breast,  
 Or avarice, that ne'er can rest?  
 From these alone unjustly springs  
 The world-destroying wrath of kings.

The surly Mastiff thus returns:  
 Within my bosom glory burns,  
 Like heroes of eternal name,  
 Whom Poets sing, I fight for fame:  
 The butcher's spirit-stirring mind  
 To daily war my youth inclin'd;  
 He train'd me to heroic deed,  
 Taught me to conquer or to bleed.

Curst Dog, the Bull reply'd, no more  
 I wonder at thy thirst of gore;  
 For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,  
 Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,  
 His daily murders in thy view)  
 Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.  
 Take then thy fate. With goring wound,  
 At once he lifts him from the ground,  
 Aloft the sprawling hero flies,  
 Mangled he falls, he howls, and dies.

XI. *The ELEPHANT and the BOOKSELLER.*

**T**HE man who with undaunted toils  
 Sails unknown seas to unknown foils,  
 With various wonders feasts his sight:  
 What stranger wonders does he write!  
 We read, and in description view  
 Creatures which Adam never knew;  
 For, when we risque no contradiction,  
 It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.  
 Those things that startle me or you,  
 I grant are strange, yet may be true.  
 Who doubts that Elephants are found,  
 For science and for sense renown'd;  
 Borri records their strength of parts,  
 Extent of thought, and skill of arts;  
 How they perform the laws decrees,  
 And save the state the hangman's fees;  
 And how by travel understand  
 The language of another land.  
 Let those, who question this report,  
 To Pliny's ancient page resort.  
 How learn'd was that sagacious breed!  
 Who now, like them, the Greek can read?  
 As one of these, in days of yore,  
 Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er,  
 Not like our modern dealers, minding  
 Only the margin's breadth and binding,  
 A book his curious eye detains,  
 Where with exactest care and pains,  
 Were every beast and bird pourtray'd,  
 That e'er the search of man survey'd;  
 Their natures and their powers were writ  
 With all the pride of human wit:  
 The page he with attention spread,  
 And thus remark'd on what he read.  
 Man with strong reason is endow'd,  
 A Beast scarce instinct is allow'd:

But let this author's worth be try'd,  
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.  
Can he discern the different natures,  
And weigh the power of other creatures,  
Who by that partial work hath shown  
He knows so little of his own?  
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!  
Did Man from him first learn to fawn?  
A dog proficient in the trade!  
He the chief flatt'rer nature made?  
Go, Man, the ways of courts discern,  
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.  
How can the fox's theft and plunder  
Provoke his censure, or his wonder?  
From courtiers' tricks, and lawyers' arts,  
The fox might well improve his parts.  
The lion, wolf, and tyger's brood,  
He curses, for their thirst of blood;  
But is not man to man a prey?  
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,  
And saw him turn a page of Greek,  
Thought, what a genius have I found?  
Then thus address'd with bow profound:  
Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen  
Against the senseless sons of men,  
Or write the history of Siam,  
No man is better pay than I am;  
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see  
Something against the Trinity.

When wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,  
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;  
E'en keep your money, and be wise;  
Leave man on man to criticise,  
For that you ne'er can want a pen  
Among the senseless sons of men;  
They unprovok'd will court the fray,  
Envy's a sharper spur than pay;



No author ever spar'd a brother,  
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

---

XII. *The PEACOCK, the TURKEY, and the GOOSE.*

**I**N beauty faults conspicuous grow,  
The smallest speck is seen on snow.  
As near a barn, by hunger led,  
A Peacock with the poultry fed,  
All view'd him with an envious eye,  
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry :  
He, conscious of superior merit,  
Contemns their base, reviling spirit,  
His dignity and state assumes,  
And to the sun displays his plumes,  
Which, like the heaven's o'er-arching skies,  
Are spangled with a thousand eyes ;  
The circling rays and vary'd light  
At once confound their dazzled sight,  
On every tongue detraction burns,  
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

Mark, with what insolence and pride  
The creature takes his haughty stride,  
The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain ?  
Sure never bird was half so vain !  
But were intrinsic merit seen,  
We Turkeys have the whiter skin.

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse,  
And next was heard the hissing Goose.  
What hideous legs ! what filthy claws !  
I scorn to censure little flaws ;  
Then with a horrid squawling throat !  
Even owls are frighted at the note.

True, those are faults, the Peacock cries,  
My scream, my shanks, you may despise ;  
But such blind critics rail in vain.  
What, overlook my radiant train !

Know,

Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)  
 The Turkey or the Goose support,  
 And did you scream with harsher sound,  
 Those faults in you had ne'er been found:  
 To all apparent beauties blind,  
 Each blemish strikes an envious mind.  
 Thus in Assemblies have I seen  
 A nymph of brightest charms and mein,  
 Wake envy in each ugly face;  
 And buzzing scandal fills the place.

XIII. CUPID, HYMEN, and PLUTUS.

**A**S Cupid in Cythera's grove  
 Employ'd the lesser powers of love;  
 Some shape the bow or fit the string,  
 Some give the taper shaft its wing,  
 Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,  
 Or head the darts with temper'd gold.  
 Amidst their toil and various care,  
 Thus Hymen, with assuming air,  
 Address'd the God: Thou purblind chit,  
 Of awkward and ill-judging wit,  
 If matches are no better made,  
 At once I must forswear my trade.  
 You send me such ill-coupled folks,  
 That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes;  
 They squabble for a pin, a feather,  
 And wonder how they came together.  
 The husband's sullen, dogged, shy,  
 The wife grows flippant in reply;  
 He loves command, and due restriction,  
 And she as well likes contradiction;  
 She never slavishly submits,  
 She'll have her will, or have her fits;  
 He this way tugs, she t'other draws,  
 The man grows jealous, and with cause;

No-

Nothing can save him but divorce,  
And here the wife complains of course.

When, says the Boy, had I to do  
With either your affairs or you?  
I never idly spend my darts;  
You trade in mercenary hearts:  
For settlements the lawyer's feed,  
Is my hand witness to the deed?  
If they like cat and dog agree,  
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said: 'Tis true,  
In marriage, gold is all their view;  
They seek not beauty, wit, or sense,  
And love is seldom the pretence.  
All offer incense at my shrine,  
And I alone the bargain sign.  
How can Belinda blame her fate?  
She only ask'd a great estate.  
Doris was rich enough, 'tis true,  
Her Lord must give her title too:  
And every man, or rich or poor,  
A fortune asks, and asks no more.

Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,  
Must still be coupled with its cares.

#### XIV. *The TAME STAG.*

**A**S a young Stag a thicket past,  
The branches held his antlers fast,  
A clown, who saw the captive hung,  
Across the horns his halter flung.

Now, safely hamper'd in the cord,  
He bore the present to his lord:  
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,  
When he was tipt with half-a-crown.  
The Stag was brought before his wife,  
The tender lady begg'd his life.

How

How sleek's the skin, how speck'd like ermine!  
Sure never creature was so charming!

At first within the yard confin'd,  
He flies and hides from all mankind;  
Now bolder grown, with fixt amaze  
And distant awe presumes to gaze,  
Munches the linen on the lines,  
And on a hood or apron dines;  
He steals my little master's bread,  
Follows the servants to be fed;  
Nearer and nearer now he stands,  
To feel the praise of patting hands;  
Examines every fist for meat,  
And tho' repuls'd disdains retreat;  
Attacks again with levell'd horns,  
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,  
When first a red-coat is in sight;  
Behind the door she hides her face,  
Next time at distance eyes the lace;  
She now can all his terrors stand,  
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand:  
She plays familiar in his arms,  
And every soldier hath his charms;  
From tent to tent she spreads her flame,  
For custom conquers fear and shame.

xv. *The MONKEY who had seen the World.*

**A** Monkey, to reform the times,  
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes;  
For men in distant regions roam,  
To bring politer manners home.  
So forth he fares, all toil defies;  
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid,  
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,

There



There sold : (How envy'd was his doom,  
 Made captive in a lady's room !)  
 Proud as a lover of his chains,  
 He day by day her favour gains.  
 Whene'er the duty of the day  
 The toilette calls, with mimic play  
 He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,  
 Like any other gentleman.  
 In visits too his parts and wit,  
 When jests grow dull, were sure to hit.  
 Proud with applause, he thought his mind  
 In every courtly art refin'd,  
 Like Orpheus burnt with public zeal,  
 To civilize the Monkey-weal ;  
 So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,  
 And sought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,  
 Astonish'd at his strut and dress ;  
 Some praise his sleeve, and others glote  
 Upon his rich embroider'd coat,  
 His dapper perriwig commending,  
 With the black tail behind depending ;  
 His powder'd back,—above, below,  
 Like hoary frosts, or fleecy snow ;  
 But all, with envy and desire,  
 His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries,  
 I come to make a nation wise :  
 Weigh your own worth,—support your place,  
 The next in rank to human race.  
 In cities long I pass'd my days,  
 Convers'd with men, and learnt their ways :  
 Their dress, their courtly manners see,  
 Reform your state, and copy me.  
 Seek ye to thrive ? In flatt'ry deal,  
 Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal ;  
 Seem only to regard your friends,  
 But use them for your private ends ;

Stint

Stint not to truth your flow of wit,  
Be prompt to lie, whene'er 'tis fit;  
Bend all your force to spatter merit;  
Scandal is conversation's spirit;  
Boldly to every thing pretend,  
And men your talents shall commend;  
I knew the Great. Observe me right,  
So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws,  
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.

Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,  
Their most obliging friends they bite;  
And fond to copy human ways,  
Practise new mischiefs all their days.  
Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,  
With travel finishes the fool;  
Studious of every coxcomb's airs,  
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;  
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts,  
For vice is fitted to his parts.

---

XVI. *The PHILOSOPHER and the PHEASANTS.*

**T**HE Sage, awak'd at early day,  
Thro' the deep forest took his way;  
Drawn by the music of the groves,  
Along the winding gloom he roves;  
From tree to tree, the warbling throats  
Prolong the sweet alternate notes.  
But where he past he terror threw,  
The song broke short, the warblers flew,  
The thrushes chatter'd with affright,  
And nightingales abhorr'd his sight;  
All animals before him ran  
To shun the hateful sight of man.  
Whence is this dread of every creature?  
Fly they our figure or our nature?

A,

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,  
His ear imperfect accents caught;  
With cautious step he nearer drew,  
By the thick shade conceal'd from view:  
High on the branch a Pheasant stood,  
Around her all her list'ning brood;  
Proud of the blessings of her nest,  
She thus a mother's care exprest:

No dangers here shall circumvent,  
Within the woods enjoy content.  
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust  
Than man,—of animals the worst;  
In him ingratitude you find,  
A vice peculiar to the kind.  
The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd,  
To guard his health and serve his pride,  
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,  
Is in the cruel shambles slain.  
The swarms, who, with industrious skill,  
His hives with wax and honey fill,  
In vain whole summer days employ'd,  
Their stores are sold, the race destroy'd.  
What tribute from the goose is paid!  
Does not her wing all science aid?  
Does it not lovers' hearts explain,  
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?  
What now rewards this gen'ral use?  
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.  
Man then avoid, detest his ways,  
So safety shall prolong your days.  
When services are thus acquitted,  
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

XVII. *The PIN and the NEEDLE.*

**A** Pin, who long had serv'd a beauty,  
 Proficient in the toilette's duty,  
 Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,  
 Or given her knot a smarter air;  
 Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,  
 Now in her manteau's tail disgrac'd;  
 But could she partial Fortune blame,  
 Who saw her lovers serv'd the same?  
 At length from all her honours cast,  
 Through various turns of life she past;  
 Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm,  
 Now kept a beggar's infant warm,  
 Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,  
 Contributes to his yearly groat,  
 Now rais'd again from low approach.  
 She visits in the doctor's coach;  
 Here, there, by various fortune tost,  
 At last in Gresham hall was lost.

Charm'd with the wonders of the show,  
 On every side, above, below,  
 She now of this or that enquires,  
 What least was understood admires;  
 'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,  
 Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray, what's this, and this, dear Sir?  
 A Needle, says th' interpreter.  
 She knew the name. And thus the fool  
 Address'd her as a taylor's tool:

A Needle, with that filthy stone,  
 Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown!  
 You better might employ your parts,  
 And aid the sempstress in her arts.  
 But tell me how the friendship grew  
 Between the poultry flint and you?

Friend, says the Needle, cease to blame;  
 I follow real worth and fame.

M

Know'st



Know'st thou the loadstone's power and art,  
 That virtue virtues can impart?  
 Of all his talents I partake;  
 Who then can such a friend forsake?  
 'Tis I direct the pilot's hand,  
 To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand;  
 By me the distant world is known,  
 And either India is our own.  
 Had I with milliners been bred,  
 What had I been? the guide of thread;  
 And drudg'd as vulgar needles do,  
 Of no more consequence than you.

---

XVIII. *The SHEPHERD's DOG and the WOLF.*

A Wolf, with hunger fierce and bold,  
 Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold;  
 Deep in the wood secure he lay,  
 The thefts of night regal'd the day:  
 In vain the shepherd's wakeful care  
 Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare;  
 In vain the Dog pursu'd his pace,  
 The fleetest robber mock'd the chase.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,  
 By chance his foe's retreat he found.

Let us a while the war suspend,  
 And reason as from friend to friend.

A truce, replies the Wolf? 'Tis done.  
 The Dog the parley thus begun:

How can that strong, intrepid mind  
 Attack a weak, defenceless kind?  
 Those jaws should prey on nobler food,  
 And drink the boar's and lion's blood;  
 Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,  
 Which coward tyrants never felt:  
 How harmless is our fleecy care!  
 Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

Friend,

Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh,  
 Nature design'd us beasts of prey;  
 As such, when hunger finds a treat,  
 'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.  
 If mindful of the bleating weal,  
 Thy bosom burn with real zeal,  
 Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech,  
 To him repeat the moving speech:  
 A Wolf eats sheep but now and then,  
 Ten thousands are devour'd by Men.  
 An open foe may prove a curse,  
 But a pretended friend is worse.

---

XIX. *The PAINTER, who pleased No BODY and  
 EVERY BODY.*

**L**EST men suspect the tale untrue,  
 Keep probability in view.  
 The trav'ler, leaping o'er those bounds,  
 The credit of his book confounds:  
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed,  
 Makes even his real courage doubted.  
 But flattery never seems absurd,  
 The flatter'd always take your word;  
 Impossibilities seem just,  
 They take the strongest praise on trust;  
 Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,  
 Will still come short of self-conceit.  
 So very like a Painter drew,  
 That every eye the picture knew;  
 He hit complexion, feature, air,  
 So just, the life itself was there.  
 No flatt'ry with his colours laid,  
 To bloom restor'd the faded maid;  
 He gave each muscle all its strength,  
 The mouth, the chin, the nose's length;  
 His honest pencil touch'd with truth,  
 And mark'd the date of age and youth.

He lost his friends, his practice fail'd :  
 Truth should not always be reveal'd ;  
 In dusty piles his pictures lay,  
 For no one sent the second pay.

Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,  
 A Venus' and Apollo's face,  
 He plac'd in view ; resolv'd to please,  
 Whoever fate, he drew from these,  
 From these corrected every feature,  
 And spirited each aukward creature.

All things were set ; the hour was come,  
 His pallet ready o'er his thumb,  
 My Lord appear'd, and seated right  
 In proper attitude and light,  
 The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,  
 Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,  
 Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air.  
 Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there  
 Might well a Raphael's hand require,  
 To give them all their native fire ;  
 The features fraught with sense and wit,  
 You'll grant are very hard to hit ;  
 But yet with patience you shall view  
 As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My Lord reply'd,  
 'Till now I thought my mouth was wide ;  
 Besides, my nose is somewhat long,  
 Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young.

Oh pardon me, the artist cry'd,  
 In this we Painters must decide :  
 The piece ev'n common eyes must strike,  
 I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it anew,  
 No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A Lady came,—with borrow'd grace,  
 He from his Venus form'd her face ;  
 Her lover prais'd the painter's art,  
 So like the picture in his heart !

To every age some charm he lent,  
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Thro' all the town his art they prais'd ;  
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.  
Had he the real likeness shown,  
Would any man the picture own?  
But when thus happily he wrought,  
Each found the likeness in his thought.

---

xx. *The LION and the CUB.*

**H**OW fond are men of rule and place,  
Who court it from the mean and base !  
These cannot bear an equal nigh,  
But from superior merit fly ;  
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,  
And lose their hours in ale and smoke ;  
There o'er some petty club preside,  
So poor, so paultry is their pride !  
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,  
In hopes to be supreme in wit.  
If these can read, to these I write,  
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion Cub, of sordid mind,  
Avoided all the Lion kind ;  
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts  
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts ;  
With asses all his time he spent,  
Their club's perpetual president :  
He caught their manners, looks, and airs,  
An ass in every thing, but ears !  
If e'er his highness meant a joke,  
They grinn'd applause before he spoke :  
But at each word what shouts of praise !  
Good Gods ! how natural he brays !

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,  
He seeks his royal fire's retreat ;



Forward, and fond to show his parts,  
His highness brays,—the Lion starts.

Puppy! that curst vociferation  
Betrays thy life and conversation;  
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,  
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe? the Cub replies,  
Our senate always held me wise.  
How weak is pride! returns the fire,  
All fools are vain, when fools admire!  
But know what stupid asses prize,  
Lions and noble beasts despise.

XXI. *The OLD HEN and the COCK.*

**R**ESTRAIN your child: You'll soon believe  
The text which says, we sprung from Eve.

As an old Hen led forth her train,  
And seem'd to peck to shew the grain,  
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,  
And glean'd the spacious yard around.  
A giddy chick, to try her wings,  
On the well's narrow margin springs,  
And prone she drops. The mother's breast  
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met,—her son she knew,  
And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years  
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares;  
I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold,  
I hear with joy your triumphs told;  
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread:  
But let thy ever-wary tread  
Avoid yon well; that fatal place  
Is sure perdition to our race.  
Print this my counsel on thy breast;  
To the just Gods I leave the rest.

He

He thank'd her care ; yet day by day  
His bosom burn'd to disobey ;  
And every time the well he saw,  
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law ;  
Near and more near each day he drew,  
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

Why was this idle charge ? he cries ;  
Let courage female fears despise.  
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,  
And therefore this injunction gave ?  
Or does her harvest store the place,  
A treasure for her younger race ?  
And would she thus my search prevent ?  
I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,  
And pries into the depth profound.  
He stretch'd his neck ; and from below  
With stretching neck advanc'd a foe ;  
With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,  
The foe with ruffled plumes appears ;  
Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew,  
Headlong to meet the war he flew ;  
But when the watry death he found,  
He thus lamented, as he drown'd :

I ne'er had been in this condition,  
But for my mother's prohibition.

---

XXII. *The RAT-CATCHER and CATS.*

**T**HE Rats by night such mischief did,  
Betty was every morning chid :  
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon,  
Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken,  
Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,  
Were all demolish'd and laid waste ;  
She curs'd the cat for want of duty,  
Who left her foes a constant booty.

An

An Engineer, of noted skill,  
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys  
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;  
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,  
And whence the nightly sally's made.

An envious Cat, from place to place,  
Unseen, attends his silent pace;  
She saw, that if his trade went on,  
The purring race must be undone;  
So, secretly removes his baits,  
And every stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,  
And Pufs again the labour foils.

What foe (to frustrate my designs)  
My schemes thus nightly countermines?  
Incens'd, he cries, this very hour  
The wretch shall bleed beneath my power

So said. A pond'rous trap he brought,  
And in the fact poor Pufs was caught.

Smuggler, says he, thou shalt be made  
A victim to our loss of trade.

The captive Cat, with piteous mews,  
For pardon, life, and freedom, sues:  
A sister of the science spare,  
One interest is our common care.

What insolence! the man reply'd,  
Shall Cats with us the game divide?

Were all your interloping band  
Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,  
We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,  
Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!

A Cat, who saw the lifted knife,  
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life.

In every age and clime we see,  
Two of a trade can ne'er agree;  
Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;  
Squire stigmatizes squire for poaching;

Beauties with beauties are in arms,  
And scandal pelts each other's charms;  
Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,  
In hope to make the world their own.  
But let us limit our desires,  
Not war like beauties, kings, and squires;  
For tho' we both one prey pursue,  
There's game enough for us and you.

---

XXIII. *The GOAT without a Beard.*

'TIS certain that the modish passions  
Descend among the crowd like fashions.  
Excuse me then, if pride, conceit,  
(The manners of the fair and great)  
I give to monkeys, asses, dogs,  
Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and hogs.  
I say that these are proud. What then?  
I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as goat could be)  
Affected singularity:

Whene'er a thymy bank he found,  
He roll'd upon the fragrant ground,  
And then with fond attention stood,  
Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

I hate my frowzy beard, he cries,  
My youth is lost in this disguise;  
Did not the females know my vigour,  
Well might they loath this rev'rend figure.

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,  
He sought the barber of the place.  
A flippant monkey, spruce and smart,  
Hard by profess'd the dapper art;  
His pole with pewter basons hung,  
Black rotten teeth in order strung,  
Rang'd cups, that in the window stood,  
Lin'd with red rags, to look like blood,

Did



Did well his threefold trade explain,  
Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The Goat he welcomes with an air,  
And seats him in his wooden chair :  
Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides,  
Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

I hope your custom, Sir, says Pug :  
Sure never face was half so smug !

The Goat, impatient for applause,  
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws ;  
The shaggy people grinn'd and star'd.

Heighday ! what's here ? without a beard ?  
Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace ?  
What envious hand hath robb'd your face ?

When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn :  
Are beards by civil nations worn ?  
Ev'n Muscovites have mow'd their chins.  
Shall we, like formal Capuchins,  
Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,  
And bear about the hairy load ?

Whene'er we through the village stray,  
Are we not mock'd along the way ?  
Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,  
By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn ?

Were you no more with goats to dwell,  
Brother, I grant you reason well,  
Replies a bearded chief. Beside,  
If boys can mortify thy pride,  
How wilt thou stand the ridicule  
Of our whole flock ? affected fool !  
Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,  
To all but coxcombs are a jest.

XXIV. *The OLD WOMAN and her CATS.*

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,  
Is deem'd a partner in the trade;  
The matron, who conducts abroad  
A willing nymph, is deem'd a bawd;  
And if a modest girl is seen  
With one who cures a lover's spleen,  
We guess her not extremely nice,  
And only wish to know her price.  
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends  
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled hag, of wicked fame,  
Beside a little smoaky flame  
Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost;  
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,  
Upon her knees her weight sustains,  
While palsy shook her crazy brains;  
She mumbles forth her backward pray'rs,  
An untam'd scold of fourscore years.  
About her swarm'd a num'rous brood  
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd:  
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,  
And thus she splutter'd: Hence, ye crew!  
Fool that I was! to entertain  
Such imps, such fiends,—a hellish train!  
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,  
I for a witch had ne'er been curst:  
To you I owe, that crowds of boys  
Worry me with eternal noise;  
Straws laid across my pace retard,  
The horseshoe's nail'd, (each threshold's guard)  
The stunted broom the wenches hide,  
For fear that I should up and ride;  
They stick with pins my bleeding seat,  
And bid me shew my secret teat.  
To hear you prate would vex a saint,  
Who hath most reason of complaint?

Re-

Replies a Cat. Let's come to proof.  
 Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,  
 We had, like others of our race,  
 In credit liv'd, as beasts of chace.  
 'Tis infamy to serve a hag;  
 Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;  
 And boys against our lives combine,  
 Because, 'tis said, your Cats have nine.

---

XXV. *The BUTTERFLY and the SNAIL.*

**A**LL upstarts, insolent in place,  
 Remind us of their vulgar race.  
 As, in the sunshine of the morn,  
 A Butterfly, but newly born,  
 Sat proudly perking on a rose;  
 With pert conceit his bosom glows,  
 His wings, all glorious to behold!  
 Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,  
 Wide he displays; the spangled dew  
 Reflects his eyes and various hue.

His now forgotten friend, a Snail,  
 Beneath his house, with slimy trail,  
 Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,  
 In wrath he to the gard'ner cries:

What means yon peasant's daily toil,  
 From choaking weeds to rid the soil?  
 Why wake you to the morning's care?  
 Why with new arts correct the year?  
 Why glows the peach with crimson hue?  
 And why the plumb's inviting blue?  
 Were they to feast his taste design'd,  
 That vermin of voracious kind?  
 Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race,  
 So purge thy garden from disgrace.

What arrogance! the Snail reply'd,  
 How insolent his upstart pride!

Hadst

Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,  
 Provok'd my patience to complain,  
 I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,  
 Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.  
 For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,  
 To swell the fruit, and paint the flow'rs,  
 Since I thy humbler life survey'd,  
 In base and sordid guise array'd;  
 A hideous insect, vile, unclean,  
 You dragg'd a slow and noisome train,  
 And from your spider bowels drew  
 Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.  
 I own my humble life, good friend,  
 Snail was I born, and snail shall I end.  
 And what's a butterfly? At best,  
 He's but a caterpillar drest:  
 And all thy race, a num'rous seed,  
 Shall prove of caterpillar breed.

---

XXVI. *The SCOLD and the PARROT.*

**T**HE husband thus reprov'd his wife,  
 Who deals in slander, lives in strife:  
 Art thou the herald of disgrace,  
 Denouncing war to all thy race?  
 Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,  
 Which spares nor friend, nor sex, nor age?  
 That vixen tongue of yours, my dear,  
 Alarms our neighbours far and near;  
 Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,  
 That murr'ring flows, and flows for ever!  
 Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!  
 Like fame, it gathers strength by going.  
 Heighday! the flippant tongue replies,  
 How solemn is the fool! how wise!  
 Is Nature's choicest gift debarr'd?  
 Nay, frown not, for I will be heard.

N

Wo-



Women of late are finely ridden,  
 A parrot's privilege forbidden !  
 You praise his talk, his squawling song,  
 But wives are always in the wrong.

Now reputation flew in pieces,  
 Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and neices.  
 She ran the parrot's language o'er,  
 Bawd, hussy, drunkard, flattern, whore :  
 On all the sex she vents her fury,  
 Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words  
 Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds ;  
 All join their forces to confound her,  
 Puss spits, the monkey chatters round her ;  
 The yelping cur her heels assaults,  
 The magpie blabs out all her faults ;  
 Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,  
 With his rebuke out-scream'd her rage :

A Parrot is for talking priz'd,  
 But prattling Women are despis'd ;  
 She who attacks another's honour,  
 Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.  
 Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,  
 That all your neighbours too have tongues ;  
 One slander must ten thousand get,  
 The world with int'rest pays the debt.

XXVII. *The CUR and the MASTIFF.*

**A** Sneaking Cur, the master's spy,  
 Rewarded for his daily lie,  
 With secret jealousies and fears  
 Set all together by the ears.  
 Poor Puss to-day was in disgrace,  
 Another cat supply'd her place ;  
 The hound was beat, the mastiff chid,  
 The monkey was the room forbid ;

Each

Each to his dearest friend grew shy,  
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid;  
The thief with love seduc'd the maid,  
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,  
And bought his secrecy with bread.

He next the Mastiff's honour try'd,  
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd;  
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more,  
The surly dog his finger's tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation  
The master took his information.

Hang him! the villain's curs'd! he cries,  
And round his neck the halter ties.

The dog his humble suit preferr'd,  
And begg'd in justice to be heard.

The master sat. On either hand,  
The cited dogs confronting stand;

The Cur the bloody tale relates,  
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cry'd,  
But weigh the case of either side:

Think not that treach'ry can be just,  
Take not informers' words on trust;

They ope their hand to every pay,  
And you and me by turns betray.

He spoke. And all the truth appear'd;  
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

---

XXVIII. *The SICK MAN and the ANGEL.*

**I**S there no hope? the sick Man said;

The silent doctor shook his head,  
And took his leave, with signs of sorrow,  
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the Man, with gasping breath:  
I feel the chilling wound of death.

Since I must bid the world adieu,  
Let me my former life review :  
I grant my bargains well were made,  
But all men over-reach in trade ;  
'Tis self-defence in each profession,  
Sure self-defence is no transgression.  
'The little portion in my hands,  
By good security on lands,  
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,  
My justice to myself and heirs,  
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,  
For want of good sufficient bail ;  
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,  
Reduc'd a family to need.  
My will hath made the world amends ;  
My hope on charity depends.  
When I am number'd with the dead,  
And all my pious gifts are read,  
By heav'n and earth ! 'twill then be known,  
My charities are amply shown.

An Angel came. Ah friend ! he cry'd,  
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.  
Can thy good deeds in former times  
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes ?  
What widow or what orphan prays  
To crown thy life with length of days ?  
A pious action's in thy pow'r,  
Embrace with joy the happy hour ;  
Now, while you draw the vital air,  
Prove your intention is sincere :  
This instant give a hundred pound ;  
Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste, the sick Man whines,  
Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs ?  
Perhaps I may recover still ;  
That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,  
Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain ;

From

From every side, with all your might,  
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;  
And after death would fain atone,  
By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cry'd;  
Then why such haste? so groan'd and dy'd.

---

XXIX. *The PERSIAN, the CLOUD, and the SUN.*

**I**S there a bard whom genius fires,  
Whose every thought the God inspires;  
When Envy reads the nervous lines,  
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines  
Her hissing snakes with venom swell,  
She calls her venal train from hell;  
The servile fiends her nod obey,  
And all Curl's authors are in pay.  
Fame calls up calumny and spite;  
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of Day,  
With heart devout a Persian lay;  
His invocation thus begun:

Parent of good, all-seeing Sun,  
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense  
The various gifts of providence,  
Accept our praise, our daily prayer,  
Smile on our fields, and bless the year.

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,  
The day with sudden darkness hung,  
With Pride and Envy swell'd, aloud  
A voice thus thunder'd from the cloud:

Weak is this gaudy God of thine,  
Whom I at will forbid to shine;  
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?  
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,  
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:



It was that God, who claims my pray'r,  
 Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;  
 When o'er his beams the veil is thrown  
 Thy substance is but plainer shown:  
 A passing gale, a puff of wind  
 Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapour tost,  
 (The sport of winds) in air was lost;  
 The glorious orb the day refines:  
 Thus Envy breaks, thus Merit shines.

xxx. *The Fox at the Point of Death.*

**A** Fox, in life's extreme decay,  
 Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;  
 All appetite hath left his maw,  
 And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.  
 His num'rous race around him stand,  
 To learn their dying fire's command;  
 He rais'd his head with whining moan,  
 And thus was heard the feeble tone:

Ah sons, from evil ways depart,  
 My crimes lie heavy on my heart:  
 See, see, the murder'd geese appear!  
 Why are those bleeding turkeys there?  
 Why all around this cackling train,  
 Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?

The hungry Foxes round them star'd,  
 And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?  
 Nor turkey, goose, nor hen, is here:  
 These are the phantoms of your brain,  
 And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O gluttons, says the drooping fire,  
 Restrain inordinate desire;  
 Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,  
 When peace of conscience is no more.

Does

Does not the hound betray our pace,  
 And gins and guns destroy our race?  
 Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,  
 And never feel the quiet hour.  
 Old age (which few of us shall know)  
 Now puts a period to my woe.  
 Would you true happiness attain,  
 Let honesty your passions rein;  
 So live in credit and esteem,  
 And the good-name you lost redeem.

The counsel's good, a Fox replies,  
 Could we perform what you advise.  
 Think what our ancestors have done,  
 A line of thieves from son to son;  
 To us descends the long disgrace,  
 And infamy hath mark'd our race.  
 Though we like harmless sheep should feed,  
 Honest in thought, in word, and deed,  
 Whatever hen-roost is decreas'd,  
 We shall be thought to share the feast.  
 The change shall never be believ'd;  
 A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.  
 Nay then, replies the feeble Fox,  
 (But, hark! I hear a hen that clocks)  
 Go, but be mod'rate in your food;  
 A chicken too might do me good.

---

XXXI. *The SETTING-DOG and the PARTRIDGE.*

**T**HE ranging Dog the stubble tries,  
 And searches every breeze that flies;  
 The scent grows warm; with cautious fear  
 He creeps, and points the covey near.  
 The men in silence, far behind,  
 Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,  
 The fraudulent preparation spies,

She

Does

She mocks their toils, alarms her brood,  
The covey springs, and seeks the wood :  
But 'ere her certain wing she tries,  
Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries.

Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,  
Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,  
Of thy whole species thou disgrace,  
Dogs should difown thee of their race !  
For if I judge their native parts,  
They're born with honest, open hearts,  
And 'ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,  
Were gen'rous foes or real friends.

When thus the Dog with scornful smile :  
Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile ;  
Clowns are to polish'd manners blind ;  
How ign'rant is the rustic mind !  
My worth sagacious courtiers see,  
And to preferment rise like me.  
The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,  
Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts ;  
Friend sets his friend, without regard,  
And ministers his skil' reward.  
Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,  
And growing favour feasts my days.

I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,  
The place where you were train'd and fed ;  
Servants are apt, and in a trice  
Ape to a hair their master's vice.  
You came from court, you say. Adieu,  
She said, and to the covey flew.

XXXII. *The* UNIVERSAL APPARITION.

**A** Rake, by every passion rul'd,  
With every vice his youth had cool'd ;  
Disease his tainted blood affails,  
His spirits droop, his vigour fails ;

With

With secret ills at home he pines,  
And, like infirm old age, declines.

As, twing'd with pain, he pensive sits,  
And raves, and prays, and swears by fits,  
A ghastly Phantom, lean and wan,  
Before him rose, and thus began.

My name perhaps hath reach'd your ear,  
Attend, and be advis'd by Care :

Nor love nor honour, wealth nor pow'r,  
Can give the heart a chearful hour,  
When health is lost. Be timely wise ;  
With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the Phantom disappears.  
The wary counsel wak'd his fears :

He now from all excess abstains,  
With physic purifies his veins ;  
And, to procure a sober life,  
Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Spright ascends,  
Where'er he walks his ear attends ;  
Insinuates that beauty's frail,

That perseverance must prevail ;  
With jealousies his brain inflames,

And whispers all her lovers' names ;  
In other hours she represents

His household charge, his annual rents,  
Increasing debts, perplexing duns,

And nothing for his younger sons.

Straight all his thought to gain he turns,  
And with the thirst of lucre burns ;

But when possess'd of fortune's store,  
The Spectre haunts him more and more,

Sets want and misery in view,  
Bold thieves and all the murd'ring crew ;

Alarms him with eternal frights,  
Infects his dream, or wakes his nights.

How shall he chace this hideous guest ?  
Power may perhaps protect his rest ;

To



To power he rose. Again the Spright  
Besets him morning, noon, and night,  
Talks of ambition's tott'ring seat,  
How envy persecutes the great;  
Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,  
And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits to fly from Care,  
And seeks the peace of rural air;  
His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours,  
He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs;  
But Care again his steps pursues,  
Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,  
Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,  
And droughts that starve the labour'd plains.  
Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there;  
In vain we seek to fly from Care.

At length he thus the Ghost address'd:  
Since thou must be my constant guest,  
Be kind, and follow me no more;  
For Care, by right, should go before.

XXXIII. *The TWO OWLS and the SPARROW.*

**T**WO formal Owls together sat,  
Conferring thus in solemn chat.  
How is the modern taste decay'd!  
Where's the respect to wisdom paid?  
Our worth the Grecian sages knew,  
They gave our sires the honour due;  
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,  
And pry'd into the depth of owls.

Athens, the seat of learned fame,  
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name;  
On merit title was conferr'd,  
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies  
The solemn mate, with half shut eyes:

Right.

Right. Athens was the seat of learning,  
And truly wisdom is discerning :  
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,  
The type and ornament of wit.  
But now, alas, we're quite neglected,  
And a pert Sparrow's more respected.

A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,  
O'erheard them soothe each other's pride,  
And thus he nimbly vents his heat :

Who meets a fool, must find conceit.  
I grant you were at Athens grac'd,  
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd :  
But every bird that wings the sky,  
Except an Owl, can tell you why.  
From hence they taught their schools to know  
How false we judge by outward show ;  
That we should never look esteem,  
Since fools as wise as you might seem.  
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,  
Let your vain glory be destroy'd ;  
Humble your arrogance of thought,  
Pursue the ways by Nature taught ;  
So shall we find delicious fare,  
And grateful farmers praise your care ;  
So shall sleek mice your chace reward,  
And no keen cat find more regard.

---

XXXIV. *The COURTIER and PROTEUS.*

**W**HENE'ER a Courtier's out of place,  
The country shelters his disgrace ;  
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,  
His house and gardens own his wealth ;  
He builds new ichemes, in hope to gain  
The plunder of another reign ;  
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,  
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As

As one of these (without his wand)  
Pentive, along the winding strand  
Employ'd the solitary hour  
In projects to regain his power;  
The waves in spreading circles ran,  
Proteus arose, and thus began:

Came you from court? For in your mein  
A self-important air is seen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,  
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the God, by matchless skill,  
I change to every shape at will;  
But yet, I'm told, at court you see  
Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said. A snake, with hideous trail,  
Proteous extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the Man, though proud in place,  
All courtiers are of reptile race.  
Like you, they take that dreadful form,  
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm;  
With malice hiss, with envy glote,  
And for convenience change their coat;  
With new-got lustre rear their head,  
Though on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the God a lion stands,  
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands;  
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,  
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,  
Such transformation might surprize;  
But there, in quest of daily game,  
Each able courtier acts the same.  
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,  
Their friends and fellows are their chace;  
They play the bear's and fox's part,  
Now rob by force, now steal by art;  
They sometimes in the senate bray,  
Or, chang'd again to beasts of prey,

Down from the lion to the ape,  
Practise the frauds of every shape.

So said. Upon the God he flies,  
In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, Proteus, now (to truth compell'd)  
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.

Use strength, surprize, or what you will,  
The courtier finds evasion still;

Not to be bound by any ties,  
And never forc'd to leave his lies.

xxxv. *The MASTIFFS.*

**T**HOSE who in quarrels interpose,  
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff of true English blood,  
Lov'd fighting better than his food;  
When dogs were snarling for a bone,  
He long'd to make the war his own;  
And often found, when two contend,  
To interpose obtain'd his end;  
He glory'd in his limping pace,  
The scars of honour seam'd his face;  
In every limb a gash appears,  
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far  
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,  
Away he scours, and lays about him,  
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,  
And to the bold intruder cries,  
A cudgel shall correct your manners,  
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?  
While on my dog you vent your spite,  
Sirrah, 'tis me you dare not bite.  
To see the battle thus perplex'd,  
With equal rage a butcher vex'd,

O

Hoarse-



Hoarse-screaming from the circled crowd,  
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud :

Both Hockley-hole and Mary-bone  
The combats of my Dog have known ;  
He ne'er like bullies, coward-hearted,  
Attacks in public, to be parted ;  
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame,  
Be his the honour or the shame.  
Thus said, they swore and rav'd like thunder,  
Then dragg'd their fasten'd Dogs asunder ;  
While clubs and kicks from every side  
Redounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood  
A while the parted warriors stood,  
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe ;  
Who worried, howl'd, and sprawl'd below :  
He rose, and limping from the fray,  
By both sides mangled, sneak'd away.

xxxvi. *The BARLEY-MOW and the DUNGHILL.*

**H**OW many faucy airs we meet  
From Temple-Bar to Aldgate-street ;  
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-Sea pery,  
And sprung like mushrooms in a day !  
They think it mean to condescend,  
To know a brother or a friend ;  
They blush to hear their mother's name,  
And by their pride expose their shame.

As cros his yard, at early day,  
A careful farmer took his way,  
He stopp'd, and leaning on his fork,  
Observ'd the flail's incessant work ;  
In thought he measur'd all his store,  
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er ;  
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,  
And multiply'd the next year's corn.

Down

A Barley-Mow, which stood beside,  
Thus to its musing master cry'd :  
Say, good Sir, is it fit or right  
To treat me with neglect and slight ?  
Me, who contribute to your cheer,  
And raise your mirth with ale and beer !  
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,  
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd ?  
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,  
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,  
Meet objects here ? Command it hence :  
A thing so mean must give offence.  
The humble Dunghill thus reply'd :  
Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride ;  
Insult not thus the meek and low,  
In me thy benefactor know ;  
My warm assistance gave thee birth,  
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth ;  
But upstarts, to support their station,  
Cancel at once all obligation.

---

XXXVII. PYTHAGORAS *and the* COUNTRYMAN.

PYTHAG'RAS rose at early dawn,  
By soaring meditation drawn,  
To breathe the fragrance of the day,  
Through flow'ry fields he took his way ;  
In musing contemplation warm,  
His steps misled him to a farm,  
Where on the ladder's topmost round  
A peasant stood ; the hammer's sound  
Shook the weak barn. Say, Friend, what care  
Calls for thy honest labour there ?

The Clown with surly voice replies :  
Vengeance aloud for justice cries !  
This kite, by daily rapine fed,  
My hen's annoy, my turkey's dread,

At length his forfeit life hath paid;  
 See, on the wall his wings display'd,  
 Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,  
 My fowls shall future safety find,  
 My yard the thriving poultry feed,  
 And my barn's refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise,  
 For public good the murd'rer dies;  
 But if these tyrants of the air  
 Demand a sentence so severe,  
 Think how the glutton man devours;  
 What bloody feasts regale his hours!  
 O impudence of power and might!  
 Thus to condemn a hawk or kite.  
 When thou perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,  
 Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!  
 Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,  
 Shall kites and men alike be treated?  
 When heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,  
 Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,  
 Whose murders spring from power and pride;  
 Own then this manlike kite is slain,  
 Thy greater lux'ry to sustain:  
 For "petty rogues submit to fate,  
 "That great ones may enjoy their state."

XXXVIII. *The FARMER'S WIFE and the RAVEN.*

**W**HY are those tears? Why droops your head?  
 Is then your other husband dead?  
 Or does a worse disgrace betide?  
 Hath no one since his death apply'd?

Alas! you know the cause too well,  
 The salt is spilt, to me it fell;  
 Then to contribute to my loss,  
 My knife and fork were laid across,

On Friday too! the day I dread!  
Would I were safe at home in bed!  
Last night (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true!)  
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.  
Next post some fatal news shall tell;  
God send my Cornish friends be well!  
Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,  
Nor feel affliction in thy fears;  
Let not thy stomach be suspended,  
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended.  
And when the butler clears the table,  
For thy detert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging pannier's load  
A Farmer's Wife to market rode;  
And, jogging on with thoughtful care,  
Summ'd up the profits of her ware;  
When starting from her silver dream,  
Thus far and wide was heard to scream:

That Raven on yon left-hand oak  
(Curse on his ill-betiding croak)  
Bodes me no good. No more she said,  
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,  
Fell prone; o'erturn'd the pannier lay,  
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,  
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd: Thou croaking toad,  
A murrain take thy whoreson throat!  
I knew misfortune in thy note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,  
Unclench your fist, and wipe your cloaths;  
But why on me those curses thrown?  
Goody, the fault was all your own;  
For had you laid this brittle ware  
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,  
Though all the Ravens of the Hundred  
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,  
Sure-footed Dun had kept her legs,  
And you, good Woman, sav'd your eggs.



XXXIX. *The TURKEY and the ANT.*

**I**N other men we faults can spy,  
And blame the mote that dims their eye;  
Each little speck and blemish find,  
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,  
Forsook the barn and sought the wood;  
Behind her ran her infant train,  
Collecting here and there a grain.

Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,  
This hill delicious fare supplies;  
Behold, the busy Negro race,  
See, millions blacken all the place;  
Fear not. Like me with freedom eat;  
An Ant is most delightful meat.  
How blest, how envy'd were our life,  
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife!  
But man, curst man, on Turkey's preys,  
And Christmas shortens all our days;  
Sometimes with oysters we combine,  
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine.  
From the low peasant to the lord,  
The Turkey smokes on ev'ry board.  
Sure men for gluttony are curst,  
Of the seven deadly sins the worst.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,  
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beach:  
'Ere you remark another's sin,  
Bid thy own conscience look within;  
Controul thy own voracious bill,  
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.

XL. *The FATHER and JUPITER.*

**T**HE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd,  
He begg'd a Wife,—his prayer was heard:  
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing,  
For how precarious is the blessing!

## *And* ENTERTAINING FABLES

A Wife he takes. And now for heirs  
Again he worries Heav'n with pray'rs.  
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys  
And a fine girl rewards his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,  
And set their future lives in view;  
He saw that all respects and duty  
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my pray'r,  
Make my lov'd progeny thy care:  
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,  
All Fortune's richest gifts enjoy;  
My next with strong ambition fire,  
May favour teach him to aspire,  
'Till he the step of power ascend,  
And courtiers to their idol bend.  
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,  
My daughter's perfect features arm:  
If Heav'n approve, a Father's blest.  
Jove smiles, and grants him his request.

The first, a miser at the heart,  
Studious of ev'ry griping art,  
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,  
And all his life devotes to gain.  
He feels no joy, his cares increase,  
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace;  
In fancy'd want, (a wretch compleat)  
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew,  
The thriving arts of courts he knew;  
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,  
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies  
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes:  
The vain coquette each suit disdains,  
And glories in her lovers' pains;  
With age she fades, each lover flies,  
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,  
 And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,  
 Thus spoke the God: By outward show  
 Men judge of happiness and woe;  
 Shall ignorance of good and ill  
 Dare to direct th' eternal will?  
 Seek virtue; and of that possess,  
 To Providence resign the rest.

---

XLI. *The TWO MONKEYS.*

**T**HE learned, full of inward pride,  
 The fops of outward show deride;  
 The fop, with learning at defiance,  
 Scoffs at the pedant and the science:  
 The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,  
 Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;  
 While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,  
 Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.  
 Britain, a medley of the twain,  
 As pert as France, as grave as Spain,  
 In fancy wiser than the rest,  
 Laughs at them both,—of both the jest.  
 Is not the Poet's chiming close  
 Censur'd by all the sons of prose?  
 While bards of quick imagination  
 Despise the sleepy prose narration.  
 Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;  
 For what are we, but apes to them?  
 Two Monkeys went to Southwark fair,  
 No critics had a sourer air;  
 They forc'd their way through draggled folks,  
 Who gap'd to catch Jack Pudding's jokes;  
 Then took their tickets for the show,  
 And got by chance the foremost row.  
 To see their grave, observing face,  
 Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

Right.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,  
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred.

Now thro' the booth loud hisses ran,  
Nor ended till the show began.

The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,  
With sommersets he shakes the ground ;  
The cord beneath the dancer springs ;  
Aloft in air the vaulter swings,  
Distorted now, now prone depends,  
Now thro' his twisted arms ascends ;  
The crowd, in wonder and delight,  
With clapping hands applaud the fight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, if pranks like these  
The giant apes of reason please,  
How would they wonder at our arts !  
They must adore us for our parts.  
High on the twig I've seen you cling,  
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring ;  
How can these clumsy things, like me,  
Fly with a bound from tree to tree ?  
But yet, by this applause, we find  
These emulators of our kind

Discern our worth, our parts regard,  
Who our mean mimics thus reward.

Brother, the grinning mate replies,  
In this I grant that man is wise,  
While good example they pursue,  
We must allow some praise is due ;  
But when they strain beyond their guide,  
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride :  
For how fantastic is the sight,  
To meet men always bolt upright,  
Because we sometimes walk on two !  
I hate the imitating crew.



XLII. *The OWL and the FARMER.*

AN Owl of grave deport and mein,  
 Who, like a Turk, was seldom seen,  
 Within a barn had chose his station,  
 As fit for prey and contemplation :  
 Upon a beam aloft he sits,  
 And nods, and seems to think, by fits.  
 So have I seen a man of news  
 Or Post-boy, or Gazette peruse,  
 Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,  
 And fix the fate of Europe round.  
 Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor :  
 At dawn of morn, to view his store,  
 The Farmer came. The hooting guest  
 His self-importance thus exprest :

Reason in man is mere pretence ;  
 How weak, how shallow is his sense !  
 To treat with scorn the bird of night,  
 Declares his folly or his spite ;  
 Then too, how partial is his praise !  
 The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays,  
 To his ill judging ears are fine,  
 And nightingales are all divine :  
 But the more knowing feather'd race  
 See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.  
 Whene'er to visit light I deign,  
 What flocks of fowl compose my train !  
 Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,  
 And own me of superior kind.

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd :  
 Thou dull, important lump of pride,  
 Dar'st thou, with that harsh, grating tongue,  
 Depreciate birds of warbling song ?  
 Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl  
 Regard thee, as thou art, an Owl :

Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain  
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train :  
Few follow wisdom, or her rules,  
Fools in derision follow fools.

---

XLIII. *The JUGGLERS.*

**A** Juggler, long thro' all the town  
Had rais'd his fortune and renown ;  
You'd think, so far his art transcends,  
The Devil at his fingers ends.

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill ;  
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,  
She sought his booth, and from the crowd  
Defy'd the Man of Art aloud :

Is this then so he fam'd for flight ?  
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight ?  
Dares he with me dispute the prize ?  
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'tis done ;  
In science I submit to none.

Thus said. The cups and balls he play'd,  
By turns, this here, that there, convey'd ;  
The cards, obedient to his words,  
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds ;  
His little boxes change the grain,  
Trick after trick deludes the train.  
He shakes his bag, he shows all fair,  
His fingers spread, and nothing there,  
Then bids it rain with showers of gold ;  
And now his iv'ry eggs are told,  
But when from thence the hen he draws,  
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth and took the place,  
With all the forms of his grimace.

This magic looking-glass, she cries,  
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.

Each

Each eager eye the sight desir'd,  
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator address'd,  
See this bank-note: observe the blessing:  
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.  
Upon his lips a padlock shone;  
The second puff the magic broke,  
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,  
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,  
By clean conveyance disappear,  
And now two bloody swords are there.

A purse she to a thief expos'd,  
At once his ready fingers clos'd;  
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,  
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand,  
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows:  
Blow here; and a churchwarden blows,  
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,  
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,  
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address:  
This picture see,—her shape, her breast!  
What youth, and what inviting eyes!  
Hold her, and have her. With surprize,  
His hand expos'd a box of pills,  
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,  
Grew twenty guineas at command;  
She bids his heir the sum retain,  
And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch you see,  
Take every shape but charity;  
And not one thing you saw or drew,  
But chang'd from what was first in view.

The Juggler now, in grief of heart,  
With his submission own'd her art.  
Can I such matchless slight withstand?  
How practice hath improv'd your hand!  
But now and then I cheat the throng,  
You ev'ry day,—and all day long.

---

XLIV. *The COUNCIL of HORSES.*

UPON a time a neighing Steed,  
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,  
With mutiny had fir'd the train,  
And spread dissention thro' the plain.  
On matters that concern'd the state  
The council met in grand debate.  
A Colt whose eyeballs flam'd with ire,  
Elate with strength and youthful fire,  
In haste stepped forth before the rest,  
And thus the list'ning throng address'd:  
Good Gods! how abject is our race,  
Condemn'd to slav'ry and disgrace!  
Shall we our servitude retain,  
Because our fires have borne the chain?  
Consider, friends, your strength and might;  
'Tis conquest to assert your right.  
How cumb'rous is the gilded coach!  
The pride of man is our reproach.  
Were we design'd for daily toil?  
To drag the ploughshare thro' the soil?  
To sweat in harness thro' the road?  
To groan beneath the carrier's load?  
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!  
What force is in our nerves combin'd!  
Shall then our nobler jaws submit  
To foam and champ the galling bit?  
Shall haughty man my back besstride?  
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?

P

For-



Forbid, it Heav'n ! Reject the rein,  
Your shame, your infamy disdain.  
Let him the lion first controul,  
And still the tyger's famish'd growl :  
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,  
And make them tremble at our name.

A gen'ral nod approv'd the cause,  
And all the circle neigh'd applause.

When lo, with grave and solemn pace,  
A Steed advanc'd before the race,  
With age and long experience wise,  
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes,  
And, to the murmurs of the train,  
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain :

When I had health and strength, like you,  
The toils of servitude I knew ;  
Now grateful man rewards my pains,  
And gives me all these wide domains ;  
At will I crop the year's increase,  
My latter life is ease and peace.  
I grant to man we lend our pains,  
And aid him to correct the plains ;  
But doth not he divide the care,  
Through all the labours of the year ?  
How many thousand structures rise,  
To fence us from inclement skies !  
For us he bears the sultry day,  
And stores up all our winter's hay :  
He sows, he reaps the harvest's gain,  
We share the toil and share the grain.  
Since ev'ry creature was decreed  
To aid each other's mutual need,  
Appease your discontented mind,  
And act the part by Heav'n assign'd.  
The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted,  
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

XLV. *The HOUND and the HUNTSMAN.*

**I**MPERTINENCE at first is borne  
With heedless slight, or smiles of scorn ;  
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears  
The noisy fool who perseveres ?

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,  
At once rush forth the joyful Hounds ;  
They seek the wood with eager pace,  
Thro' bush, thro' briar explore the chace ;  
Now scatter'd wide, they try the plain,  
And snuff the dewy turf in vain :  
What care, what industry, what pains !  
What universal silence reigns !

Ringwood, a dog of little fame,  
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,  
At once displays his babbling throat :  
The pack, regardless of his note,  
Pursue the scent ; with louder strain  
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies,  
The smacking lash he smartly plies ;  
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone,  
The puppy thus express his moan :

I know the music of my tongue  
Long since the pack with envy stung ;  
What will not spite ? These bitter smarts  
I owe to my superior parts.

When puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd,  
They show both ignorance and pride ;  
Fools may our scorn, not envy raise,  
For envy is a kind of praise.  
Had not thy forward, noisy tongue,  
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,  
Thou might'st have mingled with the rest,  
And ne'er thy foolish noise confess :  
But fools, to talking ever prone,  
Are sure to make their follies known.

XLVI. *The POET and the ROSE.*

**I** Hate the man who builds his name  
 On ruins of another's fame.  
 Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,  
 Imagine that they raise their own :  
 Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,  
 Think slander can transplant the bays.  
 Beauties and bards have equal pride,  
 With both all rivals are decry'd.  
 Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,  
 Must call her sister aukward creature ;  
 For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,  
 When we some other nymph disarm.  
 As in the cool of early day,  
 A Poet sought the sweets of May,  
 The garden's fragrant breath ascends,  
 And ev'ry stalk with odour bends ;  
 A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,  
 Thus singing as the Muse inspir'd.  
 Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace ;  
 How happy should I prove,  
 Might I supply that envy'd place  
 With never-fading love !  
 There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,  
 Involved in fragrance, burn and die !  
 Know, hapless flow'r, that thou shalt find  
 More fragrant roses there ;  
 I see thy withering head reclin'd  
 With envy and despair !  
 One common fate we both must prove,  
 You die with envy, I with love.  
 Spare your comparisons, reply'd  
 An angry Rose, who grew beside ;  
 Of all mankind you should not flout us,  
 What can a Poet do without us !  
 In every love-song Roses bloom,  
 We lend you colour and perfume.

Does it to Chloe's charm conduce,  
To found her praise on our abuse?  
Must we, to flatter her, be made  
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

---

XLVII. *The CUR, the HORSE, and the SHEP-  
HERD'S DOG.*

**T**HE lad, of all-sufficient merit,  
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;  
Presuming on his own deserts,  
On all alike his tongue exerts;  
His noisy jokes at random throws,  
And pertly spatters friends and foes:  
In wit and war the bully race  
Contribute to their own disgrace.  
Too late the forward youth shall find  
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;  
Or if they canker in the breast,  
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A village Cur, of snappish race,  
The pertest puppy of the place,  
Imagin'd that his treble throat  
Was blest with music's sweetest note;  
In the mid-road he basking lay,  
The yelping nuisance of the way;  
For not a creature past along  
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting Steed he hears,  
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears,  
Away he scow'rs, assaults his hoof,  
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;  
With shrill impertinence attends,  
Nor leaves him till the village ends.

It chanc'd upon his evil day,  
A Pad came pacing down the way;



The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,  
 Upon the passing trav'ler sprung;  
 The Horse from scorn provok'd to ire,  
 Flung backward; rolling in the mire,  
 The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;  
 The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,  
 Detesting the vexatious breed,  
 Bespoke him thus: When Coxcombs prate,  
 They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate.  
 Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,  
 Thou hadst not, like a Puppy, dy'd.

XLVIII. *The COURT of DEATH.*

**D**EATH, on a solemn night of state,  
 In all his pomp of terrors sate:  
 Th' attendants of his gloomy reign,  
 Diseases dire,—a ghastly train!  
 Croud the vast court. With hollow tone,  
 A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:

This night our Minister we name,  
 Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;  
 Merit will bear this ebon wand.  
 All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever, with burning heat possesst,  
 Advanc'd, and for the wand addrest:

I to the weekly bills appeal,  
 Let those express my fervent zeal;  
 On ev'ry slight occasion near,  
 With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears with limping pace,  
 Pleads how he shifts from place to place;  
 From head to foot how swift he flies,  
 And every joint and sinew plys;  
 Still working when he seems suppress,—  
 A most tenacious, stubborn guest.

A haggard spectre from the crew  
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due :  
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,  
And in the shape of love destroy :  
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,  
Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever-growing force.  
And next, Consumption's meagre corse,  
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,  
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd :  
Let none object my lingering way,—  
I gain, like Fabius, by delay,  
Fatigue and weaken every foe  
By long attack, secure though slow.

Plague represents his rapid power,  
Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand.  
Now Expectation hush'd the band,  
When thus the Monarch from the throne :

Merit was ever modest known——  
What, no Physician speak his right !  
None here ? But sees their toils requite.  
Let, then, Intemp'rance take the wand,  
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.  
You Fever, Gout, and all the rest,  
(Whom wary men, as foes, detest)  
Forego your claim ; no more pretend :  
Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend ;  
He shares their mirth, their social joys,  
And, as a courted guest, destroys ;  
The charge on him must justly fall,  
Who finds employment for you all.

XLIX. *The GARDENER and the Hog.*

**A**GARD'NER, of peculiar taste,  
 On a young Hog his favour plac'd,  
 Who fed not with the common herd;  
 His tray was to the hall preferr'd,  
 He wallow'd underneath the board,  
 Or in his Master's chamber snor'd,  
 Who fondly stroak'd him ev'ry day,  
 And taught him all the Puppy's play;  
 Where'er he went, the grunting friend,  
 Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.

As on a time, the loving pair  
 Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,  
 The Master thus address'd the Swine:

My house, my garden, all is thine;  
 On turnips feast whene'er you please,  
 And riot in my beans and pease;  
 If the potatoe's taste delights,  
 Or the red carrot's sweet invites,  
 Indulge thy morn and evening hours;  
 But let due care regard my flowers:  
 My tulips are my garden's pride.  
 What vast expence these beds supply'd!

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,  
 Where with new ale the vessels foam'd:  
 He munches now the steaming grains,  
 Now with full swill the liquor drains;  
 Intoxicating fumes arise,  
 He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;  
 Then staggr'ing through the garden, scowls  
 And treads down painted ranks of flowers.  
 With delving snout he turns the soil,  
 And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spy'd;  
 Villain, suspend thy rage, he cry'd:  
 Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,  
 My charge, my only charge forgot?

What

What, all my flowers! No more he said,  
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.

The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns:  
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns;  
See there, untouch'd your tulips strown,  
For I devour'd the roots alone!

At this, the Gard'ner's passion grows;  
From oaths and threats he falls to blows;  
The stubborn brute the blows sustains,  
Assaults his leg and tears the veins.  
Ah, foolish Swain, too late you find,  
That sties were for such friends design'd!

Homeward he limps with painful pace,  
Reflecting thus on past disgrace:  
Who cherishes a brutal mate,  
Shall mourn their folly soon or late.

---

L. *The MAN and the FLEA.*

**W**HETHER on earth, in air, or main,  
Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain!

Does not the hawk all fowls survey,  
As destin'd only for his prey?  
And do not tyrants, prouder things,  
Think men were born for slaves to kings?  
When the crab views the pearly strands,  
Or Tagus, bright with golden sands,  
Or crawls beside the coral grove,  
And hears the ocean roll above;  
Nature is too profuse, says he,  
Who gave all these to pleasure me!

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,  
And ev'ry garden breathes perfume;  
When peaches glow with sunny dyes,  
Like Laura's cheek, when blushes rise;  
When with huge figs the branches bend;  
When clusters from the vine depend.

The



The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,  
And cries, All these were made for me!

What dignity's in human nature,  
Says Man, the most conceited creature,  
As from a cliff he cast his eye,  
And view'd the sea and arched sky!  
The sun was sunk beneath the main,  
The moon and all the starry train  
Hung the vast vault of Heav'n. The Man  
His contemplation thus began:

When I behold this glorious shew,  
And the wide watry world below,  
The scaly people of the main,  
The beasts that range the wood and plain,  
The wing'd inhabitants of air,  
The day, the night, the various year,  
And know all these by Heaven design'd  
As gifts to pleasure human kind,  
I cannot raise my worth too high,  
Of what vast consequence am I!

Not of th' importance you suppose,  
Replies a Flea upon his nose;  
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;  
Know, pride was never made for Man:  
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.  
What, Heaven and Earth for thee design'd!  
For thee! made only for our need;  
That more important Fleas might feed.

LI. *The HARE and many FRIENDS.*

**F**RRIENDSHIP, like Love, is but a name,  
Unless to one you stint the flame.  
The child, whom many fathers share,  
Hath seldom known a father's care:  
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend  
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who, in a civil way,  
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like *Gay*,  
Was known by all the bestial train,  
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain:  
Her care was, never to offend,  
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,  
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,  
Behind she hears the hunters' cries,  
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies;  
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath,  
She hears the near advance of death;  
She doubles, to mislead the hound,  
And measures back her mazy round:  
'Till, fainting in the public way,  
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew,  
When first the horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,  
And owe my safety to a friend;  
You know my feet betray my flight,—  
To friendship ev'ry burden's light.

The horse reply'd, poor honest pufs,  
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:

Be comforted, relief is near;  
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implor'd;

And thus reply'd the mighty lord:

Since ev'ry beast alive can tell

That I sincerely wish you well,

I may, without offence, pretend

To take the freedom of a friend:

Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow

Expects me near yon barley mow;

And when a lady's in the case,

You know all other things give place.

To leave you thus, might seem unkind;

But see the goat is just behind.

The

The goat remark'd her pulse was high,  
 Her languid head, her heavy eye :  
 My back, says he, may do you harm ;  
 The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd  
 His sides a load of wool sustain'd,  
 Said he was slow, confess his fears ;  
 For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.  
 She now the trotting calf address,  
 To save from death a friend distress.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,  
 In this important care engage ?  
 Older and abler past you by ;  
 How strong are those ! how weak am I !  
 Should I presume to bear you hence,  
 Those friends of mine might take offence.  
 Excuse me then. You know my heart.  
 But dearest friends, alas, must part !  
 How shall we all lament ! Adieu.  
 For see the hounds are just in view.

LII. *The DOG and the FOX.*

*To a LAWYER.*

**I** KNOW you Lawyers can with ease,  
 Twist words and meanings as you please ;  
 That language, by your skill made pliant,  
 Will bend to favour ev'ry client ;  
 That 'tis the fee directs the sense  
 To make out either side's pretence.  
 When you peruse the clearest case,  
 You see it with a double face ;  
 For scepticism's your profession :  
 You hold there's doubt in all expression.

Hence is the bar with fees supply'd ;  
 Hence eloquence takes either side :  
 Your hand would have but paltry gleanings,  
 Could ev'ry man express his meaning.

Who

Who dares presume to pen a deed,  
Unless you previously are fee'd?  
'Tis drawn; and, to augment the cost,  
In dull prolixity engroft:

And now we're well secur'd by law,  
Till the next brother find a flaw.

Read o'er a will: Was't ever known,  
But you cou'd make the will your own?  
For when you read, 'tis with intent  
To find out meanings never meant.  
Since things are thus, *se defendendo*,  
I bar fallacious inuendo.

Sagacious Porta's skill could trace  
Some beast or bird in ev'ry face;  
The head, the eye, the nose's shape,  
Prov'd this an owl, and that an ape.  
When, in the sketches thus design'd,  
Resemblance brings some friend to mind,  
You show the piece, and give the hint,  
And find each feature in the print;  
So monstrous like the portrait's found,  
All know it, and the laugh goes round.  
Like him, I draw from gen'ral nature;  
Is't I or you, then fix the satire?

So, Sir, I beg you spare your pains,  
In making comments on my strains;  
All private slander I detest,  
I judge not of my neighbour's breast;  
Party and prejudice I hate,  
And write no libels on the state.

Shall not my Fable censure vice,  
Because a knave is over-nice?  
And, lest the guilty hear and dread,  
Shall not the Decalogue be read?  
If I lash vice in gen'ral fiction,  
Is't I apply or self-conviction?  
Brutes are my theme: Am I to blame,  
If Men in morals are the same?



I no man call or ape or afs,  
'Tis his own conscience holds the glafs.  
Thus void of all offence I write;  
Who claims the Fable, knows his right.

A Shepherd's Dog, unskill'd in sports,  
Pick'd up acquaintance of all sorts;  
Among the rest, a Fox he knew,  
By frequent chat their friendship grew.

Says Renard, 'Tis a cruel case,  
That man should stigmatize our race:  
No doubt, among us rogues you find,  
As among dogs and human kind;  
And yet (unknown to me and you)  
There may be honest men and true.  
Thus slander tries, whate'er it can,  
To put us on the foot with man.  
Let my own actions recommend,  
No prejudice can blind a friend;  
You know me free from all disguise,  
My honour as my life I prize.

By talk like this, from all mistrust  
The Dog was cur'd, and thought him just.

As on a time the Fox held forth,  
On conscience, honesty, and worth,  
Sudden he stopp'd, he cock'd his ear;  
Low dropt his bushy tail with fear.

Bless us! the hunters are abroad:  
What's all that clatter on the road?

Hold, says the Dog, we're safe from harm,  
'Twas nothing but a false alarm.

At yonder town 'tis market day,  
Some farmer's wife is in the way;  
'Tis so, (I know her pyeball'd mare)  
Dame Dobbins with her poultry ware.

Renard grew huff. Says he, This sneer  
From you I little thought to hear;  
Your meaning in your looks I see:  
Pray what's Dame Dobbins, friend, to me?

Did I e'er make her poultry thinner?  
Prove that I owe the Dame a dinner.

Friend, quoth the Cur, I meant no harm:  
Then why so captious? Why so warm?  
My words, in common acceptation,  
Could never give this provocation.  
No lamb (for ought I ever knew)  
May be more innocent than you.

At this, gall'd Renard winc'd and swore,  
Such language ne'er was given before.

What's lamb to me? This saucy hint  
Shews me base knave, which way you squint.  
If t'other night your master lost  
Three lambs, am I to pay the cost?  
Your vile reflections would imply  
That I'm the thief. You dog, you lie.

Thou knave, thou fool, (the Dog reply'd)  
The name is just, take either side;  
Thy guilt these applications speak,  
Sirrah, 'tis conscience makes you squeak.

So saying, on the Fox he flies;  
The self-convicted felon dies.

---

LIII. *The VULTURE, the SPARROW, and the other  
BIRDS.*

*To a FRIEND in the Country.*

'ERE I begin, I must premise,  
Our ministers are good and wise;  
So, though malicious tongues apply,  
Pray, what care they, or what care I?

If I am free with courts, be't known,  
I ne'er presume to mean our own.  
If general morals seem to joke  
On ministers, and such like folk,

A captious fool may take offence,  
What then? He knows his own pretence.  
I meddle with no state affairs,  
But spare my jest to save my ears.  
Our present schemes are too profound  
For Machiavel himself to sound:  
To censure 'em I've no pretension,  
I own they're past my comprehension.

You say your brother wants a place,  
( 'Tis many a younger brother's case )  
And that he very soon intends  
To ply the court and teaze his friends.  
If there his merits chance to find  
A patriot of an open mind,  
Whose constant actions prove him just  
To both a king's and people's trust,  
May he with gratitude attend,  
And owe his rise to such a friend.

You praise his parts for bus'ness fit,  
His learning, probity, and wit;  
But those alone will never do,  
Unless his patron have 'em too.

I've heard of times (pray God defend us,  
We're not so good but he can mend us)  
When wicked ministers have trod  
On kings and people, law and God;  
With arrogance they girt the throne,  
And knew no int'rest but their own.  
Then virtue, from preferment barr'd,  
Gets nothing but its own reward.  
A gang of petty knaves attend 'em,  
With proper parts to recommend 'em:  
Then, if his patron burn with lust,  
The first in favour's pimp the first.  
His doors are never clos'd, he spies,  
Who chear his heart with double lies:  
They flatter him, his foes defame,  
So lull the pangs of guilt and shame.

If schemes of lucre haunt his brain,  
Projectors swell his greedy train;  
Vile brokers ply his private ear,  
With jobs of plunder for the year:  
All consciences must bend and ply;  
You must vote on, and know not why:  
Through thick and thin you must go on;  
One scruple,—and your place is gone.

Since plagues like these have curst a land,  
And favourites cannot always stand,  
Good courtiers should for change be ready,  
And not have principles too steady;  
For should a knave engross the pow'r,  
(God shield the realm from that sad hour)  
He must have rogues or slavish fools;  
For what's a knave without his tools?

Wherever those a people drain,  
And strut with infamy and gain,  
I envy not her guilt and state,  
And scorn to share the public hate.  
Let their own servile creatures rise,  
By screening fraud and venting lies:  
Give me, kind heav'n, a private station,  
A mind serene for contemplation:  
Title and profit I resign,  
The post of honour shall be mine.  
My Fable read, their merits view,  
Then herd who will with such a crew.

In days of yore (my cautious rhimes  
Always except the present times)  
A greedy Vulture, skill'd in game,  
Inur'd to guilt, unaw'd by shame,  
Approach'd the throne in evil hour,  
And step by step intrudes to pow'r:  
When at the royal eagle's ear  
He longs to ease the monarch's care:  
The monarch grants. With pride elate,  
Behold him minister of state!



Around him throng the feather'd rout;  
 Friends must be serv'd, and some must out.  
 Each thinks his own the best pretension;  
 This asks a place, and that a pension.

The Nightingale was set aside;  
 A forward daw his room supply'd.

This bird (says he) for business fit,  
 Hath both sagacity and wit;  
 With all his turns, and shifts, and tricks,  
 He's docile, and at nothing sticks:  
 Then with his neighbours, one so free  
 At all times will connive at me.

The hawk had due distinction shown,  
 For parts and talents like his own.

Thousands of hireling cocks attend him,  
 As blust'ring bullies to defend him.

At once the Ravens were discarded,  
 And Magpies with their posts rewarded.

Those fowls of omen I detest,  
 That pry into another's nest:  
 State lies must lose all good intent,  
 For they foresee and croak th' event.  
 My friends ne'er think, but talk by rote,  
 Speak what they're taught, and so to vote.

When rogues like these (a Sparrow cries)  
 To honours and employments rise,  
 I court no favour, ask no place;  
 From such, preferment is disgrace:  
 Within my thatch'd retreat I find  
 (What these ne'er feel) true peace of mind.

LV. *The BABOON and the POULTRY.*

*To a LEVEE-HUNTER.*

**W**E frequently misplace esteem,  
 By judging men by what they seem:  
 To birth, wealth, pow'r, we should allow  
 Precedence and our lowest bow;

In that is due distinction shewn :

Esteem is Virtue's right alone.

With partial eye, we're apt to see

The man of noble pedigree.

We're prepossess'd my lord inherits

In some degree his grandfire's merits ;

For those we find upon record,

But find him nothing but my lord.

When we with superficial view

Gaze on the rich, we're dazzl'd too :

We know that wealth, well understood,

Hath frequent pow'r of doing good ;

Then fancy that the thing is done,

As if the pow'r and will were one.

Thus oft the cheated crowd adore

The thriving knaves that keep 'em poor.

The cringing train of pow'r survey :

What creatures are so low as they !

With what obsequiousness they bend !

To what vile actions condescend !

Their rise is on their meanness built,

And flatt'ry is their smallest guilt.

What homage, rev'rence, adoration,

In ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,

Have sycophants to pow'r address !

No matter who the pow'r possess.

Let ministers be what they will,

You find their levees always fill :

Ev'n those who have perplex'd a state,

Whose actions claim'd contempt and hate,

Had wretches to applaud their schemes,

Though more absurd than madmen's dreams.

When barb'rous Moloch was invok'd,

The blood of infants only smok'd :

But here (unless all hist'ry lies)

Whole realms have been a sacrifice.

Look through all courts : 'tis pow'r we find

The gen'ral idol of mankind ;

There

There worshipp'd under ev'ry shape :  
 Alike the lion, fox, and ape,  
 Are follow'd by time-serving slaves,  
 Rich prostitutes, and needy knaves.

Who then shall glory in his post ?  
 How frail his pride, how vain his boast !  
 The followers of his prosp'rous hour  
 Are as unstable as his pow'r.  
 Pow'r, by the breath of flatt'ry nurs'd,  
 The more it swells is nearer burst :  
 The bubble breaks, the gewgaw ends,  
 And in a dirty tear descends.

Once on a time an ancient maid,  
 By wishes and by Time decay'd,  
 To cure the pangs of restless thought,  
 In birds and beasts amusement sought ;  
 Dogs, parrots, apes, her hours employ'd ;  
 With these alone she talk'd and toy'd.

A huge Baboon her fancy took,  
 (Almost a man in size and look)  
 He finger'd ev'ry thing he found,  
 And mimick'd all the servants round ;  
 Then too his parts and ready wit  
 Shew'd him for ev'ry bus'ness fit.  
 With all these talents, 'twas but just,  
 That Pug should hold a place of trust :  
 So to her fav'rite was assign'd  
 The charge of all her feather'd kind ;  
 'Twas his to tend 'em eve and morn,  
 And portion out their daily corn.

Behold him, now with haughty stride,  
 Assume a ministerial pride.  
 The morning rose. In hope of picking  
 Swans, turkeys, peacocks, ducks, and chicken,  
 Fowls of all ranks surround his hut,  
 To worship his important strut,  
 The minister appears. The croud  
 Now here, now their, obsequious bow'd.

This

This prais'd his parts, and that his face,  
T'other his dignity in place:  
From bill to bill the flatt'ry ran;  
He hears and bears it like a man:  
For, when we flatter self-conceit,  
We but his sentiments repeat.

If wer'e too scrupulously just,  
What profit's in a place of trust?  
The common practice of the great  
Is, to secure a snug retreat:  
So Pug began to turn his brain  
(Like other folks in place) on gain.

An apple-woman's stall was near,  
Well stock'd with fruits through all the year:  
Here ev'ry day he cramm'd his guts;  
Hence were his hoards of pears and nuts:  
For 'twas agreed (in way of trade)  
His payments should in corn be made.

The stock of grain was quickly spent,  
And no account which way it went:  
Then too the Poultry's starv'd condition  
Caus'd speculations of suspicion.  
The facts were prov'd beyond dispute:  
Pug must refund his hoards of fruit;  
And, though then minister in chief,  
Was branded as a public thief.  
Disgrac'd, despis'd, confin'd to chains,  
He nothing but his pride retains.

A goose pass'd by; he knew the face,  
Seen ev'ry levee while in place.

What, no respect! no rev'rence shown!  
How saucy are these creatures grown!  
Not two days since (says he) you bow'd  
The lowest of my fawning croud.

Proud fool (replies the goose) 'tis true,  
Thy corn a flatt'ring levee drew;  
For that I join'd the hungry train,  
And sold the flatt'ry for thy grain:

But



But then, as now, conceited Ape,  
We saw thee in thy proper shape.

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LV. *The ANT in OFFICE.*

*To a FRIEND.*

**Y**OU tell me that you apprehend  
My verse may touchy folks offend.  
In prudence too you think my rhimes  
Should never squint at courtiers crimes;  
For though nor this, nor that is meant,  
Can we another's thoughts prevent?

You ask me if I ever knew  
Court Chaplains thus the lawn pursue.  
I meddle not with gown or lawn:  
Poet, I grant, to rise must fawn.  
They know great ears are over nice,  
And never shock their patron's vice.  
But I this hackney path despise;  
'Tis my ambition not to rise:  
If I must prostitute the muse,  
The best conditions I refuse.

I neither flatter or defame:  
Yet own I would bring guilt to shame.  
If I corruption's hand expose,  
I make corrupted men my foes.  
What then? I hate the paltry tribe,  
Be virtue mine: Be theirs the bribe.  
I no man's property invade:  
Corruption's yet no lawful trade:  
Nor would it mighty ills produce,  
Could I shame brib'ry out of use.  
I know 'twould cramp most politicians,  
Were they ty'd down to these conditions:

'Twould

'Twould stint their pow'r, their riches bound,  
And make their parts seem less profound.  
Were they deny'd their proper tools,  
How could they lead their knaves and fools?  
Were this the case, let's take a view,  
What dreadful mischiefs would ensue?  
Though it might aggrandize the state,  
Could private lux'ry dine on plate?  
Kings might indeed their friends reward,  
But ministers find less regard.  
Informers, sycophants, and spies,  
Would not augment the year's supplies:  
Perhaps too, take away this prop,  
An annual jobb or two might drop.  
Besides, if pensions were deny'd,  
Could Avarice support its pride?  
It might ev'n ministers confound,  
And yet the state be safe and sound.

I care not though 'tis understood,  
I only mean my country's good:  
And (let who will my freedom blame)  
I wish all courtiers did the same.  
Nay, though some folks the loss might get,  
I wish the nation out of debt.  
I put no private man's ambition  
With public good in competition:  
Rather than have our laws defac'd,  
I'd vote a minister disgrac'd.

I strike at vice, be't where it will;  
And what if great fools take it ill?  
I hope, corruption, brib'ry, pension,  
One may with detestation mention:  
Think you the law (let who will take it)  
Can scandalum magnatum make it?

I vent no slander, owe no grudge,  
Nor of another's conscience judge:  
At him or him I take no aim,  
Yet dare against all vice declaim.

Shall

Shall I not censure breach of trust,  
 Because knaves know themselves unjust?  
 That steward, whose account is clear,  
 Demands his honour may appear;  
 His actions never shun the light;  
 He is, and would be prov'd upright.

But then you think my fable bears  
 Allusion too to state affairs

I grant it does; and who's so great,  
 That has the privilege to cheat?  
 If then in any future reign  
 (For ministers may thirst for gain)  
 Corrupted hands defraud the nation,  
 I bar no reader's application.

An Ant there was, whose forward prate,  
 Controul'd all matters in debate;  
 Whether he knew the thing or no,  
 His tongue eternally would go;  
 For he had impudence at will,  
 And boasted universal skill.

Ambition was his point in view.  
 Thus by degrees to pow'r he grew.  
 Behold him now his drift attain:  
 He's made chief treasurer of the grain.

But as their ancient laws are just,  
 And punish breach of public trust,  
 'Tis order'd (lest wrong application  
 Should starve that wise industrious nation)  
 That all accounts be stated clear,  
 Their stock, and what defray'd the year;  
 That auditors shall these inspect,  
 And public rapine thus be check'd:  
 For this the solemn day was set;  
 The auditors in council met.  
 The gran'ry keeper must explain,  
 And balance his account of grain:  
 He brought (since he could not refuse 'em)  
 Some scraps of paper to amuse 'em.

An honest Pismire, warm with zeal,  
In justice to the public weal,  
Thus spoke : The nation's hoard is low :  
From whence does this profusion flow ?  
I know your annual fund's amount :  
Why such expence ? and where's th' account ?

With wonted arrogance and pride,  
The Ant in Office thus reply'd :  
Consider, Sirs, were secrets told,  
How could the best-schem'd projects hold ?  
Should we state mysteries disclose,

'Twould lay us open to our foes ;  
My duty and my well-known zeal  
Bid me our present schemes conceal :  
But, on my honour, all th' expence  
(Tho' vast) was for the swarm's defence.

They pass'd th' account, as fair and just,  
And voted him implicit trust.

Next year again the gran'ry drain'd,  
He thus his innocence maintain'd :

Think how our present matters stand,  
What dangers threat from ev'ry hand ;  
What hosts of turkeys stroll for food,  
No farmer's wife but hath her brood.  
Consider, when invasion's near,  
Intelligence must cost us dear ;  
And, in this ticklish situation,  
A secret told betrays the nation.  
But, on my honour, all th' expence  
(Tho' vast) was for the swarm's defence.

Again, without examination,  
They thank'd his sage administration.

The year revolves. The treasure spent,  
Again in secret service went.

His honour too again was pledg'd,  
To satisfy the charge alledg'd.

When thus, with panic shame possess'd,  
An auditor his friends address :

R

What



What are we? ministerial tools;  
 We little knaves are greater fools.  
 At last this secret is explor'd,  
 'Tis our corruption thins the hoard.  
 For ev'ry grain we touch'd, at least  
 A thousand his own heaps increas'd.  
 Then, for his kin and fav'rite spies,  
 A hundred hardly could suffice.  
 Thus for a paltry, sneaking bribe,  
 We cheat ourselves and all the tribe;  
 For all the magazine contains  
 Grows from our annual toil and pains.  
 They vote th' account shall be inspected;  
 The cunning plund'rer is detected:  
 The fraud is sentenc'd—and his hoard,  
 As due to public use, restor'd.

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LVI. *The BEAR in a BOAT.*

*To a COXCOMB.*

**T**HAT man must daily wiser grow,  
 Whose search is bent himself to know;  
 Impartially he weighs his scope,  
 And on firm reason founds his hope;  
 He tries his strength before the race,  
 And never seeks his own disgrace;  
 He knows the compass, sail, and oar,  
 Or never launches from the shore;  
 Before he builds, computes the cost,  
 And in no proud pursuit is lost:  
 He learns the bounds of human sense,  
 And safely walks within the fence:  
 Thus, conscious of his own defect,  
 Are pride and self-importance check'd,  
 If then, self-knowledge to pursue  
 Direct our life in ev'ry view,

Of

Of all the fools that pride can boast,  
A Coxcomb claims distinction most.

Coxcombs are of all ranks and kind,  
They're not to sex or age confin'd,  
Or rich or poor, or great or small;  
And vanity besots 'em all.

By ignorance is pride increas'd,  
Those most assume who know the least;  
Their own false balance gives 'em weight,  
But ev'ry other finds them light.

Not that all Coxcombs follies strike,  
And draw our ridicule alike;  
To diff'rent merit each pretends:  
This in love-vanity transcends;  
That, smitten with his face and shape,  
By dress distinguishes the ape;  
T'other with learning crams his shelf,  
Knows books and all things but himself.

All these are fools of low condition,  
Compar'd with Coxcombs of ambition;  
For those, puff'd up with flattery, dare  
Assume a nation's various care:

They ne'er the grossest praise mistrust,  
Their sycophants seem hardly just;  
For these, in part alone, attest

The flattery their own thoughts suggest.  
In this wide sphere a Coxcomb's shown  
In other realms beside his own:

The self-deem'd Machiavel at large,  
By turns controuls in ev'ry charge.

Does commerce suffer in her rights?

'Tis he directs the naval flights.

What sailor dares dispute his skill?

He'll be an adm'ral when he will.

Now, meddling in the foldier's trade,

Troops must be hir'd, and levies made.

He gives ambassadors their cue

His cobbled treaties to renew,

And annual taxes must suffice  
The current blunders to disguise.  
When his crude schemes in air are lost,  
And millions scarce defray the cost,  
His arrogance, (nought undismay'd)  
Trusting in self-sufficient aid,  
On other rocks misguides the realm,  
And thinks a pilot at the helm.  
He ne'er suspects his want of skill,  
But blunders on from ill to ill;  
And, when he fails of all intent,  
Blames only unforeseen event.  
Lest you mistake the application,  
The Fable calls me to relation.

A Bear, of shagg and manners rough,  
At climbing trees expert enough,  
For dext'rously, and safe from harm,  
Year after year he robb'd the swarm.  
Thus, thriving on industrious toil,  
He glory'd in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,  
He thought no enterprize too great.  
Alike in sciences and arts,  
He boasted universal parts;  
Pragmatic, busy, bustling, bold,  
His arrogance was uncontroll'd:  
And thus he made his party good,  
And grew dictator of the wood.

The beasts, with admiration, stare,  
And think him a prodigious Bear.  
Were any common booty got,  
'Twas his each portion to allot;  
For why, be found there might be picking,  
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.  
Intruding thus, he by degrees  
Claim'd to the butcher's larger fees.  
And now his over-weening pride  
In ev'ry province will preside.

No task too difficult was found.  
His blund'ring nose misleads the hound :  
In stratagem and subtle arts,  
He over-rules the fox's parts.

It chanc'd, as on a certain day,  
Along the bank he took his way,  
A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,  
At anchor floated near the shore.  
He stopt, and turning to his train,  
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain.

What blundering puppies are mankind,  
In ev'ry science always blind !  
I mock the pedantry of schools ;  
What are their compasses and rules ?  
From me that helm shall conduct learn,  
And man his ignorance discern.

So saying, with audacious pride,  
He gains the boat, and climbs the side :  
The beasts astonish'd line the strand.  
The anchor's weigh'd, he drives from land ;  
The slack sails shift from side to side,  
The boat untrimm'd admits the tide ;  
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,  
His oar breaks short, the rudder's lost.  
The Bear, presuming in his skill,  
Is here and there officious still ;  
Till striking on the dang'rous sands,  
Aground the shatter'd vessel stands.

To see the bungler thus distress'd,  
The very fishes sneer and jest ;  
Ev'n gudgeons join in ridicule,  
To mortify the meddling fool.  
The clam'rous watermen appear,  
Threats, curses, oaths insult his ear ;  
Seiz'd, thrash'd, and chain'd, he's dragg'd to land ;  
Derision shouts along the strand.



LVII. *The SQUIRE and his CUR.**To a Country Gentleman.*

THE man of pure and simple heart,  
 Through life disdains a double part;  
 He never needs the screen of lies  
 His inward bosom to disguise.  
 In vain malicious tongues assail,  
 Let envy snarl, let slander rail,  
 From virtue's shield (secure from wound)  
 Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.  
 So shines his light before mankind,  
 His actions prove his honest mind.  
 If in his country's cause he rise,  
 Debating senates to advise,  
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart  
 The honest dictates of his heart;  
 No ministerial frown he fears,  
 But in his virtue perseveres.

But would you play the politician,  
 Whose heart's averse to intuition,  
 Your lips at all times, nay, your reason,  
 Must be controul'd by place and season.  
 What statesman could his pow'r support,  
 Were lying tongues forbid the court?  
 Did princely ears to truth attend,  
 What minister could gain his end?  
 How could he raise his tools to place,  
 And how his honest foes disgrace?

That politician tops his part,  
 Who readily can lie with art;  
 The man's proficient in his trade,  
 His power is strong, his fortune's made.  
 By that the interest of the throne  
 Is made subservient to his own;  
 By that have kings of old deluded  
 All their own friends for his excluded:

By that, his selfish schemes pursuing,  
He thrives upon the public ruin.

Antiochus with hardy pace  
Provok'd the dangers of the chace ;  
And, lost from all his menial train,  
Travers'd the wood and pathless plain :  
A cottage lodg'd the royal guest,  
The Parthian clown brought forth his best :  
The king unknown, his feast enjoy'd,  
And various chat the hours employ'd.  
From wine what sudden friendship springs !  
Frankly they talk of courts and kings.

We country-folk (the clown replies)  
Cou'd ope our gracious monarch's eyes :  
The king, (as all our neighbours say)  
Might he (God bless him !) have his way,  
Is sound at heart, and means our good,  
And he would do it, if he cou'd.  
If truth in courts were not forbid,  
Nor kings nor subjects would be rid.  
Were he in pow'r, we need not doubt him ;  
But that transferr'd to those about him,  
On them he throws the regal cares :  
And what mind they ? their own affairs.  
If such rapacious hands he trust,  
The best of men may seem unjust :  
From kings to cobblers, 'tis the same ;  
Bad servants wound their master's fame.  
In this our neighbours all agree :  
Would the king knew as much as we.  
Here he stopt short. Repose they sought :  
The peasant slept, the monarch thought.

The courtiers learnt, at early dawn,  
Where their lost sov'reign was withdrawn.  
The guard's approach our host alarms,  
With gaudy coats the cottage swarms ;  
The crown and purple robes they bring,  
And prostrate fall before the king.

The

The clown was call'd; the royal guest  
 By due reward his thanks exprest.  
 The king then turning to the croud,  
 Who fawningly before him bow'd,  
 Thus spoke: Since, bent on private gain,  
 Your council first misled my reign,  
 Taught and inform'd by you alone,  
 No truth the royal ear hath known,  
 Till here conversing. Hence, ye crew;  
 For now I know myself and you.

Whene'er the royal ear's engross'd,  
 State lies but little genius cost:  
 The fav'rite then securely robs,  
 And gleans a nation by his jobs:  
 Franker and bolder grown in ill,  
 He daily poisons dares instil;  
 And, as his present views suggest,  
 Inflames or soothes the royal breast.  
 Thus wicked ministers oppress,  
 When oft the monarch means redress.

Would kings their private subjects hear,  
 A minister must talk with fear:  
 If honesty oppos'd his views,  
 He dar'd not innocence accuse;  
 'Twould keep him in such narrow bound,  
 He could not right and wrong confound.  
 Happy were kings, could they disclose  
 Their real friends and real foes!  
 Were both themselves and subjects known,  
 A monarch's will might be his own:  
 Had he the use of ears and eyes,  
 Knaves would no more be counted wise.  
 But then a minister might lose  
 (Hard case!) his own ambitious views.  
 When such as these have vex'd a state,  
 Pursu'd by universal hate,  
 Their false support at once have fail'd,  
 And persevering truth prevail'd:

Ex-

Expos'd, their train of fraud is seen;  
Truth will at last remove the screen.

A country squire, by whim directed,  
The true, staunch dogs of chase neglected:  
Beneath his hoard no hound was fed,  
His hand ne'er stroak'd the spaniel's head:  
A snappish cur, alone carest,  
By lies had banish'd all the rest:  
Yap had his ear; and defamation  
Gave him full scope of conversation.  
His sycophants must be prefer'd;  
Room must be made for all his herd:  
Wherefore, to bring his schemes about,  
Old faithful servants all must out.

The cur on ev'ry creature flew,  
(As other great men's puppies do)  
Unless due court to him were shown,  
And both their face and bus'ness known.  
No honest tongue an audience found.  
He worried all the tenants round;  
For why, he liv'd in constant fear,  
Lest truth, by chance, should interfere.  
If any stranger dar'd intrude,  
The noisy Cur his heels pursu'd;  
Now fierce with rage, now struck with dread,  
At once he snarled, bit, and fled:  
Aloof he bays, with bristling hair,  
And thus in secret growls his fear:  
Who knows but truth in this disguise,  
May frustrate my best guarded lies?  
Should she, thus mask'd, admittance find,  
That very hour my ruin's sign'd.

Now, in his howl's continu'd sound,  
Their words were lost, the voice was drown'd:  
Ever in awe of honest tongues,  
Thus ev'ry day he strain'd his lungs.

It happen'd, in ill-omen'd hour,  
That Yap, unmindful of his pow'r,

For-



Forsook his post, to love inclin'd;  
 A fav'rite bitch was in the wind;  
 By her seduc'd, in am'rous play,  
 They frisk'd the joyous hours away.  
 Thus by untimely love pursuing,  
 Like Antony, he sought his ruin.

For now the Squire, unvex'd with noise,  
 An honest neighbour's chat enjoys.  
 Be free, says he, your mind impart:  
 I love a friendly open heart.  
 Methinks my tenants shun my gate:  
 Why such a stranger grown of late?  
 Pray tell me what offence they find;  
 'Tis plain, they're not so well inclin'd.

Turn off your Cur, the farmer cries,  
 Who feeds your ear with daily lies:  
 His snarling insolence offends;  
 'Tis he that keeps you from your friends.  
 Were but that faucy puppy check'd,  
 You'd find again the same respect.  
 Hear only him, he'll swear it too,  
 That all our hatred is to you:  
 But learn from us your true estate;  
 'Tis that curst Cur alone we hate.  
 The Squire heard truth. Now Yap rush'd in;  
 The wide hall echoed with his din:  
 Yet truth prevail'd; and, with disgrace,  
 The Dog was cudgell'd out of place.

LVIII. *The COUNTRYMAN and JUPITER.*

*To MYSELF.*

**H**AVE you a friend, look-round and spy,  
 So fond, so prepossess'd, as I?  
 Your faults, so obvious to mankind,  
 My partial eyes could never find.

When

When, by the breath of Fortune blown,  
Your airy castles were o'erthrown,  
Have I been over prone to blame,  
Or mortify'd our hours with shame?  
Was I e'er known to damp your spirit,  
Or twist you with the want of merit?

'Tis not so strange that Fortune's frown,  
Still perseveres to keep you down.

Look round, and see what others do.

Would you be rich and honest too?

Have you, like those she rais'd to place,

Been opportunely mean and base?

Have you, as times requir'd, resign'd

Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?

If these are scruples, give her o'er;

Write, practise morals, and be poor.

The gifts of Fortune truly rate;

Then tell me what would mend your state.

If happiness on wealth were built,

Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt.

As grows the miser's hoarded store,

His fears his wants increase the more.

Think, Gay, what ne'er may be the case,

Should Fortune take you into grace,

Would that your happiness augment?

What can she give above content?

Suppose yourself a wealthy heir,

With a vast annual income clear;

In all the affluence you possess,

You might not feel one care the less:

Might you not then, like others find,

With change of fortune, change of mind?

Perhaps, profuse beyond all rule,

You might start out a glaring fool;

Your luxury might break all bounds;

Plate, table, horses, stewards, hounds,

Might swell your debts; then, lust of play

No regal income can defray:

Sunk

Sunk is all credit, writs assail,  
And doom your future life to jail.

Or were you dignify'd with pow'r,  
Would that avert one pensive hour!  
You might give avarice its swing,  
Defraud a nation, blind a king:  
Then, from the hirelings in your cause,  
Though daily fed with false applause,  
Could it a real joy impart?  
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.

Is happiness your point in view?  
(I mean the intrinsic and the true)  
She nor in camps nor courts resides,  
Nor in the humble cottage hides;  
Yet found alike in ev'ry sphere;  
Who finds Content, will find her there.

O'erspent with toil, beneath the shade,  
A Peasant rested on a spade.  
Good Gods, he cries, 'tis hard to bear  
This load of life from year to year!  
Soon as the morning streaks the skies,  
Industrious labour bids me rise;  
With sweat I earn my homely fare,  
And ev'ry day renews my care.

Jove heard the discontented strain,  
And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring swain:

Speak out your wants then, honest friend;  
Unjust complaints the Gods offend.  
If you repine at partial fate,  
Instruct me what could mend your state.  
Mankind in ev'ry nation see.

What wish you? tell me what you'd be.

So said, upborne upon a cloud,  
The clown survey'd the anxious crowd.

Yon face of care, says Jove, behold,  
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold;  
See with what joy he counts it o'er!  
That sum to-day hath swell'd his store.

Were

Were I that man, the Peasant cry'd,  
What blessing could I ask beside?

Hold, says the God; first learn to know  
True happiness from outward show.

This optic glass of intuition——

Here, take it, view his true condition.

He look'd, and saw the miser's breast

A troubled ocean, ne'er at rest;

Want ever stares him in the face,

And fear anticipates disgrace:

With conscious guilt he saw him start,

Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;

And never, or in thought or dream,

His breast admits one happy gleam.

May Jove, he cries, reject my pray'r,

And guard my life from guilt and care;

My soul abhors that wretch's fate,

O keep me in my humble state!

But see, amidst a gaudy crowd,

Yon minister so gay and proud;

On him what happiness attends,

Who thus rewards his grateful friends!

First take the glass, the God replies,

Man views the world with partial eyes.

Good Gods! exclaims the startled Wight,

Defend me from this hideous sight!

Corruption, with corrosive smart,

Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart;

I see him, with polluted hand,

Spread the contagion o'er the land;

Now av'rice, with insatiate jaws,

Now rapine with her harpy claws,

His bosom tears. His conscious breast,

Groans with a load of crimes oppress'd.

See him, mad and drunk with power,

Stand tott'ring on ambition's tower:

Sometimes, in speeches vain and proud,

His boasts insult the nether crowd;

S

Now,



Now, seiz'd with giddiness and fear,  
He trembles lest his fall is near.

Was ever wretch like this? he cries,  
Such misery in such disguise!  
The change, O Jove, I disavow;  
Still be my lot the spade and plough.

He next, confirm'd by speculation,  
Rejects the lawyer's occupation:  
For he the statesman seem'd in part,  
And bore similitude of heart.  
Nor did the soldier's trade inflame  
His hopes with thirst of spoil and fame:  
The miseries of war he mourn'd,  
Whole nations into desarts turn'd.

By these have laws and rights been brav'd;  
By these was free-born man enslav'd:  
When battles and invasion cease,  
Why swarm they in the lands of peace?  
Such change, says he, may I decline;  
The scythe and civil arms be mine!

Thus, weighing life in each condition,  
The Clown withdrew his rash petition.

When thus the God: How mortals err!  
If you true happiness prefer,  
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,  
But dwells in ev'ry honest mind.  
Be justice then your sole pursuit,  
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.

So Jove, to gratify the Clown,  
Where first he found him set him down.

LIX. *The MAN, the CAT, the DOG, and the FLY.*

*To my Native Country.*

**H**AIL, happy land, whose fertile grounds  
The liquid fence of Neptune bounds;

By

By bounteous Nature set apart,  
 The seat of industry and art.  
 O Britain, chosen port of trade,  
 May lux'ry ne'er thy sons invade!  
 May never minister (intent  
 His private treasures to augment)  
 Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes  
 Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,  
 Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe?  
 Who is't prescribes the ocean law?  
 Whenever neighb'ring states contend,  
 'Tis thine to be the gen'ral friend.  
 What is't, who rules in other lands?  
 On trade alone thy glory stands.  
 That benefit is unconfin'd,  
 Diffusing good among mankind:  
 That first gave lustre to thy reigns,  
 And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains:  
 'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,  
 And draws all Europe's envious eyes.  
 Be commerce then thy sole design;  
 Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When naval traffic ploughs the main,  
 Who shares not in the merchant's gain?  
 'Tis that supports the regal state,  
 And makes the farmer's heart elate;  
 The num'rous flocks that clothe the land,  
 Can scarce supply the loom's demand;  
 Prolific culture glads the fields,  
 And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share  
 The duties of the public care.  
 Who's born for sloth? To some we find  
 The ploughshare's annual toil assign'd;  
 Some at the sounding anvil glow,  
 Some the swift-sliding shuttle throw;  
 Some, studious of the wind and tide,  
 From pole to pole our commerce guide;

Some, taught by industry, impart  
 With hands and feet the works of art;  
 While some, of genius more refin'd,  
 With head and tongue assist mankind:  
 Each, aiming at one common end,  
 Proves to the whole a needful friend.  
 Thus, born each other's useful aid,  
 By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,  
 Is to the clown oblig'd for bread;  
 And when in all his glory drest,  
 Owes to the loom his royal vest:  
 Do not the mason's toil and care  
 Protect him from th' inclement air;  
 Does not the cutler's art supply  
 The ornament that guards his thigh?  
 All these, in duty to the throne,  
 Their common obligations own.  
 'Tis he, his own and people's cause,  
 Protects their properties and laws:  
 Thus they their honest toil employ,  
 And with content the fruits enjoy;  
 In ev'ry rank, or great or small,  
 'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,  
 To man their services address:  
 While each pursu'd their selfish good,  
 They hunger'd for precarious food;  
 Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd,  
 One day they fed, and starv'd the next:  
 They saw that plenty, sure and rife,  
 Was found alone in social life;  
 That mutual industry profess'd  
 The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean and weak,  
 Demands the privilege to speak.

Well, Puss, says Man, and what can you  
 To benefit the public do?

The

The Cat replies : These teeth, these claws,  
With vigilance shall serve the cause.  
The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,  
No longer shall your feasts pollute ;  
Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,  
With wasteful teeth your stores invade.

I grant, says Man, to gen'ral use  
Your parts and talents may conduce ;  
For rats and mice purloin our grain,  
And threshers whirl the flail in vain :  
Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,  
Protect the farmer's honest toil.

Then, turning to the Dog, he cry'd,  
Well, Sir, be next your merits try'd.

Sir, says the Dog, by self-applause  
We seem to own a friendless cause.  
Ask those who know me, if distrust  
E'er found me treach'rous or unjust.  
Did I e'er faith or friendship break ?  
Ask all those creatures ; let them speak.  
My vigilance and trusty zeal,  
Perhaps might serve the public weal ;  
Might not your flocks in safety feed,  
Were I to guard the fleecy breed ?  
Did I the nightly watches keep,  
Could thieves invade you while you sleep ?

The Man replies : 'Tis just and right,  
Rewards such service should requite.

So rare, in property, we find  
Trust uncorrupt among mankind ;  
That, taken in a public view,  
The first distinction is your due.

Such merits all reward transcend ;  
Be then my comrade and my friend.

Addressing now the Fly. From you  
What public service can accrue ?

From me ! the flutt'ring insect said ;  
I thought you knew me better bred.



Sir, I'm a gentleman. Is't fit,  
 That I to industry submit?  
 Let mean mechanics, to be fed,  
 By bus'ness earn ignoble bread:  
 Lost in excess of daily joys,  
 No thought, no care, my life annoys.  
 At noon, the lady's matin hour,  
 I sip the tea's delicious flower?  
 On cates luxuriously I dine,  
 And drink the fragrance of the vine.  
 Studious of elegance and ease,  
 Myself alone I seek to please.

The Man his pert conceit derides,  
 And thus the useless coxcomb chides:

Hence, from that peach, that downy feat,  
 No idle fool deserves to eat  
 Could you have sapp'd the blushing rind,  
 And on that pulp ambrosial din'd,  
 Had not some hand, with skill and toil,  
 To raise the tree, prepar'd the soil?  
 Consider, sot, what would ensue,  
 Were all such worthless things as you:  
 You'd soon be forc'd, by hunger stung,  
 To make your dirty meals on dung,  
 On which such despicable need,  
 Unpity'd, is reduc'd to feed.  
 Besides, vain, selfish insect, learn,  
 (If you can right and wrong discern)  
 That he who with industrious zeal,  
 Contributes to the public weal,  
 By adding to the common good,  
 His own hath rightly understood.

So saying, with a sudden blow,  
 He laid the noxious vagrant low:  
 Crush'd in his luxury and pride,  
 The spunger on the public dy'd.

LX. *The* JACKALL, LEOPARD, *and other* BEASTS.

*To a* MODERN POLITICIAN.

I GRANT corruption sways mankind,  
That int'rest too perverts the mind;  
That bribes have blinded common sense,  
Foild reason, truth, and eloquence:  
I grant you too, our present crimes  
Can equal those of former times.  
Against plain facts shall I engage,  
To vindicate our righteous age?  
I know, that in a modern fit,  
Bribes in full energy subsist:  
Since then these arguments prevail,  
And itching palms are still so frail,  
Hence Politicians, you suggest,  
Should drive the nail that goes the best;  
That it shews parts and penetration,  
To ply men with the right temptation.

To this I humbly must dissent,  
Premising, no reflection's meant.

Does justice, or the client's sense,  
Teach lawyers either side's defence?  
The fee gives eloquence its spirit;  
That only is the client's merit.  
Does art, wit, wisdom, or address,  
Obtain the prostitute's caress?  
The guinea, as in other trades,  
From ev'ry hand alike persuades:  
Man, scripture says, is prone to evil:  
But does that vindicate the Devil?  
Besides, the more mankind are prone,  
The less the Devil's parts are shewn.  
Corruption's not of modern date;  
It hath been try'd in ev'ry state:  
Great knaves of old their pow'r have fenc'd  
By places, pensions, brides, dispens'd;

By

By these they glory'd in success,  
 And impudently dar'd oppress;  
 By these despotically they sway'd,  
 And slaves extoll'd the hand that paid;  
 Nor parts nor genius were employ'd,  
 By these alone were realms destroy'd.  
 Now, see these wretches in disgrace,  
 Stript of their treasures, power, and place  
 View 'em abandon'd and forlorn,  
 Expos'd to just reproach and scorn.  
 What now is all your pride, your boast?  
 Where are your slaves, your flatt'ring host?  
 What tongues now feed you with applause?  
 Where are the champions of your cause?  
 Now ev'n that very fawning train,  
 Which shar'd the gleanings of your gain,  
 Prefs foremost who shall first accuse  
 Your selfish jobs, your paltry views,  
 Your narrow schemes, your breach of trust,  
 And want of talents to be just.  
 What fools were these amidst their pow'r!  
 How thoughtless of their adverse hour!  
 What friends were made? A hireling herd,  
 For temporary votes preferr'd.  
 Was it, these sycophants to get,  
 Your bounty swell'd a nation's debt?  
 You're bit. For these, like Swifs, attend,  
 No longer pay, no longer friend.

The Lion is, beyond dispute,  
 Allow'd the most majestic brute;  
 His valour, and his gen'rous mind  
 Prove him superior of his kind.  
 Yet to Jackalls, as 'tis averr'd,  
 Some Lions have their pow'r transferr'd:  
 As if the parts of pimps and spies  
 To govern forests could suffice.

Once, studious of his private good,  
 A proud Jackall oppress'd the wood:

To

To cram his own insatiate jaws,  
Invaded property and laws :  
The forest groans with discontent,  
Fresh wrongs the gen'ral hate foment.  
The spreading murmurs reach'd his ear :  
His secret hours were vex'd with fear :  
Night after night he weighs the case,  
And feels the terrors of disgrace.

By friends, says he, I'll guard my seat,  
By those malicious tongues defeat ;  
I'll strengthen pow'r by new allies,  
And all my clam'rous foes despise.  
To make the gen'rous beasts his friends,  
He cringes, fawns, and condescends :  
But those repuls'd his abject court,  
And scorn'd oppression to support.  
Friends must be had. He can't subsist.  
Bribes shall new proselytes enlist.  
But these nought weigh'd in honest paws ;  
For bribes confess a wicked cause :  
Yet think not ev'ry paw withstands  
What had prevail'd in human hands.

A tempting turnip's silver skin  
Drew a base Hog through thick and thin :  
Bought with a stag's delicious haunch,  
The mercenary Wolf was staunch :  
The convert Fox grew warm and hearty,  
A pullet gain'd him to the party :  
The golden pippin in his fist,  
A chatt'ring Monkey join'd the list.

But soon, expos'd to public hate,  
The Fav'rite's fall redress the state.  
The Leopard, vindicating right,  
Had brought his secret frauds to light.  
As rats, before the mansion falls,  
Desert late hospitable walls,  
In shoals the servile creatures run,  
To bow before the rising Sun.

The



The Hog with warmth exprest his zeal,  
 And was for hanging those that steal;  
 But hop'd, though low, the public hoard  
 Might half a turnip still afford.  
 Since saving measures were profess'd,  
 A lamb's head was the Wolf's request.  
 The Fox submitted, if to touch  
 A goslin would be deem'd too much.  
 The Monkey thought his grin and chatter  
 Might ask a nut, or some such matter.

Ye hirelings, hence, the Leopard cries,  
 Your venal conscience I despise:  
 He, who the public good intends,  
 By bribes needs never purchase friends;  
 Who acts this just, this open part,  
 Is propt by ev'ry honest heart.  
 Corruption now too late has shew'd  
 That bribes are always ill-bestow'd;  
 By you your bubbled master's taught,  
 Time-serving tools, not friends, are bought.

LXI. *The DEGENERATE BEES.*

*To the Rev. Dr SWIFT, Dean of St Patrick's.*

**T**HOUGH courts the practice disallow,  
 A friend at all times I'll avow.  
 In politics I know 'tis wrong;  
 A friendship may be kept too long;  
 And that they call the prudent part,  
 Is to wear int'rest next the heart.  
 As the times take a diff'rent face,  
 Old friendships should to new give place.

I know too you have many foes,  
 That owning you is sharing those;  
 That ev'ry knave in ev'ry station,  
 Of high and low denomination,

For

For what you speak and what you write,  
Dread you at once and bear you spite.  
Such freedoms in your works are shewn,  
They can't enjoy what's not their own.  
All dunces too in church and state  
In frothy nonsense shew their hate,  
With all the petty scribbling crew,  
(And those pert fots are not a few)  
'Gainst you and Pope their envy spurt.  
The booksellers alone are hurt.

Good Gods ! by what a powerful race  
(For blockheads may have pow'r and place)  
Are scandals rais'd, and libels writ,  
To prove your honesty and wit !  
Think with yourself : Those worthy men  
You know have suffer'd by your pen ;  
From them you've nothing but your due.  
From hence 'tis plain, your friends are few :  
Except myself, I know of none,  
Besides the wise and good alone.  
To set the case in fairer light,  
My fable shall the rest recite ;  
Which (though unlike our present state)  
I for the moral's sake relate.

A Bee, of cunning, not of parts  
Luxurious, negligent of arts,  
Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,  
Greedy of pow'r, but more of gain,  
Corruption sow'd throughout the hive.  
By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As pow'r and wealth his views supply'd,  
'Twas seen in overbearing pride ;  
With him loud impudence and merit,  
The Bee of conscience wanted spirit ;  
And those who follow'd honour's rules  
Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools :  
Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace,  
And poverty alone was base ;

He

He treated industry with slight,  
 Unless he found his profit by't:  
 Rights, laws, and liberties gave way,  
 To bring his selfish schemes in play:  
 The swarm forgot the common toil,  
 To share the gleanings of his spoil.

While vulgar souls, of narrow parts,  
 Waste life in low mechanic arts,  
 Let us, says he, to genius born,  
 The drudg'ry of our fathers scorn.  
 The Wasp and Drone, you must agree,  
 Live with more elegance than we;  
 Like gentlemen they sport and play,  
 No bus'ness interrupts the day;  
 Their hours to luxury they give,  
 And nobly on their neighbours live.  
 A stubborn Bee among the swarm,  
 With honest indignation warm,  
 Thus from his cell with zeal reply'd:

I slight thy frowns, and hate thy pride,  
 The laws our native rights protect;  
 Offending thee, I those respect.  
 Shall luxury corrupt the hive,  
 And none against the torrent strive?  
 Exert the honour of your race;  
 He builds his rise on your disgrace.  
 'Tis industry your state maintains:  
 'Twas honest toil and honest gains  
 That rais'd our fires to pow'r and fame.  
 Be virtuous; save yourselves from shame:  
 Know, that in selfish ends pursuing,  
 You scramble for the public ruin.

He spoke; and from his cell dismiss'd,  
 Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.  
 With him a friend or two resign'd,  
 Disdaining the degen'rate kind.

Those drones, says he, these insects vile,  
 (I treat them in their proper stile)

May for a time oppress the state.  
They own our virtue by their hate;  
By that our merits they reveal,  
And recommend our public zeal;  
Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,  
We're honour'd by the virtuous few.

---

LXI. *The PACKHORSE and the CARRIER.*

*To a Young Nobleman.*

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,  
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;  
And blame me not for disrespect,  
If I the flatt'rer's stile reject;  
With that, by menial tongues supply'd,  
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit.  
Be virtue then your first pursuit;  
Set your great ancestors in view,  
Like them deserve the title too:  
Like them ignoble actions scorn,  
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Tho' with less plate their sideboards shone,  
Their conscience always was their own;  
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,  
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;  
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,  
The ministerial bribe disdain'd;  
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal,  
Yet jealous of the public weal,  
They stood the bulwark of our laws,  
And wore at heart their country's cause;  
By neither place or pension bought,  
They spoke and voted as they thought.  
Thus did your fires adorn their seat;  
And such alone are truly great.

T

If,



If you the paths of learning slight,  
You're but a dunce in stronger light:  
In foremost rank the coward plac'd,  
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.  
If you, to serve a paltry end,  
To knavish jobs can condescend,  
We pay you the contempt that's due;  
In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious name?  
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.  
By birth alone the name descends;  
Your honour on yourself depends.  
Think not your coronet can hide  
Assuming ignorance and pride:  
Learning by study must be won,  
'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.  
Superior worth your rank requires,  
For that mankind reveres your fires:  
If you degen'rate from your race,  
Their merits heighten your disgrace.

A Carrier ev'ry night and morn,  
Would see his horses eat their corn:  
This sunk the hostler's vails, 'tis true,  
But then his horses had their due.  
Were we so cautious in all cases,  
Small gain would rise from greater places.

The manger now had all its measure,  
He heard the grinding teeth with pleasure;  
When all at once confusion rung,  
They snorted, jostled, bit, and flung.  
A Pack-horse turn'd his head aside,  
Foaming, his eyeballs swell'd with pride.

Good Gods! says he, how hard's my lot!  
Is then my high descent forgot?  
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and disgrace,  
(A life unworthy of my race)  
Must I too bear the vile attacks  
Of ragged scrubs and vulgar hacks?

See

See scurvy Roan, that brute ill-bred,  
Dares from the manger thrust my head !  
Shall I, who boast a noble line,  
On offals of these creatures dine ?  
Kick'd by old Ball ! so mean a foe !  
My honour suffers by the blow ;  
Newmarket speaks my grandfire's fame,  
All jockies still revere his name :  
There yearly are his triumphs told,  
There all his massy plates enrol'd :  
Whene'er led forth upon the plain,  
You saw him with a liv'ry train ;  
Returning too, with laurels crown'd,  
You heard the drums and trumpets sound.  
Let it then, Sir, be understood,  
Respect's my due, for I have blood.

Vain-glorious fool, the Carrier cry'd,  
Respect was never paid to pride.  
Know, 'twas thy giddy, wilful heart,  
Reduc'd thee to this slavish part.  
Did not thy headstrong youth disdain  
To learn the conduct of the rein ?  
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,  
In vicious frolics fancy spirit.  
What is't to me by whom begot ?  
Thou restive, pert, conceited sot.  
Your sires I rev'rence, 'tis their due ;  
But, worthless fool, what's that to you ?  
Ask all the carriers on the road,  
They'll say thy keeping's ill bestow'd.  
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,  
That neither mends thy strength nor pace.  
What profits me thy boast of blood ?  
An afs hath more intrinsic good.  
By outward show let's not be cheated ;  
An afs should like an afs be treated.

LXII. PAN *and* FORTUNE.*To a Young Heir.*

SOON as your father's death was known,  
 (As if th' estate had been their own)  
 The gamesters outwardly exprest  
 The decent joy within your breast:  
 So lavish in your praise they grew,  
 As spoke their certain hopes in you.

One counts your income of the year,  
 How much in ready money clear.  
 No house, says he, is more complete,  
 The garden's elegant and great.  
 How fine the park around it lies!  
 The timber's of a noble size.  
 Then count his jewels and his plate;  
 Besides, 'tis no entail'd estate.  
 If cash run low, his lands in fee  
 Are or for sale or mortgage free.

Thus they, before you threw the main,  
 Seem'd to anticipate their gain.  
 Would you, when thieves are known abroad,  
 Bring forth your treasures in the road?  
 Would not the fool abet the stealth,  
 Who rashly thus expos'd his wealth?  
 Yet thus you do, whene'er you play  
 Among the gentlemen of prey.

Could fools to keep their own contrive,  
 On what, on whom would gamesters thrive?  
 Is it in charity you game,  
 To save your worthy gang from shame?  
 Unless you furnish'd daily bread,  
 Which way could idleness be fed?  
 Could these professors of deceit  
 Within the law no longer cheat,  
 They must run bolder risques for prey,  
 And strip the trav'ler on the way,

Thus

Thus in your annual rents they share,  
And 'scape the noose from year to year.

Consider, 'ere you make the bet,  
That sum might cross your taylor's debt.  
When you the pilf'ring rattle shake,  
Is not your honour too at stake?  
Must you not by mean lies evade  
To-morrow's duns from ev'ry trade?  
By promises so often paid,  
Is yet your taylor's bill defray'd?  
Must you not pitifully fawn,  
To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?  
This must be done. In debts of play  
Your honour suffers no delay:  
And not this year's and next year's rent  
The sons of rapine can content.

Look round,—the wrecks of play behold,  
Estates dismember'd, mortgag'd, sold!  
Their owners, not to jails confin'd,  
Show equal poverty of mind.  
Some, who the spoil of knaves were made,  
Too late attempt to learn their trade.  
Some, for the folly of one hour,  
Become the dirty tools of pow'r;  
And, with the mercenary list,  
Upon court-charity subsist.

You'll find at least this maxim true,  
Fools are the game which knaves pursue.

The forest, a whole cent'ry's shade,  
Must be one wasteful ruin made;  
No mercy's shown to age or kind,  
The gen'ral massacre is sign'd;  
The park too shares the dreadful fate,  
For duns grow louder at the gate.  
Stern clowns, obedient to the Squire,  
(What will not barb'rous hands for hire?)  
With brawny arms repeat the stroke;  
Fall'n are the elm and rev'rend oak;



Thro' the long wood loud axes sound,  
And Echo groans with ev'ry wound.

To see the desolation spread,  
Pan drops a tear, and hangs his head;  
His bosom now with fury burns,  
Beneath his hoof the dice he spurns;  
Cards too, in peevish passion torn,  
The sport of whirling winds are borne.

To snails inveterate hate I bear,  
Who spoil the verdure of the year;  
The caterpillar I detest,  
The blooming spring's voracious pest:  
The locust too, whose rav'ous band  
Spreads sudden famine o'er the land.  
But what are these? The dice's throw  
At once hath laid a forest low:  
The cards are dealt, the bet is made,  
And the wide park hath lost its shade.  
Thus is my kingdom's pride defac'd,  
And all its ancient glories waste.  
All this, he cries, is Fortune's doing,  
'Tis thus she meditates my ruin:  
By Fortune, that false, fickle jade,  
More havock in one hour is made,  
Than all the hungry insect race,  
Combin'd, can in an age deface.

Fortune, by chance, who near him past,  
O'erheard the vile aspersion cast.  
Why, Pan, says she, what's all this rant?  
'Tis ev'ry country booby's cant.  
Am I the patroness of vice?  
Is't I who cog or palm the dice?  
Did I the shuffling art reveal,  
To mark the cards, or range the deal?  
In all th' employments men pursue,  
I mind the least what gamesters do.  
There may, if computation's just,  
One now and then my conduct trust:

I blame the fool; for what can I,  
When ninety-nine my pow'r defy?  
These trust alone their finger ends,  
And not one stake on me depends.  
Whene'er the gaming board is set,  
Two classes of mankind are met;  
But if we count the greedy race,  
The knaves fill up the greater space.  
'Tis a gross error, held in schools,  
That Fortune always favours fools:  
In play, it never bears dispute;  
That doctrine these fell'd oaks confute.  
Then why to me such rancour shew?  
'Tis Folly, Pan, that is thy foe.  
By me his low estate he won,  
But he by Folly was undone.

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LXIII. CUPID, PLUTUS, *and* TIME.

**O**F all the burthens man must bear,  
Time seems most galling and severe;  
Beneath this grievous load oppress'd  
We daily meet some friend distress'd.

What can one do? I rose at nine.  
'Tis full six hours before we dine:  
Six hours! no earthly thing to do!  
Would I had doz'd in bed till two.

A pamphlet is before him spread,  
And almost half a page is read;  
Tir'd with the study of the day,  
The flutt'ring sheets are tost away.  
He opes his snuff-box, hums an air,  
Then yawns and stretches in his chair.

Not twenty, by the minute-hand!  
Good Gods! says he, my watch must stand!  
How muddling 'tis on books to pore!  
I thought I'd read an hour or more.

The

The morning, of all hours, I hate,  
One can't contrive to rise too late.

To make the minutes faster run,  
Then too his tiresome self to shun,  
To the next coffeehouse he speeds,  
Takes up the news, some scraps he reads.  
Saunt'ring, from chair to chair he trails,  
Now drinks his tea, now bites his nails :  
He spies a partner of his woe ;  
By chat afflictions lighter grow ;  
Each other's grievances they share,  
And thus their dreadful hours compare :

Says Tom, since all men must confess  
That Time lies heavy more or less ;  
Why should it be so hard to get,  
Till two, a party at piquet ?  
Play might relieve the lagging morn :  
By cards long wint'ry nights are borne.  
Does not quadrille amuse the fair,  
Night after night, throughout the year ?  
Vapours and spleen forgot, at play  
They cheat uncounted hours away.

My case, says Will, then must be hard,  
By want of skill from play debarr'd.  
Courtiers kill Time by various ways :  
Dependance wears out half their days.  
How happy those, whose time ne'er stands !  
Attendance takes it off their hands.  
Were it not for this cursed show'r,  
The park had whil'd away an hour.  
At court, without or place or view,  
I daily lose an hour or two :  
It fully answers my design,  
When I have pick'd up friends to dine.  
The tavern makes our burthen light,  
Wine puts our Time and care to flight.  
At six, hard case ! they call to pay.  
Where can one go ? I hate the play.

From

From six till ten! Unless I sleep,  
One cannot spend the hours so cheap.  
The comedy's no sooner done,  
But some assembly is begun.  
Loit'ring, from room to room I stray,  
Converse, but nothing hear or say;  
Quite tir'd, from fair to fair I roam,  
So soon! I dread the thoughts of home.  
From thence to quicken slow-pac'd night,  
Again my tavern friends invite;  
Here too our early mornings pass,  
Till drowsy sleep retards the glass.

Thus they their wretched life bemoan,  
And make each other's case their own.

Consider, friends, no hour rolls on,  
But something of our grief is gone.  
Were you to schemes of bus'ness bred,  
Did you the paths of learning tread,  
Your hours, your days would fly too fast;  
You'd then regret the minute past.  
Time's fugitive and light as wind;  
'Tis indolence that clogs your mind:  
That load from off your spirits shake,  
You'll own, and grieve for your mistake.  
A while your thoughtless spleen suspend,  
Then read; and, if you can, attend.

As Plutus, to divert his care,  
Walk'd forth one morn to take the air,  
Cupid o'ertook his strutting pace.  
Each star'd upon the stranger's face,  
Till recollection set 'em right;  
For each knew t'other but by sight.  
After some complimentary talk,  
Time met them, bow'd, and join'd their walk.  
Their chat on various subjects ran,  
But most, what each had done for man.  
Plutus assumes a haughty air,  
Just like our purse-proud fellows here.

Let



Let kings, says he, let coblers tell,  
 Whose gifts among mankind excel.  
 Consider courts : what draws their train ?  
 Think you, 'tis loyalty or gain ?  
 That statesman hath the strongest hold,  
 Whose tool of politics is Gold :  
 By that, in former reigns, 'tis said,  
 The knave in power hath senates led :  
 By that alone he sway'd debates,  
 Enrich'd himself, and beggar'd states.  
 Forego your boast. You must conclude,  
 That's most esteem'd that's most pursu'd.  
 Think too, in what a woeful plight  
 That wretch must live whose pocket's light :  
 Are not his hours by want deprest ?  
 Penurious care corrodes his breast :  
 Without respect, or love, or friends,  
 His solitary day descends.

You might, says Cupid, doubt my parts,  
 My knowledge too in human hearts,  
 Should I the pow'r of Gold dispute,  
 Which great examples might confute.  
 I know, when nothing else prevails,  
 Persuasive money seldom fails ;  
 That beauty too, (like other wares)  
 Its price, as well as conscience, bears.  
 Then marriage, as of late profess,  
 Is but a money job at best :  
 Consent, compliance may be sold ;  
 But Love's beyond the price of Gold.  
 Smugglers there are, who, by retale,  
 Expose what they call Love to sale :  
 Such bargains are an arrant cheat ;  
 You purchase flatt'ry and deceit.  
 Those who true Love have ever try'd,  
 (Those common cares of life supply'd)  
 No wants endure, no wishes make,  
 But ev'ry real joy partake ;

All

All comfort on themselves depends,  
They want nor pow'r, nor wealth, nor friends :  
Love then hath ev'ry bliss in store ;  
'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more :  
Each other ev'ry wish they give,  
Not to know Love, is not to live.

Or Love, or Money, Time reply'd,  
Were men the question to decide,  
Would bear the prize ; on both intent,  
My boon's neglected or mispent.  
'Tis I who measure vital space,  
And deal out years to human race :  
Though little priz'd and seldom sought,  
Without Me, Love and Gold are nought.  
How does the miser Time employ ?  
Did I e'er see him life enjoy ;  
By me forsook, the hoards he won  
Are scatter'd by his lavish son,  
By me all useful arts are gain'd,  
Wealth, learning, wisdom is attain'd.  
Who then would think, since such my pow'r,  
That e'er I knew an idle hour ?  
So subtile and so swift I fly,  
Love's not more fugitive than I.  
Who hath not heard coquettes complain  
Of days, months, years mispent in vain ?  
For Time misus'd they pine and waste,  
And Love's sweet pleasures never taste.  
Those who direct their Time aright,  
If Love or Wealth their hopes excite,  
In each pursuit fit hours employ'd,  
And both by Time have been enjoy'd.  
How heedless then are mortals grown !  
How little is their int'rest known ?  
In ev'ry view they ought to mind me,  
For when once lost they never find me.  
He spoke. The Gods no more contest,  
And his superior gift confess :

That

That Time (when truly understood)  
Is the most precious earthly good.

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LXIV. *The OWL, the SWAN, the COCK, the SPIDER,  
the ASS, and the FARMER.*

*To a MOTHER.*

CONVERSING with your sprightly boys,  
Your eyes have spoke the Mother's joys:  
With what delight I've heard you quote  
Their sayings in imperfect note!

I grant in body and in mind,  
Nature appears profusely kind:  
Trust not to that. Act you your part;  
Imprint just morals on their heart;  
Impartially their talents scan:  
Just education forms the man.

Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)  
Each lot of life's already thrown;  
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,  
The last assert the church's right.  
I censure not the fond intent;  
But how precarious is th' event!  
By talents misapply'd and crost,  
Consider all your sons are lost.

One day, (the tale's by Martial penn'd)  
A father thus address'd his friend.  
To train my boy and call forth sense,  
You know I've stuck at no expence;  
I've try'd him in the sev'ral arts,  
(The lad no doubt hath latent parts)  
Yet trying all he nothing knows,  
But crab-like rather backwards goes.  
Teach me what yet remains undone;  
'Tis your advice shall fix my son.  
Sir, says the friend, I've weigh'd the matter;  
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter;

Make

Make him (nor think his genius check'd)  
A herald or an architect.

Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)  
He heard th' advice and took his own.

The boy wants wit; he's sent to school,  
Where learning but improves the fool:

The college next must give him parts,  
And cram him with the lib'ral arts.

Whether he blunders at the bar,

Or owes his infamy to war;

Or if by licence or degree,

The sexton share the doctor's fee;

Or from the pulpit, by the hour,

He weekly floods of nonsense pour;

We find (th' intent of nature foil'd)

A taylor or a butcher spoil'd.

Thus ministers have royal boons  
Conferr'd on blockheads and buffoons:

In spite of nature, merit, wit,

Their friends for ev'ry post were fit.

But now let ev'ry Muse confess,

That merit finds its due success:

Th' examples of our days regard,

Where's virtue seen without reward?

Distinguish'd and in place you find

Desert and worth of ev'ry kind.

Survey the rev'rend bench, and see

Religion, learning, piety:

The patron, 'ere he recommends,

Sees his own image in his friend's.

Is honesty disgrac'd and poor?

What is't to us what was before?

We all of times corrupt have heard,

When paltry minions were preferr'd;

When all great offices by dozens,

Were fill'd by brothers sons, and cozens.

What matter ignorance and pride?

The man was happily ally'd.



Provided that his clerk was good,  
What though he nothing understood?  
In church and state, the sorry race  
Grew more conspicuous fools in place.  
Such heads as then a treaty made,  
Had bungled in the cobbler's trade.

Consider, patrons, that such elves  
Expose your folly with themselves;  
'Tis yours, as 'tis the parents' care,  
To fix each genius in its sphere.  
Your partial hand can wealth dispense,  
But never give a blockhead sense.

An Owl of magisterial air,  
Of solemn voice, of brow austere,  
Assum'd the pride of human race,  
And bore his wisdom in his face:  
Not to depreciate learned eyes,  
I've seen a pedant look as wise.

Within a barn from noise retir'd,  
He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd,  
And, like an ancient sage, conceal'd  
The follies public life reveal'd.

Philosophers of old, he read,  
Their country's youth to science bred;  
Their manners form'd for ev'ry station,  
And destin'd each his occupation.  
When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,  
Retreated, and a people sav'd,  
That laurel was not all his own;  
The plant by Socrates was sown.  
To Aristotle's greater name,  
The Macedonian ow'd his fame.

Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,  
Their talents equall'd in conceit;  
And, copying the Socratic rule,  
Set up for master of a school.  
Dogmatic jargon learnt by heart,  
Trite sentences, hard terms of art,

To

To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,  
They fancy'd learning in the sound.

The school had fame; the crowded place  
With pupils swarm'd of ev'ry race.

With these the Swan's maternal care

Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir:

The Hen, though fond and loth to part,

Here lodg'd the darling of her heart:

The Spider, of mechanic kind,

Aspir'd to science more refin'd:

The Afs learnt metaphors and tropes,

But most on music fix'd his hopes.

The pupils now, advanc'd in age,

Were call'd to tread life's busy stage;

And to the master 'twas submitted,

That each might to his part be fitted.

The Swan, says he, in arms shall shine;

The soldier's glorious toil be thine.

The Cock shall mighty wealth attain;

Go, seek it on the stormy main.

The court shall be the Spider's sphere;

Pow'r, fortune, shall reward him there.

In music's art the Afs's fame

Shall emulate Corelli's name.

Each took the part that he advis'd,

And all were equally despis'd.

A Farmer, at his folly mov'd,

The dull Preceptor thus reprov'd.

Blockhead, says he, by what you've done,

One would have thought 'em each your son;

For parents, to their offspring blind,

Consult nor parts nor turn of mind;

But ev'n in infancy decree

What this, what t'other son shall be.

Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,

Their genius thus had fix'd their place:

The Swan had learnt the sailor's art,

The Cock had play'd the soldier's part,

The Spider in the weaver's trade  
 With credit had a fortune made;  
 But for the foal, in ev'ry class  
 The blockhead had appear'd an Ass.

LXV. *The COOK-MAID, the TURNSPIT, and the Ox.*

*To a POOR MAN.*

CONSIDER man in ev'ry sphere;  
 Then tell me, is your lot severe?  
 'Tis murmur, discontent, distrust,  
 That makes you wretched. God is just.  
 I grant that hunger must be fed,  
 That toil too earns thy daily bread.  
 What then? thy wants are seen and known;  
 But ev'ry mortal feels his own.  
 We're born a restless, needy crew:  
 Show me the happier man than you.  
 Adam, though blest above his kind,  
 For want of social woman pin'd:  
 Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw;  
 Her fickle taste transgress'd the law:  
 Thus fell our fire; and their disgrace  
 The curse entail'd on human race.

When Philip's son, by glory led,  
 Had o'er the globe his empire spread;  
 When altars to his name were dress'd,  
 That he was man his tears confess'd.

The hopes of avarice are check'd;  
 The proud man always wants respect.  
 What various wants on pow'r attend?  
 Ambition never gains its end.  
 Who hath not heard the rich complain  
 Of surfeits and corporeal pain?  
 He, barr'd from ev'ry use of wealth,  
 Envies the plowman's strength and health:

Ano-

Another in a beauteous wife  
Finds all the miseries of life;  
Domestic jars and jealous fear  
Embitter all his days with care.  
This wants an heir,—the line is lost:  
Why was that vain entail engross?  
Canst thou discern another's mind?  
What is't you envy? Envy's blind.  
Tell Envy, when she would annoy,  
That thousands want what you enjoy.

The dinner must be dish'd at one:  
Where's this vexatious Turnspit gone?  
Unless the skulking cur is caught,  
The sir-loin's spoil'd, and I'm in fault.  
Thus said; (for sure you'll think it fit  
That I the Cook-maid's oaths omit)  
With all the fury of a cook,  
Her cooler kitchen Nan forsook;  
The broomstick o'er her head she waves,  
She sweats, she stamps, she puffs, she raves;  
The sneaking Cur before her flies,  
She whistles, calls, fair speech she tries,  
These nought avail; her choler burns,  
The fist and cudgel threat by turns;  
With hasty stride she presses near,  
He flinks aloof, and howls with fear.

Was ever Cur so curs'd, he cry'd,  
What star did at my birth preside?  
Am I for life by compact bound  
To tread the wheel's eternal round?  
Inglorious task! Of all our race,  
No slave is half so mean and base.  
Had Fate a kinder lot assign'd,  
And form'd me of the lap-dog kind,  
I then, in higher life employ'd,  
Had indolence and ease enjoy'd;  
And, like a gentleman carest,  
Had been the lady's fav'rite guest.



Or were I sprung from spaniel line,  
 Was his sagacious nostril mine,  
 By me, their never-erring guide,  
 From wood and plain their feasts supply'd,  
 Knights, squires, attendant on my pace,  
 Had shar'd the pleasures of the chace.  
 Endu'd with native strength and fire,  
 Why call'd I not the lion fire;  
 A lion! such mean views I scorn,  
 Why was I not of woman born?  
 Who dares with reason's pow'r contend?  
 On man we brutal slaves depend;  
 To him all creatures tribute pay,  
 And luxury employs his day.

An Ox by chance o'erheard his moan,  
 And thus rebuk'd the lazy drone:

Dare you at partial Fate repine?  
 How kind's your lot compar'd with mine!  
 Decreed to toil, the barb'rous knife  
 Hath sever'd me from social life;  
 Urg'd by the stimulating goad,  
 I drag the cumb'rous waggon's load:  
 'Tis mine to tame the stubborn plain,  
 Break the stiff soil, and house the grain;  
 Yet I without a murmur bear  
 The various labours of the year:  
 But then consider, that one day,  
 (Perhaps the hour's not far away)  
 You, by the duties of your post,  
 Shall turn the spit when I'm the roast;  
 And for reward shall share the feast,  
 I mean shall pick my bones at least.

'Till now, th' astonish'd Cur replies,  
 I look'd on all with envious eyes;  
 How false we judge by what appears!  
 All creatures feel their sev'ral cares.  
 If thus yon mighty beast complains,  
 Perhaps man knows superior pains.

Let

Let Envy then no more torment.

Think on the Ox, and learn content.

Thus said; close-following at her heel,  
With chearful heart he mounts the wheel.

---

LXVI. *The RAVENS, the SEXTON, and the EARTH-  
WORM.*

*To L A U R A.*

**L**AURA, methinks you're over nice.

True. Flatt'ry is a shocking vice:

Yet sure, whene'er the praise is just,

One may commend without disgust.

Am I a privilege deny'd,

Indulg'd by ev'ry tongue beside?

How singular are all your ways?

A woman, and averse to praise!

If 'tis offence such truths to tell,

Why do your merits thus excel?

Since then I dare not speak my mind,

A truth conspicuous to mankind;

Though in full lustre ev'ry grace

Distinguish your celestial face,

Though beauties of inferior ray

(Like stars before the orb of day)

Turn pale and fade: I check my lays,

Admiring what I dare not praise.

If you the tribute due disdain,

The Muse's mortifying strain

Shall, like a woman, in mere spite

Set beauty in a moral light.

Though such revenge might shock the ear

Of many a celebrated fair;

I mean that superficial race,

Whose thoughts ne'er reach beyond their face,—

What's that to you? I but displease

Such ever-girlish ears as these.

Vir-

Virtue can brook the thoughts of age,  
That lasts the same through ev'ry stage.  
Though you by time must suffer more  
Than ever woman lost before,  
To age is such indifference shewn,  
As if your face were not your own.

Were you by Antoninus taught,  
Or is it native strength of thought,  
That thus, without concern or fright,  
You view yourself by Reason's light?

Those eyes of so divine a ray,  
What are they? mould'ring, mortal clay.  
Those features, cast in heavenly mould,  
Shall, like my coarser earth, grow old;  
Like common grass, the fairest flow'r  
Must feel the hoary seasons' pow'r.

How weak, how vain is human pride!  
Dares man upon himself confide?  
The wretch who glories in his gain,  
Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.  
Why lose we life in anxious cares  
To lay in hoards for future years?  
Can those (when tortur'd by disease)  
Chear our sick heart, or purchase ease?  
Can those prolong one gasp of breath,  
Or calm the troubled hour of death?

What's beauty? Call ye that your own,  
A flow'r that fades as soon as blown?  
What's man in all his boast of sway?  
Perhaps the tyrant of a day.  
Alike the laws of life take place,  
Through ev'ry branch of human race:  
The monarch of long regal line  
Was rais'd from dust as frail as mine;  
Can he pour health into his veins,  
Or cool the fever's restless pains?  
Can he (worn down in Nature's course)  
New-brace his feeble nerves with force?

Can

Can he (how vain is mortal pow'r!)  
Stretch life beyond the destin'd hour?

Consider, man; weigh well the frame;  
The king, the beggar is the same.  
Dust form'd us all. Each breathes his day,  
Then sinks into his native clay.

Beneath a venerable yew  
That in the lonely church-yard grew,  
Two Ravens sate. In solemn croak  
Thus one his hungry friend bespoke:  
Methinks I scent some rich repast;  
The savour strengthens with the blast,—  
Snuff then; the promis'd feast inhale:  
I taste the carcase in the gale.  
Near yonder trees, the farmer's steed,  
From toil and daily drudg'ry freed,  
Hath groan'd his last. A dainty treat!  
To birds of taste delicious meat.

A Sexton, busy at his trade,  
To hear their chat suspends his spade:  
Death struck him with no further thought,  
Than merely as the fees he brought.  
Was ever two such blund'ring fowls,  
In brains and manners less than owls!  
Blockheads, says he, learn more respect.  
Know ye on whom ye thus reflect?  
In this same grave (who does me right,  
Must own the work is strong and tight)  
The 'squire that yon fair hall possessest,  
To night shall lay his bones at rest.  
Whence could the gross mistake proceed?  
The 'squire was somewhat fat indeed.  
What then? The meanest bird of prey  
Such want of sense could ne'er betray,  
For sure some diff'rence must be found  
(Suppose the smelling organs sound)  
In carcases (say what we can)  
Or where's the dignity of man?

With



With due respect to human race,  
 The Ravens undertook the case.  
 In such similitude of scent,  
 Man ne'er could think reflection meant.  
 As Epicures extol a treat,  
 And seem their sav'ry words to eat,  
 They prais'd dead horse, luxurious food,  
 The ven'son of the prescient brood.  
 The Sexton's indignation mov'd,  
 The mean comparison reprov'd;  
 Their undiscerning palate blam'd,  
 Which two-legg'd carrion thus defam'd.

Reproachful speech from either side  
 The want of argument supply'd.  
 They rail, revile; as often ends  
 The contest of disputing friends.

Hold, says the fowl; since human pride  
 With confutation ne'er comply'd,  
 Let's state the case, and then refer  
 The knotty point; for taste may err.

As thus he spoke, from out the mould  
 An Earth-worm, huge of size, unroll'd  
 His monstrous length. They strait agree  
 To chuse him as their referee.  
 So to the experience of his jaws  
 Each states the merits of the cause.

He paus'd, and with a solemn tone,  
 Thus made his sage opinion known:

On carcases of ev'ry kind  
 This maw hath elegantly din'd;  
 Provok'd by luxury or need,  
 On beast, or fowl, or man I feed:  
 Such small distinction's in the savour,  
 By turns I chuse the fancy'd flavour;  
 Yet I must own (that human beast)  
 A glutton is the rankest feast.  
 Man, cease this boast; for human pride  
 Hath various tracts to range beside;

The

The prince who kept the world in awe,  
The judge whose dictates fix'd the law,  
The rich, the poor, the great, the small,  
Are levell'd. Death confounds 'em all.  
Then think not that we reptiles share  
Such cates, such elegance of fare;  
The only true and real good  
Of man was never vermin's food :  
'Tis seated in the immortal mind ;  
Virtue distinguishes mankind,  
And that (as yet ne'er harbour'd here)  
Mounts with the soul we know not where.  
So, good-man Sexton, since the case  
Appears with such a dubious face,  
To neither I the cause determine,  
For diff'rent tastes please diff'rent vermin.





# F A B L E S

F R O M

EDWARD MOORE.

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## LXVII. *The NIGHTINGALE and GLOW-WORM.*

**T**HE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose  
The lily, and the blushing rose,  
From public view her charms will screen,  
And rarely in the croud be seen :  
This simple truth shall keep her wise,  
“ The fairest fruits attract the flies.”

One night, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,  
Contemplating her glitt’ring train,  
Cry’d, sure there never was in nature  
So elegant, so fine a creature.  
All other insects, that I see,  
The frugal ant, industrious bee,  
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view ;  
With all that low, mechanic crew,  
Who servilely their lives employ  
In business, enemy to joy.  
Mean, vulgar herd ! ye are my scorn ;  
For grandeur only I was born,  
Or sure am sprung from race divine,  
And plac’d on earth, to live and shine.  
Those lights, that sparkle so on high,  
Are but the Glow-worms of the sky ;  
And kings on earth their gems admire,  
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,  
A Nightingale forbore his lay :  
He saw the shining morsel near,  
And flew, directed by the glare ;

A while he gaz'd with sober look,  
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:  
Deluded fool, with pride elate,  
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate;  
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain  
Unheeded on the velvet plain:  
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,  
And beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

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LXVIII. HYMEN *and* DEATH.

SIXTEEN, d'ye say? Nay then, 'tis time,  
Another year destroys your prime.  
But stay—The settlement! “that's made.”  
Why then's my simple girl afraid?  
Yet hold a moment, if you can,  
And heedfully the Fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,  
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,  
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,  
Held o'er the fields his musing gait:  
Behind him, through the green-wood shade,  
Death's meagre form the God survey'd,  
Who quickly with gigantic stride,  
Out-went his pace, and join'd his side.  
The chat on various subjects ran,  
Till angry Hymen thus began:

Relentless Death, whose iron sway  
Mortals, reluctant, must obey,  
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,  
And thy too partial hand arraign?  
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,  
All over struck with equal darts,  
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,  
And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.

Shall not the bloody and the bold,  
The miser, hoarding up his gold,



The harlot, reeking from the stew,  
 Alone thy fell revenge pursue?  
 But must the gentle and the kind  
 Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd:  
 Weigh well the cause, and then decide.  
 That friend of yours, you lately nam'd,  
 Cupid alone is to be blam'd;  
 Then let the charge be justly laid:  
 That idle Boy neglects his trade,  
 And hardly once in twenty years,  
 A couple to your temple bears.  
 The wretches whom your office blends,  
 Silenus now, or Plutus sends;  
 Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,  
 Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me, more than all mankind,  
 Your vot'ries my compassion find;  
 Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,  
 Who seek the wretched to release;

The captive from his bonds to free,  
 Indissoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke;  
 By me your croud'd altars smoke:  
 For mortals boldly dare the noose,  
 Secure that Death will set them loose.

LXIX. *The POET and his PATRON.*

**W**HY, Celia, is your spreading waist  
 So loose, so negligently lac'd?  
 Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide  
 Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?  
 How ill that dress adorns your head,  
 Distain'd, and rumpled from the bed!  
 Those clouds, that shade your blooming face,  
 A little water might displace,

As Nature every morn bestows  
The crystal dew, to cleanse the rose.  
Those tresses, as the raven black,  
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,  
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,  
Destroy the face, which once they deck'd.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?  
Pray, madam, are you marry'd? Yes.  
Nay then indeed the wonder ceases,  
No matter now how loose your dress is;  
The end is won, your fortune's made,  
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find  
This fault in half the female kind!  
From hence proceed aversion, strife,  
And all that sours the wedded life.  
Beauty can only point the dart,  
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;  
Let neatness then and beauty strive  
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)  
To keep the conquest than subdue;  
Admit us once behind the screen,  
What is there farther to be seen?  
A newer face may raise the flame,  
But every woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve  
The charm that fix'd your husband's love.  
Weigh well his humour: Was it dress  
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?  
Pursue it still,—be neater seen,  
'Tis always frugal to be clean;  
So shall you keep alive desire,  
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)  
A Poet sung his tuneful lay;  
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear  
Apollo and the Muses there;

Thro' all the town his praises rung,  
 His sonnets at the playhouse sung;  
 High wav'ring o'er his lab'ring head,  
 The goddess Want her pinions spread,  
 And with poetic fury fir'd,  
 What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble Youth, of taste and wit,  
 Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,  
 And sought him in his cobweb dome,  
 Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,  
 Who but the Poet and my Lord!  
 Each day, deliciously he dines,  
 And greedy quaffs the gen'rous wines;  
 His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,  
 And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;  
 Astonish'd at the change so new,  
 Away th' inspiring Goddess flew.

Now, dropt for politics and news,  
 Neglected lay the drooping Muse;  
 Unmindful whence his fortune came,  
 He stifled the poetic flame;  
 Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady,  
 Lampoon nor epigram was ready.

With just contempt his Patron saw,  
 (Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)  
 And thus with anger in his look,  
 The late-repenting fool bespoke.

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,  
 Whence has the sun of favour shone?  
 Delighted with thy tuneful art,  
 Esteem was growing in my heart,  
 But idly thou reject'st the charm  
 That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise  
 The arts, that taught them first to rise.

LXX. *The WOLF, the SHEEP, and the LAMB.*

**D**UTY demands, the parent's voice  
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;  
In that is due obedience shown;  
To chuse belongs to her alone.

May horror seize his midnight hour,  
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,  
And claims, by purchase vile and base,  
The loathing maid for his embrace:  
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,  
Where Peace had built her downy nest,  
Becomes the troubled seat of care,  
And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,  
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,  
Contemplating his ill-spent life,  
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.  
His purpose known, the savage race,  
In num'rous crouds attend the place;  
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,  
And held dominion in his jaws.  
Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,  
And humbly his alliance sought;  
But cold by age, or else too nice,  
None found acceptance in his eyes.  
It happen'd as at early dawn,  
He solitary cross'd the lawn,  
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive lamb  
Skip'd wanton by her fleecy Dam;  
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,  
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,  
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;  
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,  
And courteous, thus the Dam bespoke:

Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,  
Trust me, no enemy is near;



These jaws, in slaughter oft imbru'd,  
 At length have known enough of blood;  
 And kinder bus'ness brings me now,  
 Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.  
 You have a daughter—Sweet, forgive  
 A Wolf's address.—In her I live;  
 Love from her eyes like light'ning came,  
 And set my marrow all on flame;  
 Let your consent confirm my choice,  
 And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth, and pow'r attend,  
 Wide o'er the plains my realms extend:  
 What midnight robber dare invade  
 The fold, if I the guard am made?  
 At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,  
 While I secure his master's sheep.

Discourse like this, attention claim'd;  
 Grandeur the Mother's breast inflam'd:  
 Now fearless by his side she walk'd,  
 Of settlements, and jointures talk'd;  
 Propos'd, and doubled her demands  
 Of flow'ry fields, and turnip-lands.  
 The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;  
 To Miss her happy fate she tells:  
 And of her grand alliance vain,  
 Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,  
 And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs:  
 But all in vain; Mamma best knew  
 What unexperienc'd girls should do.  
 So, to the neighbouring meadow carry'd,  
 A formal ass the couple marry'd.

Torn from the Tyrant-mother's side,  
 The Trembler goes, a Victim-bride;  
 Reluctant meets the rude embrace,  
 And bleats among the howling race.  
 With horror oft her eyes behold  
 Her murder'd kindred of the fold;

Each

Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,  
And at the Glutton's table carv'd;  
The crashing bones he grinds for food,  
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,  
And lodges but in gentle breasts,  
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,  
The Savage hunger'd for the feast:  
But (as we find in human race,  
A mask conceals the Villain's face)  
Justice must authorize the treat;  
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,  
The hunters met him on the way;  
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he sought;  
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.  
His stomach balk'd, now hunger gnaws,  
Howling he grinds his empty jaws;  
Food must be had—and Lamb is nigh;  
His maw invokes the fraudulent lye.  
Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)  
The gentle virtue of a bride?  
That, leagu'd with man's destroying race,  
She sets her husband for the chace?  
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound  
To scent his footsteps on the ground?  
Thou Trait'refs vile! for this thy blood  
Shall glut my rage, and dye the wood!

So saying, on the Lamb he flies,  
Beneath his jaws the Victim dies.

LXXI. *The Goose and the SWANS.*

**I** HATE the face, however fair,  
That carries an affected air;  
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,  
The study'd look, the passion feign'd,

Are

Are fopperies, which only tend  
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants  
The face, which Nature's pencil paints!  
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,  
Glow with the meaning of the heart?  
Where freedom, and good-humour fit,  
And easy gaiety, and wit!  
Tho' perfect beauty be not there,  
The master lines, the finish'd air,  
We catch from ev'ry look delight,  
And grow enamour'd at the sight;  
For beauty, tho' we all approve,  
Excites our wonder more than love;  
While the agreeable strikes sure,  
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,  
That forms you, in effect, less fair?  
If Nature on your cheek bestows  
A bloom, that emulates the rose,  
Or from some heav'nly image drew,  
A form, Apelles never knew,  
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,  
And spoil by meretricious art?  
Or had you, Nature's error, come  
Abortive from the mother's womb,  
Your forming care she still rejects,  
Which only heightens her defects.  
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,  
Still press the foremost in the croud,  
At ev'ry public shew are seen,  
With look awry, and aukward mein,  
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,  
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,  
But seldom wants the help of art;  
Trust her, she is your surest friend,  
Nor made your form for you to mend.

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,  
The shrillest of the cackling train,  
With proud, and elevated crest,  
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,  
Who say, Geese hobble in their pace;  
Look here!—the stand'rous lie detect;  
Not haughty man is so erect.  
That peacock yonder! Lord, how vain  
The creature's of his gaudy train!  
If both were stript, I'd pawn my word,  
A Goose would be the finer bird.

Nature, to hide her own defects,  
Her bungl'd work with fin'ry decks;  
Were Geese set off with half that shew,  
Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, cross the mead she stalks,  
The cackling breed attend her walks;  
The Sun shot down his noon-tide beams,  
The Swans were sporting in the streams;  
Their snowy plumes, and stately pride  
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,  
Again, what arrogance we see!—  
Those creatures! how they mimic me!  
Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim,  
Because we Geese are known to swim?  
Humility they soon shall learn,  
And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,  
Lightly upon the wave she springs;  
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,  
And the Swan's stately crest assumes.  
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,  
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A Swan, superior to the rest,  
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address'd  
Conceited thing, relate with pride!  
Thy affectation all deride;

These



These airs thy aukwardness impart,  
 And shew thee plainly as thou art.  
 Among thy equals of the flock,  
 Thou had'st escap'd the public mock,  
 And as thy parts to good conduce,  
 Been deem'd an honest hobbling Goose.

Learn hence to study Wisdom's rules;  
 Know, foppery's the pride of fools;  
 And striving Nature to conceal,  
 You only her defects reveal.

LXXII. *The LAWYER and JUSTICE.*

LOVE! thou divinest good below,  
 Thy pure delights few mortals know!  
 Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,  
 While tyrant lust usurps thy throne!

The bounteous God of Nature made  
 The sexes for each other's aid,  
 Their mutual talents to employ,  
 To lessen ills, and heighten joy.  
 To weaker woman he assign'd  
 That soft'ning gentleness of mind,  
 That can, by sympathy, impart  
 Its likeness, to the roughest heart,  
 Her eyes with magic power endu'd,  
 To fire the dull, and awe the rude.  
 The rosy fingers on her face  
 Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,  
 And stamp'd (perfection to display)  
 His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,  
 He fashion'd in a different mould,  
 With useful arts his mind inform'd,  
 His breast with nobler passions warm'd;  
 He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,  
 And courage, for the fair's defence.

The

Her frame, resistless to each wrong,  
Demands protection from the strong;  
To man she flies, when fear alarms,  
And claims the temple of his arms.

By Nature's Author thus declar'd  
The woman's sov'reign, and her guard,  
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles invade  
The weakness, he was meant to aid?  
While beauty, given to inspire  
Protecting love, and soft desire,  
Lights up a wild fire in the heart,  
And to its own breast points the dart,  
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence  
To triumph over innocence?

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,  
Was never set the fold to keep;  
Nor was the tiger, or the pard  
Meant the benighted traveller's guard;  
But man, the wildest beast of prey,  
Wears friendship's semblance, to betray;  
His strength against the weak employs,  
And where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,  
His brief the studious lawyer ply'd;  
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,  
The earnest of to-morrow's lye;  
Sudden the furious winds arise,  
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;  
The doors admit a hollow sound,  
And rattling from their hinges bound;  
When Justice in a blaze of light,  
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook,  
Loose ev'ry joint, and pale his look;  
Not having seen her in the courts,  
Or found her mention'd in reports,  
He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,  
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white rob'd shade reply'd,  
 (A crimson glow her visage dy'd)  
 Can'st thou be doubtful who I am?  
 Is Justice grown so strange a name?  
 Were not your courts for justice rais'd?  
 'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.  
 My guardian thee I did elect,  
 My sacred temple to protect,  
 That thou, and all thy venal tribe,  
 Should spurn the Goddess for the bribe?  
 Aloud the ruin'd client cries,  
 Justice has neither ears nor eyes;  
 In foul alliance with the bar,  
 'Gainst me the judge denounces war,  
 And rarely issues his decree,  
 But with intent to baffle me.

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd.  
 The trembling Lawyer thus return'd:

I own the charge is justly laid,  
 And weak th' excuse that can be made;  
 Yet search the spacious globe, and see  
 If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lies,  
 By faith's false glass deludes our eyes;  
 O'er conscience rides without controul,  
 And robs the man to save his soul.

The doctor, with important face,  
 By sly design, mistakes the case;  
 Prescribes, and spins out the disease,  
 To trick the patient of his fees.

The soldier, rough with many a scar,  
 And red with slaughter, leads the war;  
 If he a nation's trust betray,  
 The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,  
 And weighty interest rules the scales,  
 Must I be better than the rest,  
 And harbour Justice in my breast?

On one side only take the fee,  
Content with poverty and thee?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,  
Th' exasperated Shade rejoin'd;  
If virtue from the world is flown,  
Will other's frauds excuse thy own?  
For sickly souls the priest was made,  
Physicians, for the body's aid;  
The soldier guarded liberty,  
Man woman,—and the lawyer me.  
If all are faithless to their trust,  
They leave not thee the less unjust.  
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,  
And bar the sanction of my name;  
Within your courts it shall be read,  
That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke; and hid in shades her face,  
'Till Hardwick sooth'd her into grace.

LXXIII. *The FARMER, the SPANIEL, and the CAT.*

**W**HY knits my dear her angry brow?  
What rude offence alarms you now?  
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true,  
But did I say she equall'd you?  
Can't I another's face commend,  
Or to her virtue's be a friend,  
But instantly your forehead lours,  
As if her merit lessen'd yours?  
From female envy never free,  
All must be blind, because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,  
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,  
Then tell me where the woodbine grows,  
That vies in sweetness with the rose?  
Or where the lily's snowy white,  
That throws such beauties on the sight?

Y

Yet

On



Yet folly is it to declare,  
That these are neither sweet nor fair.  
The crystal shines with fainter rays,  
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze;  
And fops will say, the di'mond dies  
Before the lustre of your eyes:  
But I, who deal in truth, deny  
That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,  
And sweets along the air convey,  
Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,  
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?

Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field,  
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield,  
Sweet is the summer gale that blows,  
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall Envy then torment your breast,  
If you are lovelier than the rest?  
For while I give to each her due,  
By praising them I flatter you;  
And praising most, I still declare  
You fairest, where the rest are fair.

As at his board a Farmer sate,  
Replenish'd by his homely treat,  
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,  
And with his master shar'd the food;  
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,  
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd;  
'Till fated now, supine he lay,  
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,  
And humbly crav'd a servant's share;  
Her modest worth the Master knew,  
And straight the fat'ning morsel threw;  
Enrag'd, the snarling Cur awoke,  
And thus, with spiteful envy, spoke:

They only claim a right to eat,  
Who earn by services their meat.

Me zeal and industry inflame,  
 To scour the fields, and spring the game;  
 Or, plunging in the wintry wave,  
 For man the wounded bird to save.  
 With watchful diligence I keep,  
 From prowling wolves, his fleecy sheep;  
 At home his midnight hours secure,  
 And drive the robber from the door.  
 For this his breast with kindness glows,  
 For this his hand the food bestows;  
 And shall thy indolence impart  
 A warmer friendship to his heart,  
 That thus he robs me of my due,  
 To pamper such vile things as you?

I own (with meekness, Puss reply'd)  
 Superior merit on your side;  
 Nor does my breast with envy swell,  
 To find it recompenc'd so well;  
 Yet I, in what my nature can,  
 Contribute to the good of man.  
 Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse?  
 Who drives the vermin from the house?  
 Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,  
 From lurking rats secures the grain?  
 From hence, if he rewards bestow,  
 Why should your heart with gall o'erflow?  
 Why pine my happiness to see,  
 Since there's enough for you and me?

Thy words are just, the Farmer cry'd,  
 And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

LXXIV. *The YOUNG LION and the APE.*

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,  
 Though flatter'd by the public voice;  
 And peevish grow, and sick, to hear  
 His exclamations, O how fair!

I listen not to wild delights,  
And transports of expected nights;  
What is to me your hoard of charms?  
The whiteness of your neck and arms?  
Needs there no acquisition more,  
To keep contention from the door?  
Yes; pass a fortnight, and you'll find,  
All beauty cloy's, but of the mind.

Sense and good-humour ever prove  
The surest cords to fasten love.  
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,  
You never think but to perplex;  
Coquetting it with every ape,  
That struts abroad in human shape;  
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,  
But that it stings your lover's breast:  
To-morrow you resign the sway,  
Prepar'd to honour and obey,  
The tyrant-mistress change for life,  
To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,  
And learn instruction from a friend.

Reluctant, hear the first address,  
Think often, 'ere you answer, yes;  
But once resolv'd, throw off disguise,  
And wear your wishes in your eyes.  
With caution every look forbear,  
That might create one jealous fear,  
A lover's ripening hopes confound,  
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound.  
Contemn the girlish arts to tease,  
Nor use your pow'r, unless to please;  
For fools alone with rigour-sway,  
When soon or late they must obey.

The king of brutes, in life's decline,  
Resolv'd dominion to resign;  
The beasts were summon'd to appear,  
And bend before the royal heir.

They

They came; a day was fix'd; the crowd  
Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,  
Step'd forth, and thus address'd the train:

Why cringe, my friends, with slavish awe,  
Before this pageant king of straw?  
Shall we anticipate the hour,  
And 'ere we feel it, own his pow'r?  
The counsels of experience prize,  
I know the maxims of the wise;  
Subjection let us cast away,  
And live the monarchs of to-day;  
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,  
And play the tyrant each in turn.  
So shall he right from wrong discern,  
And mercy from oppression learn;  
At others woes be taught to melt,  
And loath the ills himself has felt.

He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride.  
The youthful Lion thus reply'd:

What madness prompts thee to provoke  
My wrath, and dare th' impending stroke?  
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart  
Compassion to the feeling heart?  
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,  
The hand to give, or eye to flow?  
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,  
From women thou hast drawn thy rules;  
To them return; in such a cause,  
From only such expect applause;  
The partial sex I not condemn,  
For liking those who copy them.

Would'st thou the gen'rous Lion bind,  
By kindness bribe him to be kind;  
Good offices their likeness get,  
And payment lessens not the debt;  
With multiplying hand he gives  
The good from others he receives;  
Or for the bad makes fair return,  
And pays, with interest, scorn for scorn.



LXXV. *The COLT and the FARMER.*

**T**ELL me, Corinna, if you can,  
Why so averse, so coy to man?  
Did Nature, lavish of her care,  
From her best pattern form you fair,  
That you, ungrateful to her cause,  
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?  
And miser-like, with-hold that store,  
Which, by imparting, blesses more?

Beauty's a gift, by Heav'n assign'd,  
The portion of the female kind;  
For this the yielding maid demands  
Protection at her lover's hands;  
And tho' by wasting years it fade,  
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,  
For age to rust, or time to steal?  
The summer of our youth to rove,  
A stranger to the joys of love?  
Then, when life's winter hastens on,  
And youth's fair heritage is gone,  
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,  
To guard your wither'd age from harms;  
No gratitude to warm his breast,  
For blooming beauty once possess'd;  
How will you curse that stubborn pride,  
That drove your bark across the tide,  
And sailing before Folly's wind,  
Left sense and happiness behind?

Corinna, lest these whims prevail,  
To such as you I write my tale.

A Colt, for blood and mettled speed,  
The choicest of the running breed,  
Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,  
Refus'd subjection to the rein.  
In vain, the groom's officious skill  
Oppos'd his pride, and check'd his will;

In

In vain the Master's forming care  
Refrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;  
Of freedom proud, and scorning man,  
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where e'er luxuriant Nature spread  
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,  
Or bubbling streams, soft-gliding pass,  
To cool and freshen up the glass,  
Disdaining bounds, he crop'd the blade,  
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer past;  
Revolving winter came at last;  
The trees no more a shelter yield,  
The verdure withers from the field,  
Perpetual snows invest the ground,  
In icy chains the streams are bound,  
Cold, nipping winds, and rattling hail  
His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.

As round he cast his rueful eyes,  
He saw the thatch-roof'd cottage rise;  
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,  
And promis'd kind deliverance near.  
A stable, erst his scorn, and hate,  
Was now become his wish'd retreat;  
His passion cool, his pride forgot,  
A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The Master saw his woeful plight,  
His limbs, that totter'd with his weight,  
And friendly to the stable led,  
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.  
In slothful ease, all night he lay;  
The servants rose at break of day;  
The market calls. Along the road,  
His back must bear the pond'rous load;  
In vain he struggles, or complains,  
Incessant blows reward his pains.  
To-morrow varies but his toil;  
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;

While

While scanty meals, at night repay  
The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,  
His self-upbraidings found a vent.  
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,  
By arrogance, and folly led;  
Had but my restive youth been brought  
To learn the lesson Nature taught,  
Then had I, like my fires of yore,  
The prize from ev'ry courser bore;  
While man bestow'd rewards, and praise,  
And females crown'd my latter days.  
Now lasting servitude's my lot,  
My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot,  
Doom'd am I for my pride to bear  
A living death, from year to year.

LXXVI. *The OWL and the NIGHTINGALE.*

**T**O know the mistress' humour right,  
See if her maids are clean and tight;  
If Betty waits without her stays,  
She copies but her lady's ways.  
When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,  
And drops no court'sy, going out,  
Depend upon't, mamma is one,  
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.  
If bottled beer her thirst assuage,  
She feels enthusiastic rage,  
And burns with ardour to inherit  
The gifts, and workings of the spirit,  
If learning crack her giddy brains,  
No remedy, but death, remains.  
Sum up the various ills of life,  
And all are sweet to such a wife.  
At home, superior wit she vaunts,  
And twits her husband with his wants;

Her

Her ragged offspring all around,  
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground;  
Impatient ever of controul,  
She knows no order, but of soul;  
With books her litter'd floor is spread,  
Of nameless authors, never read;  
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,  
Fill up the intermediate space.  
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue  
Is never still, and always wrong;  
All meanings she defines away,  
And stands, with truth and sense, at bay.

If e'er she meets a gentle heart,  
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,  
Who makes her family her care,  
And builds Contentment's temple there,  
She starts at such mistakes in Nature,  
And cries, lord help us! what a creature!

Melissa, if the moral strike,  
You'll find the fable not unlike.

An Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,  
Lov'd learning better than his meat;  
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,  
And rummag'd ev'ry grocer's shop;  
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,  
And strip, for science, every pye.  
For modern poetry, and wit,  
He had read all that Blackmore writ;  
So intimate with Curl was grown,  
His learned treasures were his own;  
To all his authors had access,  
And sometimes would correct the press.  
In logic he acquired such knowledge,  
You'd swear him fellow of a college;  
Alike to every art, and science,  
His daring genius bid defiance,  
And swallow'd wisdom, with that haste,  
That sits do custards at a feast.

With-



Within the shelter of a wood,  
One ev'ning, as he musing stood,  
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,  
A Nightingale began his lay.  
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,  
And screeching, interrupts the song.

Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,  
And let thy contemplations soar.  
What is the music of thy voice,  
But jarring dissonance, and noise?  
Be wise. True harmony, thou'lt find,  
Not in the throat, but in the mind;  
By empty chirping not attain'd,  
But by laborious study gain'd.  
Go read the authors, Pope explodes,  
Fathom the depth of Cibber's odes,  
With modern plays improve thy wit,  
Read all the learning Henley writ;  
And if thou need'st must sing, sing then,  
And emulate the ways of men;  
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,  
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little warbler cry'd,  
Made up of ignorance, and pride,  
Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,  
A greater blockhead wings not air.  
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan,  
Science was only meant for man.  
No useless authors me molest,  
I mind the duties of my nest;  
With careful wing, protect my young,  
And cheer their ev'nings with a song;  
Make short the weary traveller's way,  
And warble in the poet's lay.

Thus, following Nature, and her laws,  
From men, and birds I claim applause;  
While, nurs'd in pedantry, and sloth,  
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

## Miscellaneous Fables.

### LXXVII. *The THRUSH and PYE.*

**C**ONCEAL'D within an hawthorn bush,  
 We're told, that an experienc'd Thrush  
 Intrusted, in the prime of spring,  
 Many a neighbouring bird to sing.  
 She caroll'd, and her various song  
 Gave lessons to the list'ning throng:  
 But (the entangling boughs between)  
 'Twas her delight to teach unseen.

At length, the little wond'ring race  
 Would see their fav'rite face to face;  
 They thought it hard to be deny'd,  
 And begg'd that she'd no longer hide.  
 O'er modest, worth's peculiar fault,  
 Another shade the tut'refs sought;  
 And loth to be too much admir'd,  
 In secret from the bush retir'd.

An impudent, presuming Pye,  
 Malicious, ignorant, and fly,  
 Stole to the matron's vacant seat,  
 And in her arrogance elate,  
 Rush'd forward—with—"My friends, you see  
 "The mistress of the choir in me:  
 "Here, be your due devotion paid,  
 "I am the songstress of the shade."

A Linnet, that sat list'ning nigh,  
 Made the impostor this reply:  
 "I fancy, friend, that vulgar throats  
 "Were never form'd for warbling notes:  
 "But if these lessons came from you,  
 "Repeat them in the public view;  
 "That your assertions may be clear,  
 "Let us behold, as well as hear."

The

The lengthening song, the soft'ning strain,  
Our chatt'ring Pye attempts in vain;  
For to the fool's eternal shame,  
All she could compass was a *scream*.

The birds enrag'd, around her fly,  
Nor shelter nor defence is nigh:  
The caitiff wretch, distress'd—*forlorn!*  
On ev'ry side is peck'd and torn!  
'Till for her vile, atrocious lies,  
Under their angry beaks she dies.

Such be his fate, whose scoundrel claim  
Obtrudes upon another's fame.

C.

LXXVIII. *The ANT and CATERPILLAR.*

**A**S an Ant, of his talents superiorly vain,  
Was trotting, with consequence, over the plain,  
A Worm, in his progress remarkably slow,  
Cry'd—"Bless your good worship wherever you go;  
"I hope your great mightiness won't take it ill,  
"I pay my respects with a hearty good-will."  
With a look of contempt and impertinent pride,  
"Begone, ye vile reptile," his Antship reply'd;  
"Go—go and lament your contemptible state,  
"But first—look at me—see my limbs how complete;  
"I guide all my motions with freedom and ease,  
"Run backward and forward, and turn when I please:  
"Of Nature (grown weary) you shocking essay!  
"I spurn you thus from me—crawl out of my way."

The Reptile insulted, and vex'd to the soul,  
Crept onwards, and hid himself close in his hole;  
But Nature, determin'd to end his distress,  
Soon sent him abroad in a Butterfly's dress.

'Ere long, the proud Ant, as repassing the road,  
(Fatigu'd from the harvest, and tugging his load)  
The beau on a violet bank he beheld,  
Whose vesture, in glory, a monarch's excell'd;

His

His plumage expanded—'twas rare to behold  
So lovely a mixture of purple and gold.

The Ant quite amaz'd at a figure so gay,  
Bow'd low with respect, and was trudging away.  
"Stop, friend, says the Butterfly——don't be sur-  
'priz'd,

"I once was the reptile you spurn'd and despis'd ;

"But now I can mount, in the sun-beams I play,

"While you must, for ever, drudge on in your way."

A wretch, though to-day he's o'erloaded with sor-  
row,

May soar above those that oppress'd him to-morrow.

C.

LXXIX. *The ROSE and BUTTERFLY.*

AT day's early dawn a gay Butterfly spy'd  
A budding young Rose, and he wish'd her his  
bride :

She blush'd when she heard him his passion declare,  
And tenderly told him—he need not despair.

Their faith was soon plighted, as lovers will do,  
He swore to be constant, she vow'd to be true.

It had not been prudent to deal with delay,  
The bloom of a rose passes quickly away,  
And the pride of a butterfly dies in a day. }

When wedded, away the wing'd gentleman hies,  
From flow'ret to flow'ret he wantonly flies ;  
Nor did he revisit his bride, 'till the sun  
Had less than one-fourth of his journey to run.

The Rose thus reproach'd him—"Already so cold !  
'How feign'd, O you false one, the passion you told !  
'Tis an age since you left me : " She meant a few  
hours ;

But such we'll suppose the fond language of flowers :

'I saw when you gave the base violet a kiss :

'How—how could you stoop to a meanness like this ?

Z

' Shall



' Shall a low, little wretch, whom we Roses despise,  
 ' Find favour, O love ! in a Butterfly's eyes ?  
 ' On a tulip, quite tawdry, I saw your fond rape,  
 ' Nor yet could the pitiful primrose escape :  
 ' Dull daffodils too, were with ardour address'd,  
 ' And poppies, ill-scented, you kindly caress'd.  
 The coxcomb was piqued, and reply'd with a sneer,  
 ' That you're first to complain, I commend you, my  
 ' dear !  
 ' But know, from your conduct my maxims I drew,  
 ' And if I'm inconstant, I copy from you.  
 ' I saw the boy Zephyrus rifle your charms,  
 ' I saw how you simper'd, and smil'd in his arms ;  
 ' The honey-bee kiss'd you, you cannot disown,  
 ' You favour'd besides—O dishonour—a drone ;  
 ' Yet worse—'tis a crime that you must not deny,  
 ' Your sweets were made common, false Rose, to a fly.'

This law, long ago, did Love's Providence make,  
 That ev'ry Coquet should be curs'd with a rake.

C.

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LXXX. *The SHEEP and the BRAMBLE-BUSH.*

**A** Thick-twisted brake, in the time of a storm,  
 Seem'd kindly to cover a Sheep :  
 So snug, for a while, he lay shelter'd and warm,  
 It quietly sooth'd him a-sleep.  
 The clouds are now scatter'd—the winds are at peace ;  
 The Sheep to his pasture inclin'd :  
 But ah ! the fell thicket lays hold of his fleece,  
 His coat is left forfeit behind.  
 My friend, who the thicket of law never try'd,  
 Consider before you get in ;  
 Tho' judgment and sentence are pass'd on your side,  
 By Jove, you'll be fleec'd to the skin.

C.

LXXXI. *The*

LXXXI. *The FARMER and SPARROWS.*

A Farmer saw, with much regret,  
Some Sparrows in his field of wheat;  
And taking up a plunder'd ear,  
Exclaim'd in rage, What havock's here!  
For this have I manur'd the soil,  
And till'd it with laborious toil?  
These feather'd Epicures—a curse  
To each industrious Farmer's purse,—  
I'll try, without the least delay,  
To kill, to maim, or fright away.

The thing no sooner said than done,  
He brought with double charge his gun;  
Then, plund'ers, cry'd, resign your breath  
To leaden messengers of death;  
And as his thoughtless rage inspir'd,  
Amongst the corn and birds he fir'd.

Six victims fell!—a joyful sight—  
He ran, and seiz'd them with delight;  
Aha, he cries, at length y're caught,  
Your dainties have been dearly bought;  
From hence your brother thieves may know,  
Justice is sure, tho' sometimes slow.

One Sparrow, who had yet some breath,  
Reply'd, You triumph in our death;  
We lie before your vengeful eyes,  
No doubt a pleasing sacrifice;  
Yet, foolish mortal, see and own,  
The unthought mischief you have done;  
Much more, tho' rashly meant for good,  
Than twenty times our number could;  
Besides, surviving friends will more,  
Revening us, invade your store.

What does your reason then avail,  
If only weigh'd in passion's scale?  
We lose a doubtful life, 'tis true,  
But certain good is lost to you.

The Farmer look'd, when lo, he saw  
 Full fourscore yards of earless straw !  
 For such a tract the shot had made,  
 He saw with grief, and sighing said :  
 I am a fool,—I own the name,  
 And doubly feel the loss and shame ;  
 And find the man, by passion wrought,  
 Who turns to action sudden thought,  
 Instead of profit or content,  
 Will find occasion to repent ;  
 Then why should anger reason fetter ?  
 Reflection would have taught me better.

---

LXXXII. *The Cock and Pointer.*

**C**OURAGE, which serves a worthy end,  
 The virtuous and the wise commend ;  
 Who likewise judge by certain rule,  
 That headlong rashness marks a fool ;  
 Making such worth as might adorn  
 The source of perils, pain, and scorn.  
 A Cock, who oft in bloody fray,  
 Had borne the victor's prize away ;  
 Tho' not without indented scars,  
 Heroic signals of his wars ;  
 By frequent conquests, grew so vain,  
 That glory turn'd his martial brain ;  
 And made the images of fight  
 Haunt all his wishes, day and night ;  
 A feather'd Quixotte, fit for battle,  
 With men, with windmills, or with cattle ;  
 For if he might his prowess show,  
 He valu'd not what kind of foe.

One day an honest Pointer went,  
 With humble competence content,  
 To scrape the dunghill for a bone,  
 Which having hid, he thought his own :

The

The Cock observ'd with jealous eye,  
Crow'd, clapp'd his wings, and drawing nigh,  
Declar'd, by all the pow'rs of fate,  
No thief should plunder his estate.

The Dog, by converse gentle made,  
Gave smooth reply, tho' not afraid;  
And said, With diff'rent tastes we're born,  
I feed on *flesh*, you relish *corn*;  
What variance then should make us jar,  
I hate, I own, the thoughts of war;  
And would in social concord rest,  
With ev'ry kind of bird and beast;  
Save when my master's net or gun  
Requires, in search of game, to run.

The Cock reply'd, A coward still  
Can find evasions, if he will;  
Know, that my just resentment soon  
Shall teach thee distance, vile poltroon;  
No less a Spaniard in thy heart,  
Than in thy name, and outward part;  
Thus learn—so saying, slapp'd a stroke—  
You'll find it, reptile, more than joke.

The Dog, unhurt, kept scratching on,  
And only bade the Cock begone;  
Who, sure of conquest, struck some blows,  
Which wounded Ponto's tender nose;  
Whose patience lost, a single bite  
Concluded the unequal fight:  
Sir Chanticleer scream'd out, and dy'd,  
A martyr to his foolish pride.

LXXXIII. *The Cock and PEACOCK.*

**A** Peacock, which, as oft you've heard,  
In classic times was Juno's bird,  
Of rich and gaudy plumage proud,  
Assum'd precedence o'er the crowd;



And, coxcomb like, not knowing whether  
True merit lay in heart or feather;  
He exercis'd his taunting wit,  
On whom, and when he thought most fit.

One luckless day, his spirits high,  
As Chanticleer was passing by;  
An honest bird, who never try'd  
To fawn and flatter empty pride;  
With insolence of word and look,  
His haughty, restless mind he broke:

Why how now, Ginger, what's the matter,  
That you presum'd to make such clatter?  
You strut, and crow, and clap your wings,  
'Till all our master's court-yard rings;  
Such rude behaviour, such a noise,  
The pleasure of my life destroys.  
I seldom raise my tuneful note,  
To shame thy most discordant throat,  
Else all the birds would soon agree,  
To sing my praise, and banish thee.  
Besides, you shamefully neglect  
To pay my worship due respect;  
Be prudent then, nor more provoke  
That rage, which yet has turn'd to joke  
Thy crimes; or know, thou wilt expose  
Thy safety to a world of foes;  
Tho' I alone, beyond dissembling,  
Can set thy paltry heart a trembling.

He said; and turning with disdain,  
Display'd his rich embroider'd train,  
Which shone an emblem of the skies,  
Adorn'd with Argus' hundred eyes.

The Cock, like every bird of sense,  
Still slow to give or take offence,  
For some time heard, with patience cool,  
This gaudy, shallow-pated fool:  
The censure on his voice and air,  
He rightly judg'd beneath his care;

But

But touch'd upon the master-string;  
Of courage—passion strait took wing;  
His feathers rose, and o'er his head  
The crimson tinge of rage was spread.

Shall my fair name receive a blot,  
He cries, from such an empty sot?  
Shall I, who in the mortal pit  
My blood have shed, to thee submit?  
Whate'er their show, I like not birds  
Made merely up of looks and words:  
Prepare, and stand upon thy guard,  
I seldom strike, but always hard.

He flew with such a willing mind,  
At once he smote the Peacock blind;  
Who fell to earth, and prostrate lay,  
Of pain and shame the hapless prey;  
Which seen, the gen'rous victor cry'd,  
Unhappy wretch, I'm satisfy'd;  
Thy eyes have paid the forfeit due,  
Henceforth dwell peace 'twixt me and you;  
To conquer gratifies the brave,  
Whose second pleasure is to save;  
For this I'll prove a tender friend,  
And sooth the loss I cannot mend:  
But let thy fate henceforth advise  
The race of Foplings to be wise;—  
All who, like thee, in show delight,  
Most justly merit loss of sight.

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LXXXIV. *The Fox and the Cat.*

**T**HE Fox and the Cat, as they travell'd one  
day,  
With moral discourses cut shorter the way:  
' 'Tis great (says the Fox) to make justice our  
' guide!'  
' How godlike is mercy!' Grimalkin reply'd.  
While

While thus they proceeded,—a Wolf from the  
 wood,  
 Impatient of hunger, and thirsting for blood,  
 Rush'd forth—as he saw the dull shepherd asleep,  
 And seiz'd for his supper an innocent Sheep.  
 ' In vain, wretched victim, for mercy you bleat,  
 ' When mutton's at hand, (says the Wolf) I must  
 ' eat.'

Grimalkin's astonish'd,—the Fox stood aghast,  
 To see the fell beast at his bloody repast.  
 ' What a wretch, (says the Cat) 'tis the vilest of  
 ' brutes :

' Does he feed upon flesh, when there's herbage,  
 ' and roots ?'

Cries the Fox—' While our oaks give us acorns so  
 good,

' What a tyrant is this, to spill innocent blood ?'  
 Well; onward they march'd, and they moraliz'd  
 still,

'Till they came where some poultry pick'd chaff by  
 a mill;

Sly Reynard survey'd them with gluttonous eyes,  
 And made, spite of morals, a pullet his prize.

A Mouse too, that chanc'd from her covert to  
 stray,

The greedy Grimalkin secur'd as her prey.

A Spider that sat in her web on the wall,  
 Perceiv'd the poor victims, and pity'd their fall;  
 She cry'd—' Of such murders how guiltless am I !'  
 So ran to regale on a new-taken fly.

The faults of our neighbours with freedom we  
 blame,  
 But tax not ourselves, tho' we practise the same.

C.

LXXXV. *The* HERN.

**A** Pamper'd Hern, of lofty mein, in state  
Strutting along upon a river's brink,  
Pleas'd with her own majestic air and gait,  
Wou'd scarce vouchsafe to bow her head to drink.

The glorious planet that revives the earth,  
Shone with full lustre on the crystal streams,  
Which made the wanton fishes in their mirth  
Roll to the shore to bask in his bright beams.

Our Hern might now have taken pike or carp,  
They seem'd to court her by their near access;  
But she, forsooth, her stomach not being sharp,  
Now pass'd them by, and slighted their address:

It is not yet, said she, my hour to eat,  
My stomach is too nice, I must have better meat,  
So they went off, and tench themselves present;  
This sorry fish t' affront me sure was sent,  
Cry'd she, and toss'd her nose up with disdain,  
I ne'er can eat a tench, cry'd she, and toss'd her nose  
again.

So these pass'd off as pike and carp had done,  
As they retir'd gudgeons in shoals came on:  
A Hern eat gudgeons! no 't shall ne'er be said  
That I to such low diet have been bred.

One of my birth eat gudgeons! no, thank fate,  
My stomach is not yet so sharply set.

Then from them strait she turn'd away in rage,  
But quickly after found her stomach's edge;

Then to the shore she went in hopes of one,  
But when she came the gudgeons too were gone:  
With hunger prest, she look'd around for food,  
But cou'd not find one tenant of the flood.

At length a snail upon the bank she spy'd,  
Welcome, delicious bait, rejoicing cry'd,  
And gorg'd the nauseous thing for all her pride.



LXXXVI. *The* LADY'S SKULL.

**B**LUSH not, ye Fair! to own me—but be wise,  
Nor turn from sad Mortality your eyes :  
Fame says, (and Fame alone can tell how true)  
I—once—was lovely, and belov'd—like you.

Where are my vot'ries, where my flatt'ers now !  
Fled with the subject of each lover's vow.

Adieu the rose's red, the lily's white,  
Adieu those eyes that made the darkness light ;  
No more, alas ! those coral lips are seen,  
No longer breathes the fragrant gale between.

Turn from your mirror, and behold in me  
At once what thousands can't, or dare not see :  
Unvarnish'd, I the real truth impart,  
Nor here am plac'd, but to direct the heart.  
Survey me well, ye fair ones, and believe,  
The grave may terrify, but can't deceive.

On beauty's fragile state no more depend,  
Here youth and pleasure, age and sorrow end ;  
Here drops the mask,—here ends the final scene,  
Nor differs grave threescore from gay fifteen.  
All press alike to that same goal—the tomb,  
Where wrinkled Laura smiles at Chloe's bloom.

When coxcombs flatter, and when fools adore,  
Here learn the lesson, to be vain no more :  
Yet Virtue still against decay can arm,  
And even lend MORTALITY a charm.

AD-

# ADMONITORY CONCLUSION;

O R,

KIND of SUMMARY of the WHOLE.

*Brother Citizens and School-fellows,*

**L**AY up these *nine heads* in your memory, with as much care as if they were a present from the *nine Muses*.

*First*, Be candid, sincere, and modestly grave. Let justice and piety have their share in your character. Let your temper be remarkable for mildness and goodness; and be always enterprising and vigorous in your business. And, in short, strive to be just such as virtue and learning would make you.

*Secondly*, Be always doing something serviceable to mankind, and let this constant generosity be your only pleasure; not forgetting, in the mean time, a due reverence and regard for God and religion.

*Thirdly*, Bring your will to your fate, and suit your mind to your circumstances. For—

Shining heaps of massy plate,

All the gewgaws men prefer,

Gilded roofs and beds of state,

Cannot real wealth confer.

The man that's honest, wise, and brave,

In body sound, in spirit free,

If he possess what nature craves,

Is in truth as rich as he.

*Fourthly*, Fortify at home, and rely upon yourself. For a rational mind is born to the privilege of independence. Honesty, and the inward quiet consequent to it, is enough, in all conscience, to make you happy.

*Fifthly*, Don't be fond of any thing, or think that for your interest which makes your break you word,  
quit

quit your modesty, be of a dissembling, suspicious, or outrageous humour; which puts you upon hating any person, and inclines you to any practice which won't bear the light, and look the world in the face.

*Sixthly*, Believe, that if your judgment pronounces right, if your actions are friendly and well meant, if your mind is contented and resigned to Providence, you are in possession of the greatest blessings.

*Seventhly*, Be neither slave nor tyrant to any body in your behaviour.

*Eighthly*, Put it out of the power of truth to give you an ill character; and, if any body reports you not to be honest or good, let your practice give him the lie.

*Ninthly*, Consider with yourself, that people of all conditions, professions, and countries, are forced to die: Cast your eyes upon what sort of mortals you please, and you'll find them go the way of all flesh. Think therefore upon your last hour; and don't be busy about other people's faults, but leave them with those that must answer for them.

As you have received these *nine* precepts from the Muses, take this *tenth*, if you please, from their president and instructor, Apollo. Who says—

Every one of you may be a very happy fellow in any ground, provided you have the wit to chuse your fortune handsomely: Now, if you ask further, says he, I must tell you, if your manners be good, your fortune can never be bad. For in a word, happiness lies all in the functions of reason, in warrantable desires, and regular practice.

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